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Photos by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

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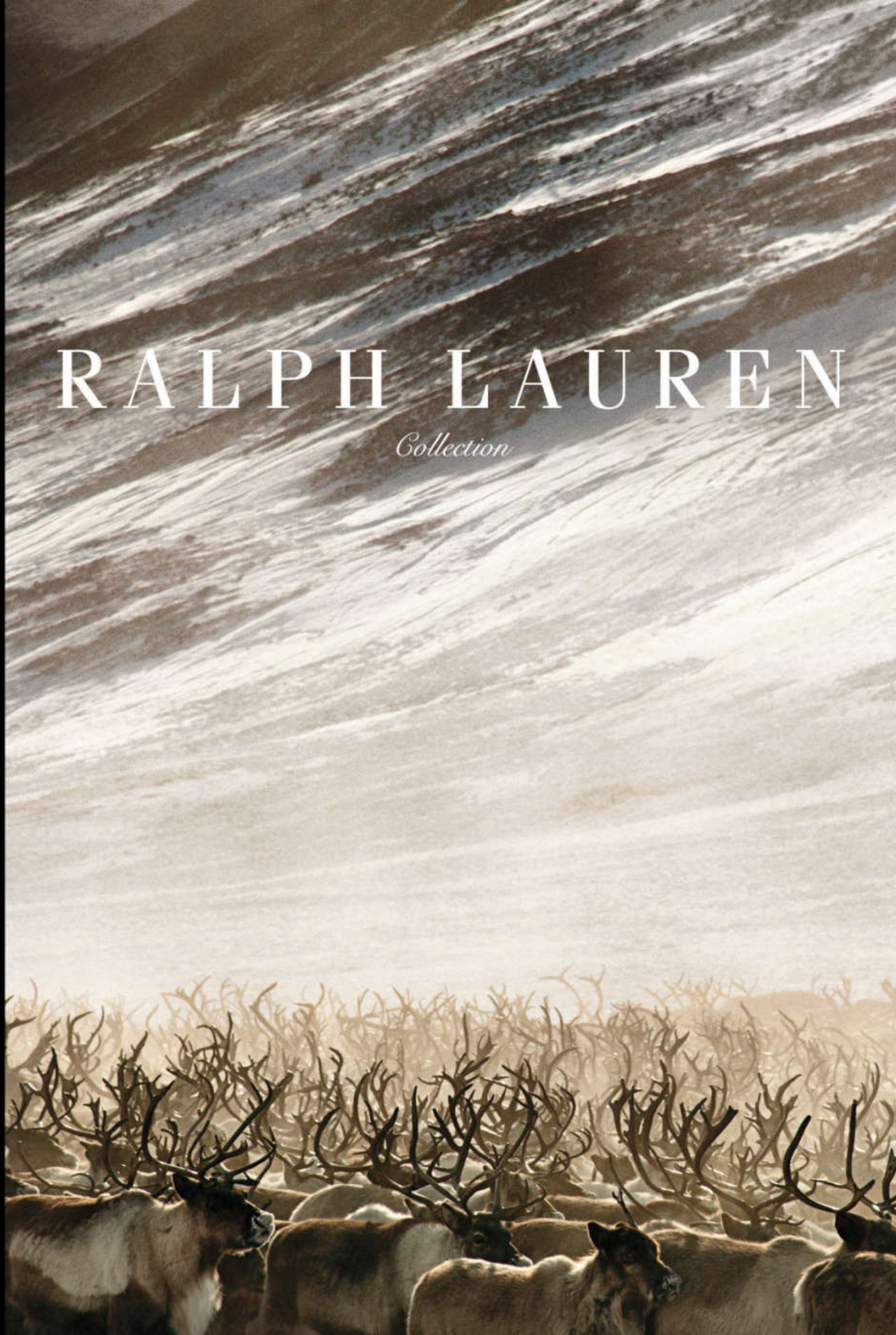
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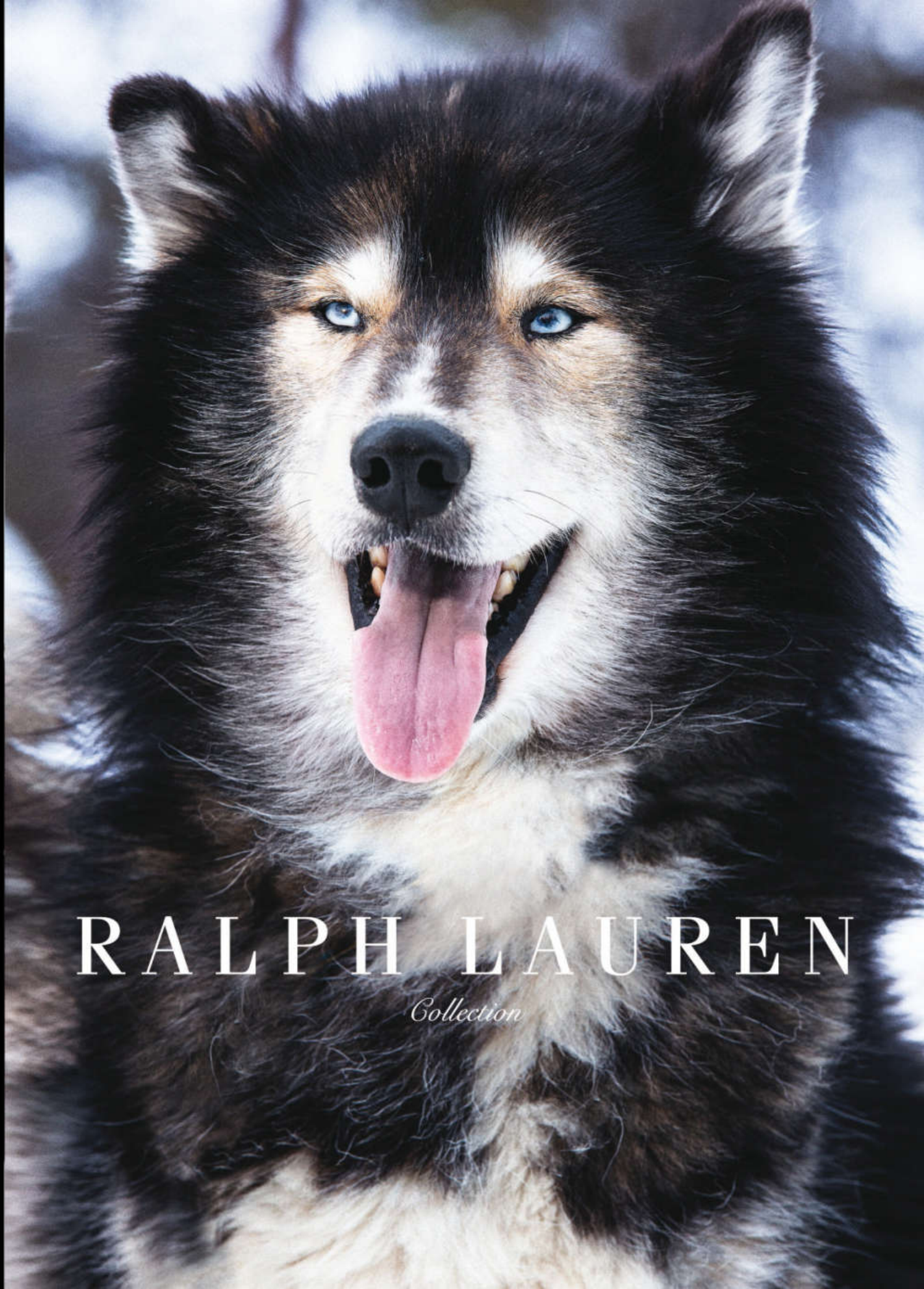
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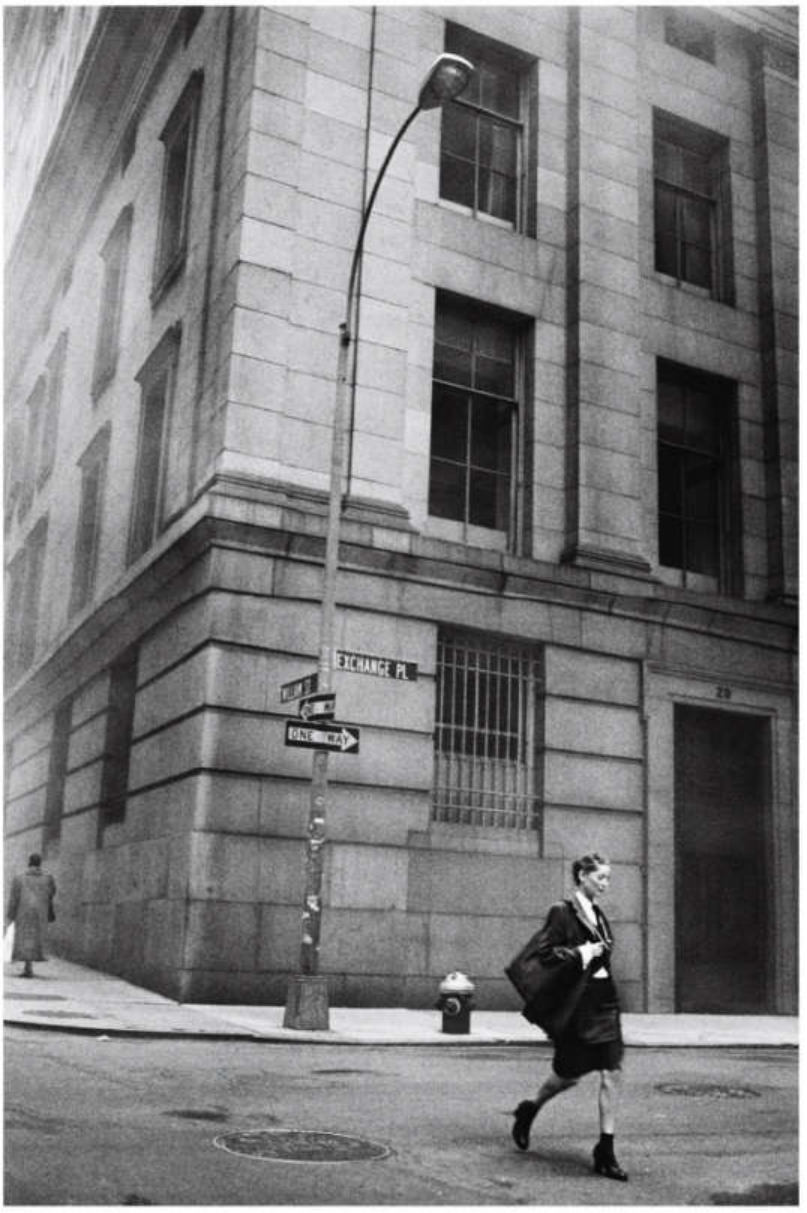


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Mark Zuckerberg (page 230); Pope Francis (page 268); Mike Nichols (page 274).

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FEATURES

230 **IT'S ALL IN THE EYES** BY MAX CHAFKIN
Facebook C.E.O. **Mark Zuckerberg** has bet $2 billion that Palmer Luckey's virtual-reality headset, **the Oculus Rift,** is ready for rollout. Google, Microsoft, and others are in hot pursuit. And Silicon Valley may be about to experience its next big thing. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

237 **PRIMARY COLORATURA** Spotlight on soprano **Sondra Radvanovsky,** who is tackling all three of Donizetti's Tudor-queen operas at the Met. By Annalyn Swan. Photograph by Andrew Eccles.

238 ***V.F.* PORTRAIT: SONNY MEHTA** BY DAVE EGGERS
As Knopf turns 100, a literary star pays tribute to the hallowed publishing house's **editor in chief,** who runs his business by (what else?) the book. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz.

240 **SHADOWS ON THE LAWN** BY SARAH ELLISON
The publication last fall of *Rolling Stone*'s now discredited report, about a fraternity gang rape at the **University of Virginia,** was the latest blow for an already traumatized campus. An alumna charts U.Va.'s *annus horribilis*—murder, racial tensions, and a harsh spotlight—discovering how one woman's lies made national news.

248 **HOST-TO-HOST SENSATION** BY DAVID KAMP
From Conan to the Jimmys, politics to pranks, **late-night television** is serving up a new menu of à la carte laughs. With 10 hosts in top form, change looks good—and there's more on the way. Photographs by Sam Jones.

252 **THE LONGEST SUMMER** BY BRYAN BURROUGH
Bill de Blasio fought his way into City Hall as a crusader for affordable housing and against income inequality. Instead, **New York City's mayor** has found himself battling the police, local black leaders, Uber, Wall Street, and the governor. Photographs by Jonas Fredwall Karlsson.



ON THE COVER

Mark Zuckerberg in front of one of the chalkboard walls on Facebook's campus, photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz in Menlo Park, California.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM LEFT, BY CHRISTOPHE WU/FACEBOOK; © MAURIZIO BRAMBATTI/ANSA/CORBIS; FROM PHOTOFEST

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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Giuseppe Zanotti's new fall collection strikes a perfect balance between night and day. Eye-catching and alluring, the campaign creates a subtle sense of intrigue around statement, high-fashion shoes and accessories. This season's campaign was shot for the first time by fashion photographer Josh Olins, and features top model Karolina Kurkova. The new collection features hand-embellished evening sandals, sky-high heels that are works of art, and beautiful standout bags and jewelry. The feeling is dark mixed with light, combined in harmony to create elegance, refinement, and style. Shop the new collection at **giuseppezanottidesign.com.**





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GIVE

AdoptTogether

AdoptTogether is the first crowd-funding platform for adoption. Launched online in 2012, it has raised more than $6 million to help families adopt children. Founder Hank Fortener grew up with eight adopted siblings. His vision is to use technology until there is a family for every child, and he believes in a world with no more orphans. He recently launched World Adoption Day and works in Los Angeles. To learn more, visit **adopttogether.org.**





SHOP

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EXPERIENCE



Labyrinth Theater

New York's award-winning Labyrinth Theater Company presents a thrilling new play starring theater icon Daphne Rubin-Vega. Inspired by the legend of Sweeney Todd, *Empanada Loca* is a twisted tale about the indomitable Dolores, living under Manhattan in an abandoned subway tunnel. With performances starting September 30, this limited engagement will take place at Labyrinth's Off Broadway home, the Bank Street Theater, in N.Y.C.'s West Village. Visit **labtheater.org** for more.


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EVENT

Vanity Fair and Spike Toast *Tut*

On Wednesday, July 8, *Vanity Fair* and Spike hosted an exclusive cocktail party in celebration of Spike's new, dramatic event series *Tut*. Held at Chateau Marmont just weeks before the show's much-anticipated premiere on July 19, the invitation-only fête featured music by D.J. Allie Teilz and included specialty, Tut-inspired cocktails, as well as an exclusive viewing of the series trailer, and a heartwarming toast given by Spike's Executive Vice President of Original Series, Sharon Levy. More than 200 guests attended, including series regulars Sir Ben Kingsley, Avan Jogia, Sibylla Deen, and Nonso Anozie, as well as Zoey Deutsch, Tommy Flanagan, Ashley Madekwe, and Marlon Yates.



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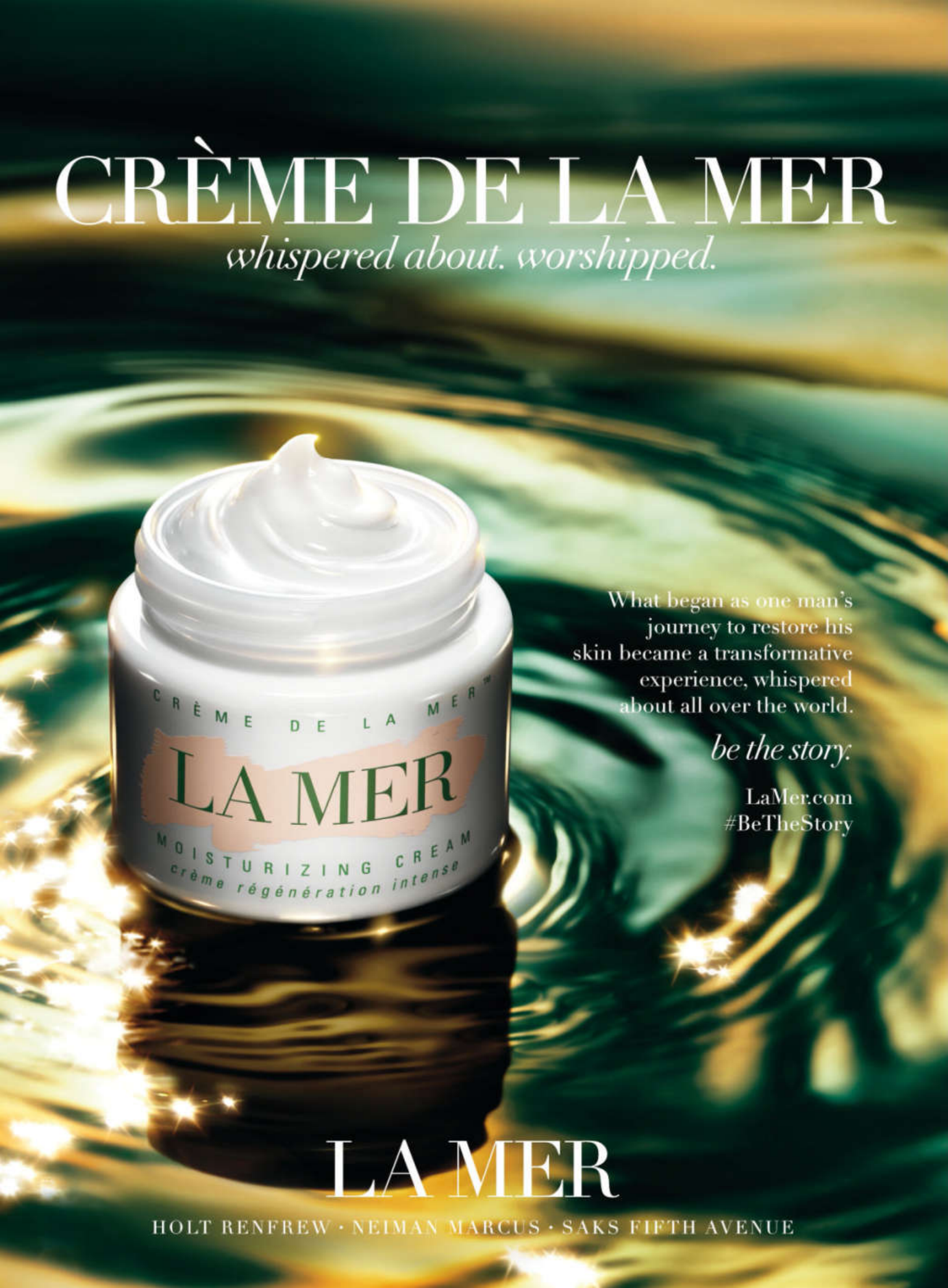
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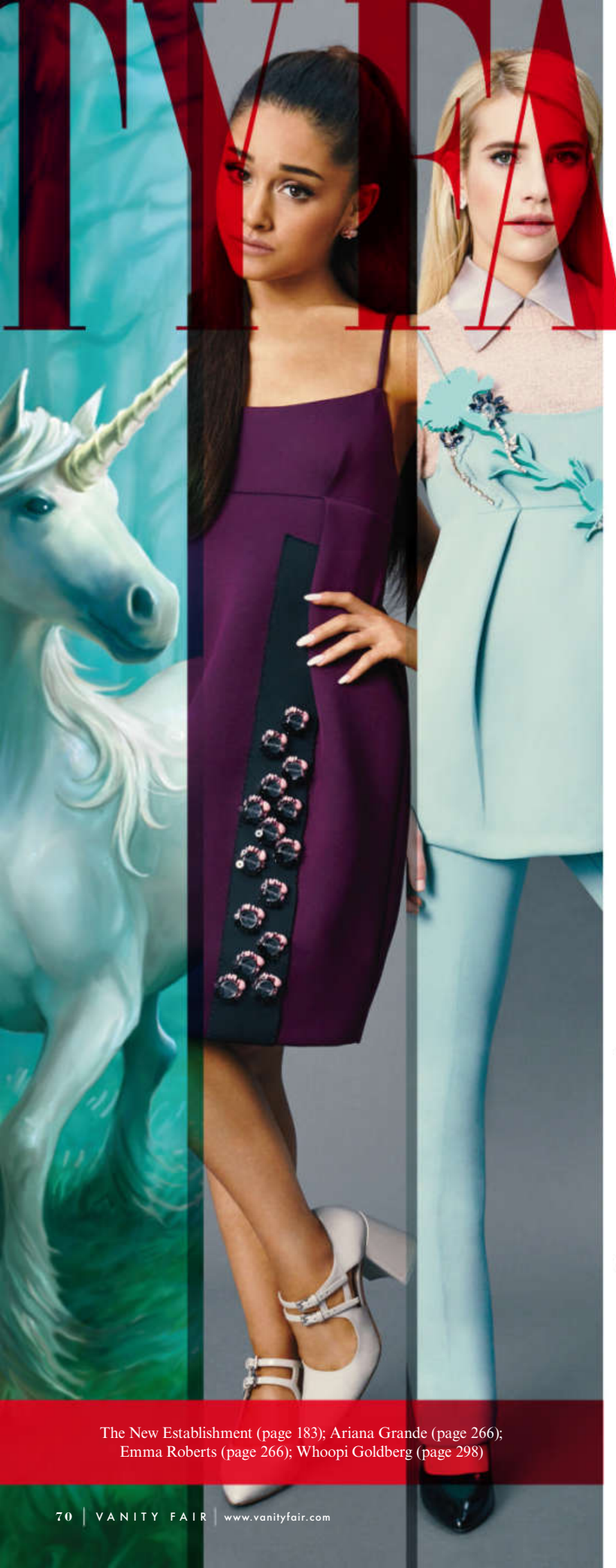
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OCTOBER 2015 No. 662 VANITYFAIR.COM

The New Establishment (page 183); Ariana Grande (page 266); Emma Roberts (page 266); Whoopi Goldberg (page 298)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

258 **BALLOTS OVER BROADWAY** BY MICHAEL RIEDEL
In 1982, a Broadway friendship turned into perhaps the greatest rivalry in Tony Award history. In an adaptation from his new book, a veteran theater columnist recalls the showdown between two musicals—***Dreamgirls*** and ***Nine***—and the dramas behind their curtains.

266 **THE SORORITY FROM HELL**
Spotlight on Fox's *Scream Queens:* **Emma Roberts, Abigail Breslin, Billie Lourd,** and **Ariana Grande.** By Andrea Cuttler. Photograph by Emma Summerton.

268 **OUR MAN IN THE VATICAN** BY PAUL ELIE
On his first visit to the U.S., this month, **the Pope** is packing his fearless humility, forgiving heart, and—to much of the Church's hierarchy—radical ideas. Those close to Francis reveal how he's managed to revolutionize the papacy and why he's so beloved.

273 **SOCIAL LANDSCAPES**
Spotlight on artist **Julia Wachtel,** whose work tackles the big questions. By A. M. Homes. Photograph by Justin Bishop.

274 **IT WAS MAGIC, MIKE**
BY SAM KASHNER AND CHARLES MASLOW-FREEN
When award-winning director **Mike Nichols** died last November, he left an incalculable legacy in comedy, film, and theater, as well as legions of devoted friends. **Dustin Hoffman, Tom Hanks, Lorne Michaels, Nathan Lane, Julia Roberts,** and many more recall Nichols's odyssey from Hitler's Germany to six decades at the pinnacle of American culture.

VANITIES

119 **SNOOK BOOK** Bruce McCall previews the season's most impressive (or not) **gadgets.** Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield compare America's top **news anchors;** Scott Jacobson, Mike Sacks, and Ted Travelstead provide catcalls for N.Y.C.'s **Comic Con.**

FANFAIR & FAIRGROUND

127 **31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE**
Nicholas Kirkwood salutes gaming. **One Kings Lane** debuts the Studio. Hot Type. Hot Tracks: Playlists. Private Lives: **Hingetown.** My Stuff: **Into the Gloss's** Emily Weiss. Fanfair's inaugural Mood Board: **Ralph Lauren.** Beauty: **Clé de Peau's** holiday maquillage; **Viktor & Rolf's** Flowerbomb's 10-year reign.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

GRANDE AND ROBERTS PHOTOGRAPHED BY EMMA SUMMERTON; GRANDE'S DRESS AND SHOES AND ROBERTS'S CLOTHING AND SHOES BY PRADA; THEIR EARRINGS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS. ARTWORK © ANNE STOKES, 2015. ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO (GOLDBERG); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

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Sarah Snook (page 119); the University of Virginia (page 240); Ben Mendelsohn (page 156); Millennials (page 162).



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

146 **AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME**
Musicians, fans, and friends of Harlem's **Apollo Theater** enjoyed a private dinner and concert to show their support for the non-profit, at trustee Ronald Perelman's estate in East Hampton.

COLUMNS

162 **THE #ME! GENERATION** BY JAMES WOLCOTT
Tagged as a bunch of spoiled social-media addicts, do the **Millennials** need a good spanking—or will they be the generation that turns the ship around? Photo illustration by Darrow.

168 **UNICORNS AND RAIN CLOUDS** BY NICK BILTON
The rising numbers of billion-dollar-plus start-ups, free-spending investors, and high-end parties are giving some in **Silicon Valley** a sense of déjà vu. But if another tech bubble bursts, it may not be 2000 all over again. Photo illustration by Sean McCabe.

178 **HER OWN BEST MYSTERY** BY FRANCIS WHEEN
With **Josephine Tey's** superb mysteries, the question wasn't simply "Whodunit?" but also "Who wrote it?" Artfully breaking the mold for golden-age crime fiction, Tey was equally hard to pin down when it came to her true identity.

183 **THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2015**
V.F.'s 21st annual **power-player roundup** ranks the mavericks and *machers* in tech, media, and beyond. Plus: the Hall of Fame, Ubers for everything, Silicon Valley's dystopian jitters, and much more.

ET CETERA

92 **CONTRIBUTORS**
100 **EDITOR'S LETTER** THE EVERYTHING BUBBLE
106 **BEHIND THE SCENES** CHALK AND "CHEESE"
110 ***60 MINUTES* POLL**
112 **LETTERS** THE LAST THING HE WANTED
156 **IN THE DETAILS** BEN MENDELSOHN
161 **OUT TO LUNCH** MELINDA GATES
298 **PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE** WHOOPI GOLDBERG

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ONLINE FEATURES

MAN IN BLUE
In an excerpt from a new memoir, former N.Y.P.D. commissioner **Ray Kelly** details the *Vigilance* of his police force in the wake of 9/11. Learn how the top cop protected his city for years and served his country for a lifetime.

TIME FOR T-DOT
Join VF.com on a trip up north to the **Toronto Film Festival,** to get a leg up on Oscar buzz with movie reviews, a star-studded portrait studio, and Krista Smith's interviews.

PICK YOUR BRAIN
Listen to a sneak peek of NPR's newest podcast, ***Hidden Brain,*** hosted by science correspondent Shankar Vedantam, which plumbs the depths of human behavior.

SOME RESERVATIONS
Parts Unknown host **Anthony Bourdain** serves up a cooking lesson at his old stomping grounds, Les Halles, for **Anderson Cooper.** See how the famously picky eater reacts to pig's foot, escargot, and other exotic snacks in a new segment for *AC360,* previewed exclusively on VF.com.

VIDEO

COMEDY CENTRAL
Drop in on *V.F.*'s photo shoot with the **masters of late-night** and share some laughs with Colbert, Kimmel, Meyers, and more.

SQUAD GOALS
Emma Roberts, Abigail Breslin, Billie Lourd, and Ariana Grande are dressed to kill in ***Scream Queens,*** premiering this month on Fox. Watch them rate the most famous screams in horror-movie history.

DIG INTO DETAILS
Aussie actor **Ben Mendelsohn,** *Bloodline*'s troubled son and the star of this month's *Mississippi Grind,* divulges more about himself.



Clockwise from top left: Bill Maher, James Corden, Seth Meyers, Jimmy Fallon, Stephen Colbert, Conan O'Brien, John Oliver, Larry Wilmore, Jimmy Kimmel, and Trevor Noah (center).



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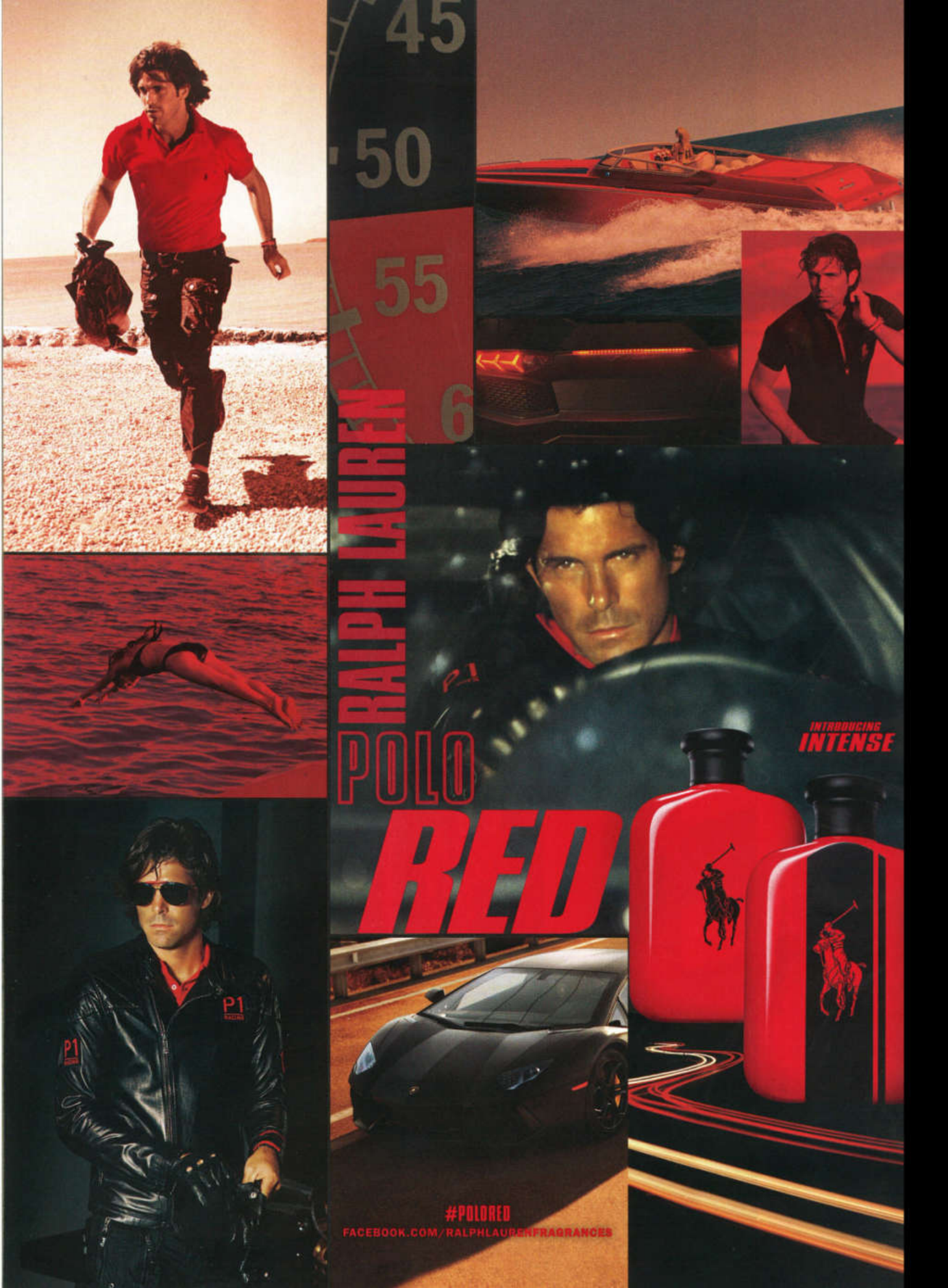
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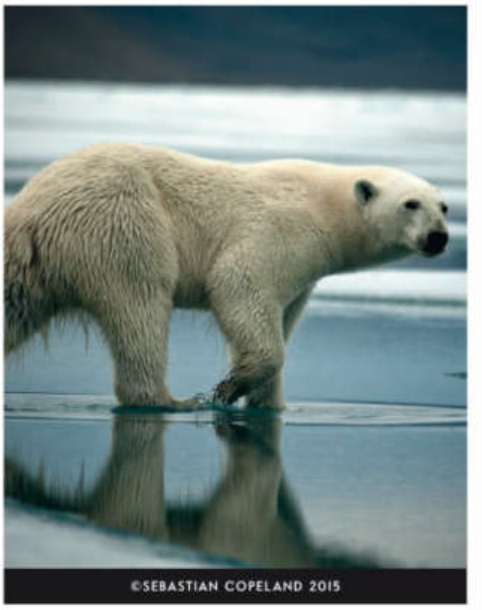
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READ

Arctica: The Vanishing North, by Sebastian Copeland

Few landscapes convey nature in its untamed splendor like the North Pole. Yet this pristine treasure is now in jeopardy. Sebastian Copeland's goal in these pages is to pay homage to this wonderland, and, in turn, draw awareness to its plight. His background, not only as polar explorer, award-winning photographer, and veteran author and journalist, but also as dedicated environmental activist, provides a unique vantage point. His passion truly shines as he aims to inspire the world to help foster a sustainable future. Visit **teneues.com** to explore further.





Hidden Treasures of Los Angeles

The MAK Center for Art and Architecture, Los Angeles, at the Schindler House is the only organization stewarding three classics of modern architecture by R. M. Schindler while presenting experimental programs. The landmark Kings Road House in West Hollywood, the Mackey Apartments, and the Fitzpatrick-Leland House in L.A. are must-sees for fans of architecture. Visit **makcenter.org** to learn more.



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Check out Louise Roe's style tome, *Front Roe,* this fall. The fashion journalist and T.V. host has launched her first book, covering everything from dressing for a job interview and applying the perfect red lip to detoxing your closet. Roe shares insider fashion and beauty tips she picked up working everywhere from British *Vogue* to the Oscars® red carpet. Practical and endearingly personal—it's an inspiring read. Head to **louiseroe.com** to see more.


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DAVE EGGERS

In this month's *V.F.* Portrait (page 238), writer Dave Eggers honors Knopf editor in chief Sonny Mehta, who has published works by Toni Morrison, Robert Caro, Gabriel García Márquez, Julian Barnes, and Martin Amis. The author of many well-regarded works of fiction, Eggers also runs the nonprofit writing program 826 Valencia, in San Francisco, champions new authors in his quarterly *McSweeney's,* and edits *The Best American Nonrequired Reading* series.



SAM KASHNER & CHARLES MASLOW-FREEN

Contributing Editor Sam Kashner has written about Mike Nichols in these pages twice before ("Here's to You, Mr. Nichols" and "Who's Afraid of Nichols and May?"). With "It Was Magic, Mike" (page 274), Kashner and onetime Nichols production assistant Charles Maslow-Freen complete the triptych with an oral history of the director's life. "Oscar Wilde wrote, 'It's always Judas who writes the biography,'" says Kashner. "But in Mike's case, most who got to know him adored him and were happy to say so."



SARAH ELLISON

Contributing Editor and University of Virginia alumna Sarah Ellison confronts the many tumults—including the murder of a student and *Rolling Stone*'s now disavowed article about campus rape—that befell U.Va. over the last year ("Shadows on the Lawn," on page 240). "As an alum, I have a lot of affection for U.Va.," says Ellison. "These stories are obviously extreme outliers, but they are events that have, at their base, something I found recognizable from my time there."



NICK BILTON

In "Unicorns and Rain Clouds" (page 168), *New York Times* technology columnist Nick Bilton presents the dispute among venture capitalists, entrepreneurs, and economists over whether a tech bubble is looming. "I would call a very smart investor, and they would say, 'Oh, there is no bubble,' and another would say, 'There is a bubble,' and both would cite the same numbers, same ratios, same statistics in their defense or offense of the topic," he says.



MICHAEL RIEDEL

In an adaptation from Michael Riedel's forthcoming book, *Razzle Dazzle: The Battle for Broadway* ("Ballots over Broadway," on page 258), the *New York Post*'s theater columnist recounts the 1982 Tony Awards showdown between *Dreamgirls* and *Nine,* the latter of which started a trend by opening only hours before the Tony eligibility deadline. "Today the spring is packed with Broadway openings, with everybody hoping to cause a surprise splash," says Riedel. "The critics hate it. But it's hard to gin up much sympathy for a critic."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92



MAX CHAFKIN, BETSY KENNY LACK & JON KELLY

If then 26-year-old **Mark Zuckerberg's** first time atop the rankings of *Vanity Fair*'s annual New Establishment list, five years ago, signaled the arrival of Silicon Valley, his No. 1 ranking this year reflects **Silicon Valley's consolidation of power.** "Technology stories are no longer technology stories. Technology stories are business stories," says Contributing Editor **Betsy Kenny Lack,** who, along with Contributing Editor **Jon Kelly** and journalist **Max Chafkin,** was responsible for this year's list (page 183). "When Mark was No. 1 in 2010, it was because he had co-founded a company with enormous impact. This time, it's for being **an outstanding operator who has managed to keep his fast-growing company nimble**"—as evidenced by its acquisition this year of the virtual-reality outfit **Oculus VR** for $2 billion, which Chafkin writes about in "It's All in the Eyes" (page 230). "Buying Oculus is a departure from purchases like **WhatsApp** or **Instagram**—those businesses make sense for a social-media company," says Chafkin. "Oculus signals how Zuckerberg is changing our ideas of what Facebook is and should be." For the first time, the New Establishment was presented on VF.com, as a digital-first package, before it hit newsstands, and includes a month of content leading up to ***Vanity Fair*'s New Establishment Summit.** Organized by Editor **Graydon Carter** and Lack, this year's Summit—in San Francisco, October 5 through 7—will feature a special advance screening of **Steven Spielberg's *Bridge of Spies*** and conversations with **Jonathan Ive, Lena Dunham,** and, yes, Mark Zuckerberg. Each year, the list sees people added—and subtracted—as the issue is finalized for publication. Josh Ostrovsky, otherwise known as the Instagram star **"the Fat Jew,"** was being considered for inclusion until **he was widely accused of stealing jokes.** "In the Year of the Unicorn," says Kelly, who edited **Nick Bilton's** article on the tech-bubble debate ("Unicorns and Rain Clouds," on page 168), "it would have been great to get the word **'Jewnicorn'** in *Vanity Fair*."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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SAM JONES

In photographing 10 late-night hosts—from Stephen Colbert to Larry Wilmore ("Host-to-Host Sensation," on page 248)—Contributing Photographer Sam Jones overheard them discussing the solitude of their jobs. "All these guys are like kings alone in their castles," he says. "Everyone was talking about how little vacation time they have." Jones, who has an interview show, *Off Camera,* took note of the hosts' interview approaches. "Hopefully, it rubs off on me," he adds.



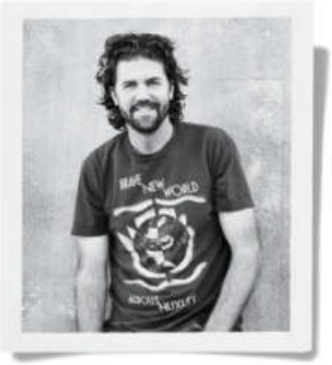
DAVID KAMP

Having profiled Jimmy Fallon and his ascension to the *Tonight Show* desk for *Vanity Fair*'s February 2014 issue, Contributing Editor David Kamp surveys the changing of the guard in late-night comedy in "Host-to-Host Sensation" (page 248). "Every time a Carson or a Letterman or a Stewart departs, we feel like the world is ending," Kamp says, "but, as we've seen, usually something quite wonderful is also being born."



FRANCIS WHEEN

In "Her Own Best Mystery" (page 178), *Private Eye* journalist Francis Wheen investigates the life of cult mystery author Josephine Tey. "It's surprising how many people think they're the only ones who've read her," says Wheen. "Her readers feel they belong to a secret club." The author of many works of nonfiction, Wheen is currently re-writing a historical novel set in 1850s London after his original manuscript was lost in a fire.



JAMES WOLCOTT

In "The #Me! Generation" (page 162), Contributing Editor and baby-boomer James Wolcott advocates for Millennials—a generation battling unemployment and the antipathy of their elders. "There's a natural resentment of youth: How dare they be so glossy and smooth," Wolcott says. "But the best way to teach anybody, regardless of age, is through shining individual example, as Her Highness Taylor Swift has shown us."



ANNALYN SWAN

In "Primary Coloratura" (page 237), Pulitzer Prize–winning writer and biographer Annalyn Swan spotlights American soprano Sondra Radvanovsky, who will play Henry VIII's doomed second wife in Donizetti's *Anna Bolena.* Radvanovsky will sing in all three of Donizetti's Tudor-queen operas this season at the Met. "Not only is it difficult to negotiate Donizetti's musical lines," Swan says, "but throw in 30 pounds or more of costume and they become a feat of endurance."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK STEVENS (SWAN), GASPER TRINGALE (KAMP), MARTIN WALSH JONES). ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER


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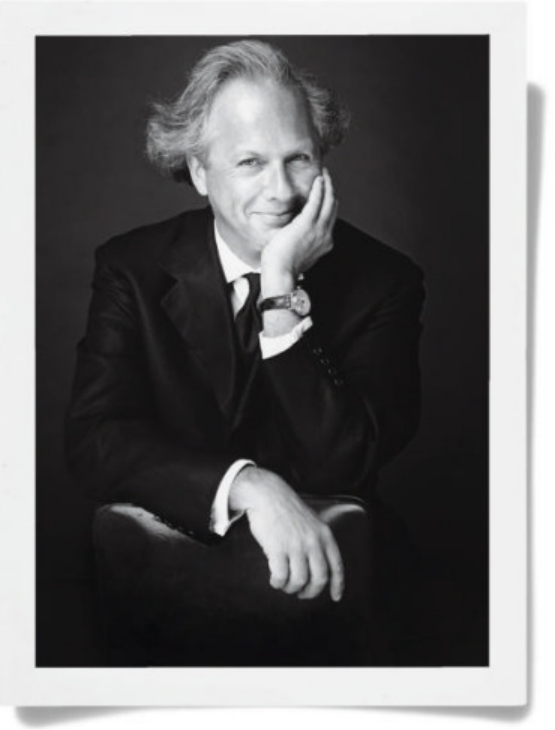

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UNDERWEAR

THE EVERYTHING BUBBLE



NIGEL PARRY

When *Vanity Fair* launched the New Establishment, 21 years ago, the U.S. economy was in the middle of one of its periodic upheavals. What was happening back then would now be called a disruption: almost overnight, the nation's economy had shifted from one that was industrial-based to one centered on entertainment, information, and technology. Members of the white-shoe East Coast establishment were being nudged aside by technology and telecommunications shamans—the people who are frequently labeled visionaries by magazine journalists searching for an alternative to the word "billionaire." As Andrew Ross Sorkin notes in his essay introducing this year's New Establishment rankings, on page 188, what happened then was the merest rumble compared with what is happening now in Silicon Valley.

Indeed, 2015 has already come to be called "the Year of the Unicorn." The "unicorn" in question is not the mythical creature that warms the hearts of seven-year-olds. It's the Silicon Valley term for early-stage start-ups that are valued at $1 billion or more. Nearly 100 U.S.-based companies have reached this benchmark in the past five years or so. There are also "decacorns." These are start-ups valued at $10 billion or more. Some of the founders of these new enterprises were quite literally in diapers when the New Establishment was introduced. Included in this year's rankings are Meredith Perry, the founder of uBeam, a company working on wireless-charging technology; Palmer Luckey, the force behind the Oculus Rift virtual-reality headset; and Evan Spiegel, the impresario who gave us Snapchat. They are all in their early to mid-20s.

At 31, Mark Zuckerberg stands out as something of an elder statesman. He is far and away the youngest person ever to grab the top spot on the New Establishment list. He has not only proved himself as a brilliant entrepreneur; he may well become one of the great long-haul corporate leaders of the past half-century—up there with G.E.'s legendary Jack Welch. The $240 billion company he scratched out of his dorm room at Harvard is apparently just his first step toward world domination in the realm of social networking. In "It's All in the Eyes," on page 230, Zuckerberg tells *Vanity Fair*'s Max Chafkin that one day soon we may all be wearing bands on our foreheads so that we can "communicate our full sensory experience and emotions through thought." (Imagine it: the horror of 70s-era tennis headbands combined with the horror of 70s-era mood rings.) But first Zuckerberg plans to make virtual reality the next big computing platform. In the future, if he has his way, when you want to play chess, you will simply wave your hand a certain way and a virtual chessboard will appear. If you want to visit your doctor, you will wave your other hand and a version of him will be right there in the room with you. As with most technology breakthroughs, these examples will no doubt follow on the heels of sports and pornography. All of this will be possible, says Zuckerberg, within the next decade or so. His mission "isn't to connect a billion people," he says. "It's to connect everyone in the world."

To prove his point, Zuckerberg has invested more than $2 billion in Luckey's Oculus Rift. Luckey was a 17-year-old computer geek when he started building his first prototype in the garage of his parents' house, in Southern California. Like Zuckerberg, he is a technology whiz with a head for business. Before Facebook came knocking, Luckey had already raised $2.4 million through Kickstarter, and there was a lot of venture-capital money sniffing around. Luckey, who is now 22, has a net worth well over $500 million. Did I mention that he has yet to sell a single consumer-ready headset? That will soon change. Zuckerberg and Luckey hope to begin selling the headsets in the coming months.

If you spend any time in this magical land of unicorns and decacorns, you'll find that when conversations about Pacific Heights real-estate prices wind down, talk often turns to the question of whether or not we are in a financial tech bubble. In order to look into the future, we asked Nick Bilton, the *New York Times* technology columnist, to go back to the past—specifically, to the dot-com bubble that burst in 2000. After months of reporting, Bilton returned with what may be the definitive summation of this moment in tech history—which, depending on whose side you're on or where your money is staked, is either somewhat worrying or completely terrifying. The new generation of start-ups has proved somewhat better at creating profits; the earlier start-ups were more adept at creating attention—they were a bit like street performers, only with less actual income at the end of the day. But as Bilton reports in "Unicorns and Rain Clouds," on page 168, many analysts and veterans of 1999 suggest that we are experiencing the same sort of overheated conditions that we experienced a decade and a half ago. Back then, the Internet was a relatively new phenomenon. Now

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LOUIS VUITTON

it's a cornerstone of the global economy. A tech bubble, says Bilton, could be code for what the financial writer Noah Smith has called an "everything bubble." If it bursts, we're all going to feel it.

The University of Virginia is a location scout's dream: stately rows of white columns; an all-pervading sense of history; and manicured grounds, fragrant plantings, and Hacky Sack. Thomas Jefferson designed the place to be symbolic, and so it has become. But symbolic of what, exactly? That's one of the questions *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Sarah Ellison set out to answer as the university recovers from a traumatic year: a year that began with a murder, moved on to allegations of a gang rape—trumpeted in a *Rolling Stone* article by Sabrina Rubin Erdely, which the magazine has now retracted—and ended with a brutal encounter between law-enforcement officers and an African-American honor student.

In "Shadows on the Lawn," on page 240, Ellison, herself a U.Va. graduate, looks back at the university's *annus horribilis* and what it says about the culture of a school that sits uncomfortably on several fault lines: Old South and New South, white and black, male and female. Ellison also probes deeply into the origins of Erdely's discredited *Rolling Stone* article. The young woman who leveled the rape charge against members of a U.Va. fraternity—she is referred to in the original story simply as "Jackie"—is not talking publicly. But Ellison spent time in Charlottesville and spoke at length with Jackie's closest circle of supporters: three young women who themselves spoke often with Erdely and who spent many hours counseling Jackie during the time she was telling her tale to the reporter. The young women are giving their accounts of that period for the first time here. Recalling the summer and fall of 2014, the three friends describe in detail their growing wariness of Erdely's focus and methods—subjects we'll likely be hearing a lot more about as lawsuits against *Rolling Stone* make their way through the legal process. The three friends also describe their concerns about Jackie herself as they become aware of discrepancies in her account.

As New York City mayors go, Mike Bloomberg is a hard act to follow. A self-made billionaire, he was elected just weeks after the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Over the next dozen years he worked tirelessly to solve the city's problems, rebuild its infrastructure, and restore its luster as the world's capital city. Though he did have his political passions—gun control, a football stadium on the West Side, banning smoking in offices and public places (don't get me started), and a quixotic campaign to ban king-size sugary sodas—he was not overtly political. Nor did he run the city like a businessman, as the cliché would have it. Business executives don't usually make good political leaders; they are not used to seeking consensus or satisfying popular opinion. They are dictators and, sometimes, tyrants. Bloomberg, as mayor, avoided that trap. He hired good people and let them run with their ideas. He knew how to court the business and banking communities, both of them venerable cornerstones of the city's tax base. And after 12 years in office, he left New York in good shape: a gleaming, if rather prim, city that generally ran like a well-oiled machine and had a surplus of $2 billion.

His successor, Bill de Blasio, could not be more different. With him, every decision is political, as his colleagues, friends, and critics told Bryan Burrough for "The Longest Summer," on page 252. The mayor's main (some say his only) initiatives are building affordable housing and addressing income inequality. These are admirable, if illusive, goals for a city mayor, but so is handling the nuts and bolts of the job—fixing potholes, getting snow plowed, moving the homeless into shelters, and showing up at press conferences, parades, and ceremonies on time. On this last front de Blasio comes up woefully short. Some days the poor fellow can't seem to get out of bed. He has antagonized the police and alienated vocal segments of the African-American community. And he has made enemies out of the business and banking interests. On the subject of making concessions to businesses and banks in an effort to keep jobs in the city, one of his deputy mayors told the press, "You don't negotiate with terrorists."

Bloomberg was not without his faults, but he knew that good manners, a dash of wit, and respect were powerful tools; he was there, on time, at every major business conference and special event, if only to say a few words welcoming people to New York. De Blasio, on the other hand, is said to refuse to attend most corporate functions unless he is promised a prominent speaking role. A common criticism from the left was that Bloomberg spent too much time focusing on the rich and powerful of Manhattan and too little on the poor and working-class of the other boroughs. Which is a fair assessment. De Blasio's critics argue that he is doing the opposite. The thing is, any New York mayor should work to make the Bronx feel like it's getting the traditional Park Avenue treatment rather than the other way around.

DE BLASIO COMES UP WOEFULLY SHORT. SOME DAYS THE POOR FELLOW CAN'T SEEM TO GET OUT OF BED.

When Mike Nichols died a year ago, at the age of 83, there was a remarkable outpouring of grief in the entertainment world. Nichols had always been there and it seemed as if he'd be around forever—an icon of the urbane, cultivated spirit that is New York City at its best. Like so many New Yorkers, he was self-made. When Nichols was a child, he and his family fled the Nazis, and he later enrolled at the University of Chicago. He wanted to become a physician, like his father. But in Chicago, fate intervened when he met Elaine May, a raven-haired beauty and a scorching wit. To hear those who knew them back then tell it, every interaction between Nichols and May was a gem of improvisational comedy. Within a few years, they were the toast of the smart set and beyond. Their Broadway hit, *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May,* and its subsequent recording brought a new level of sophisticated humor into the suburban homes of the Eisenhower era. Today's top comedians and comic actors are still inspired by their groundbreaking work.

Tiring of the act after four years, Nichols moved on to a directing career. And what a second act that turned out to be. A darling of actors, critics, and audiences, he won an Academy Award, nine Tony Awards, four Emmys, and a Grammy. Just to refresh your memory, these are some of his hits: *Barefoot in the Park, The Odd Couple, The Real Thing, Annie, Angels in America, Spamalot, Death of a Salesman, The Graduate, Carnal Knowledge, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Catch-22, Silkwood, Charlie Wilson's War, The Birdcage,* and *Working Girl.*

He had an enviable career that spanned six decades—a feat few others in this ever changing culture can match. But Nichols was celebrated as much for his warmth and capacity for friendship as he was for his brilliance as a director. He made his actors feel they were in loving hands, whether on the set or as a guest in one of his beautiful homes. His friends, and boy there were many, certainly appreciated his talent and success, but I think what really floored them was the way he and Diane Sawyer, the wife of his dreams, lived life: passionately, kindly, and elegantly. Now many of these friends and colleagues have come forward to contribute reminiscences to an oral history. For "It Was Magic, Mike," on page 274, Sam Kashner and Charles Maslow-Freen have corralled a jaw-dropping array of talent: Meryl Streep, Emma Thompson, Dustin Hoffman, Tom Hanks, and Julia Roberts, among many more. Even those who knew Nichols well will find surprises here. Those who never knew him will meet one of the truly remarkable men of our era.

—GRAYDON CARTER



POST A COMMENT Mark Zuckerberg with Annie Leibovitz, in front of one of Facebook's iconic chalkboard walls, on the firm's campus, in Menlo Park.

KATHRYN MACLEOD

CHALK AND "CHEESE"

It was not *V.F.*'s usual cover shoot—zero fuss with hair, makeup, and wardrobe, for one thing—but at Facebook's Menlo Park campus both Annie Leibovitz and her subject, Mark Zuckerberg, were in their element

It was typically busy at Facebook's headquarters, in Menlo Park, California, but on the day of the *V.F.* shoot for this issue an especially joyful mood filled the air. Mark Zuckerberg, the company's co-founder and C.E.O., had just announced—on Facebook, naturally—that he and his wife, Priscilla Chan, were expecting their first child.

That meant everyone was feeling quite chipper—including *Vanity Fair*'s team, which consisted of Annie Leibovitz, contributing editor Betsy Kenny Lack, and senior photography producer Kathryn MacLeod. Leibovitz was there to photograph Zuckerberg for the cover, and also to shoot him with Palmer Luckey for Max Chafkin's story on Oculus VR, the virtual-reality company that Facebook had acquired for more than $2 billion from Luckey and his partners in March 2014. Initially, only the photos for the Oculus story were planned, but just days before the shoot Zuckerberg was chosen for the No. 1 spot on *Vanity Fair*'s New Establishment list, and he agreed to sit for a solo portrait: it had become the perfect opportunity for a cover shoot. The last-minute change of plans was a departure from *V.F.*'s typical,


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From top: Leibovitz and crew photograph, from left, Palmer Luckey, Brendan Iribe, and Nate Mitchell; Luckey at work; Leibovitz with Luckey and Zuckerberg.

highly orchestrated shoots—which suited Zuckerberg just fine. He adheres, famously, to the cult of Silicon Valley formalwear: blue jeans and a T-shirt (gray, in Zuckerberg's case), with a hooded sweatshirt if the weather calls for it. The weather did not call for it on this late-July day.

There was no fussing with hair or makeup; though Zuckerberg was generous and flexible with his schedule, he has little free time, and perhaps even less interest in being styled. This worked well with Leibovitz's intention of capturing him "engaged," as she put it, in his element. As MacLeod says, "It was a business portrait, not a fashion shoot."

Ever the engineer, Zuckerberg asked the photographer about her equipment, which was decidedly more high-tech than the set for the shoot. For that, Leibovitz simply had selected one of the many chalkboards scattered around the Facebook campus.

"I prefer standing in front of a workbench to standing in front of a camera, but Annie had a clear vision for what she wanted from the start," says Palmer. "I'm surprised how quickly she worked and how she turned our engineering tables into a work of art."

While scouting for locations at Facebook's headquarters beforehand, with the company's head of technology communications, Caryn Marooney, and her colleague Tera Randall, the *V.F.* team ran into a familiar face: Sheryl Sandberg, Facebook's chief operating officer. She said hello to Leibovitz, who had previously photographed her for *Vanity Fair*. Elsewhere, Zuckerberg proudly described the philosophy behind the company's new, Frank Gehry–designed building, a sprawling 430,000-square-foot structure, said to be the largest open-plan office in the world, complete with a rooftop park. In addition to building the new headquarters, Zuckerberg has recently announced some promising developments on Facebook's Internet.org project, which is providing free Internet access to parts of the developing world.

This is the first time Zuckerberg, who will appear at *Vanity Fair*'s New Establishment Summit, in San Francisco, in October, has sat for a portrait for the magazine. "Everything came together at the last minute, in the most perfect way," Lack recalls. "We were so lucky to be at Facebook that day." □

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP AND BOTTOM, BY CHRISTOPHE WU/FACEBOOK; CENTER, BY KATHRYN MACLEOD

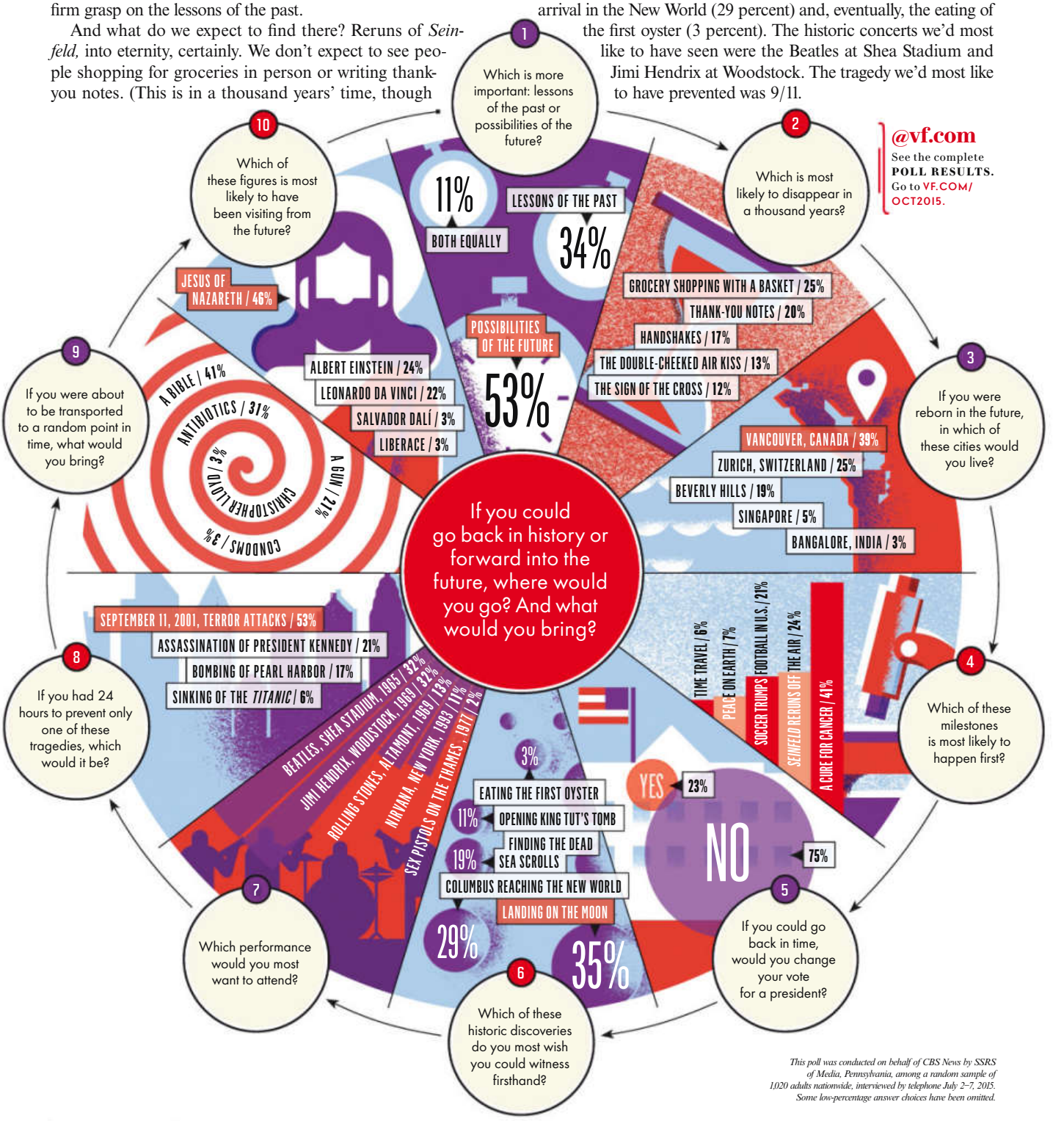

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TIME MACHINE

We are, it seems, a nation of Satchel Paiges: we don't look back. (Well, not unless pollsters ask us to; more on that in a moment.) Most Americans say that success and happiness depend on having a clear vision of the future rather than a firm grasp on the lessons of the past.

And what do we expect to find there? Reruns of *Seinfeld,* into eternity, certainly. We don't expect to see people shopping for groceries in person or writing thank-you notes. (This is in a thousand years' time, though we suspect the thank-you note will be extinct sooner than that—like, week after next.)

As we mentioned, Americans were asked to look back as well. The discovery or event we'd most like to have witnessed firsthand was the 1969 moon landing (35 percent), followed by Columbus's arrival in the New World (29 percent) and, eventually, the eating of the first oyster (3 percent). The historic concerts we'd most like to have seen were the Beatles at Shea Stadium and Jimi Hendrix at Woodstock. The tragedy we'd most like to have prevented was 9/11.



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This poll was conducted on behalf of CBS News by SSRS of Media, Pennsylvania, among a random sample of 1,020 adults nationwide, interviewed by telephone July 2–7, 2015. Some low-percentage answer choices have been omitted.

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW COLIN BECK



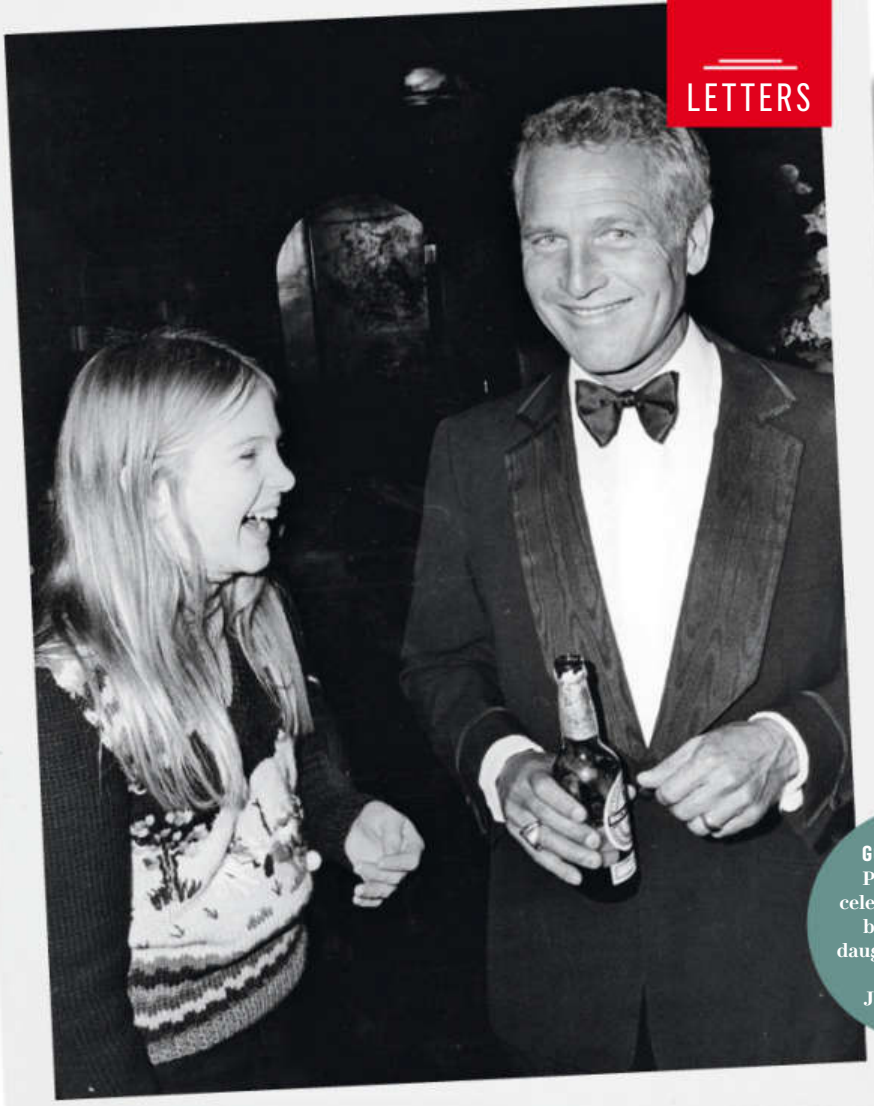
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GOLDEN YEARS Paul Newman celebrates his 50th birthday with daughter Melissa in New York, January 1975.

THE LAST THING HE WANTED

The family and friends of the late Paul Newman speak out about his charitable legacy

I'm writing in support of my sister, Susan Newman, and applaud her for having the courage to uncover our family's real story ["The Girls He Left Behind," by Mark Seal, August]. While some are painting her as a disgruntled money-grubber, nothing could be further from the truth. She's not asking for anything for herself and only wants our father's true legacy reinstated so that more funds can be distributed to charities.

In the meantime, I hope the confidence and goodwill of the public will be preserved as she tries to ensure our father's core directives—as discussed for a decade prior to his illness with family, friends, and advisers—are carried out.

STEPHANIE L. NEWMAN
Santa Monica, California

As a close friend of Susan Newman's for more than 25 years, I want to reinforce the portrait of her as a strong advocate of her father's commitment to philanthropy, and to validate her concern that his legacy be carried out as he would have wanted. Philanthropy was the core of his life, and his children inherited this concept and put his ideas to work throughout their lives. Susan had a strong bond with her father over philanthropy and has been devoted to public service as an activist and award-winning television producer.

I would question that anyone other than Bob Forrester considered him a close friend of Paul Newman's, rather than a business associate. Susan has not spoken to Forrester for at least six years, so his claim of frequent communication is simply untrue. Moreover, it was not Paul Newman's style to create a $14 million building to house the foundation.

I know that Susan's main concern has been about preserving her father's legacy. It was never about money or greed for inheritance. I've never known a more honest, generous, or courageous woman than Susan, or one more concerned with justice. It is those qualities that spurred her to take part in this article, and I'm not sure her voice has been clearly heard.

PHYLLIS KAY
New York, New York

If I were one of Paul Newman's daughters, I, too, would question whether my father's wishes were being carried out.

A reported $600 million estate and no child's foundation funded until Joanne Woodward's death? Woodward is 85 now and could live another 10 years. The daughters are between 50 and 62, which raises the possibility that not all will live to see their foundations funded. Not the worst thing in the world, but if your father is Paul Newman, with a $600 million estate and a food company that generates millions of dollars in profits each year, and you've been told differently by him for the past 10 years, it would certainly be a disappointment.

Given that there had been no major falling-out between Newman and his children, why would he change his legacy so completely months before his death? And, being so ill at the time, was he competent to do so?

ANN HALL
Los Angeles, California

The question of greatest interest in "The Girls He Left Behind" is how an individual comes to believe that he is not only the better but also the more knowing and deserving steward of a man's legacy than that man's own wife and daughters.

JONATHAN INGBAR
Thetford, Vermont

PHOTOGRAPH © GLOBE PHOTOS/ZUMAPRESS.COM



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GUCCI

From the opening paragraph and the tone of Mark Seal's article, it is suggested that Newman's Own C.E.O. Robert Forrester is not staying true to Paul Newman's vision of how his foundation was to continue. Yet he offers little evidence and no proof that the charity and company are not being well managed.

Paul Newman stated in writing and in a promotional video that Robert Forrester is the man he chose to run his company. Mr. Newman changed his will at least 12 times, and not once did he put any of his daughters in charge or remove any control from Mr. Forrester.

Since his passing, and under the direction of Robert Forrester, Newman's Own has grown 7.25 percent in compounded annual revenues, and the foundation has given away at least $170 million. The family squabbling is not so much about business as it is about feeling hurt and rejected.

LEIGH FREEDMAN
Anaheim, California

I am a past beneficiary of Mr. Newman's generosity through small, encouraging gifts from Newman's Own Foundation to support my work as an activist for progressive education. These gifts were facilitated by Susan Newman based on our common view of childhood. For more than 20 years, Susan, her sisters, and others invited by Mr. Newman have been supporting a diverse group of charities around the world. Despite the circumstances described in "The Girls He Left Behind," the "Newman luck" still holds. His children have caught their father's bent for being a person of conscience and a committed social activist.

I hope Mr. Newman's highly original philanthropic invention—giving all profits to charity—is reflected in independent, socially aware, and qualified leaders of the food company and charitable foundation bearing his name.

JOAN JAECKEL
Studio City, California

As a longtime fan of Mr. Newman's brand of philanthropy, I read "The Girls He Left Behind" with great interest. I was ultimately disappointed, however, as the piece turned out to be little more than "He said, she said."

Fortunately, another writer did some digging. In his Showbiz411 column of July 19, Roger Friedman wrote, "Total salaries of the top Newman's Own staff were listed at $1.4 million for 2013—almost three times what they were in 2009. Paul Newman, who wanted all the money from salad dressing and other products to go to charity, would be shocked."

Indeed!

Why didn't Mr. Seal look into some of the actual numbers filed by Newman's Own, either to quell Susan Newman's concerns or validate Mr. Forrester's assertions?

I think *Vanity Fair* owes its readers a deeper look at this story.

KATHLEEN McLANE
New York, New York

MARK SEAL RESPONDS: *I'm glad that the* Vanity Fair *story—the first report on the conflict between some of Paul Newman's family members and the man Newman left in charge of his foundation and food company—inspired other stories, including Roger Friedman's on Showbiz411. Indeed, my story is a "He said, she said" account, as my aim was to let both sides of the dispute give their versions of events. I just wish that Paul Newman could return, if only briefly, to give his judgment on what has happened in his family, his food company, and his foundation since his passing.*

NEWMAN'S BROTHER WRITES:

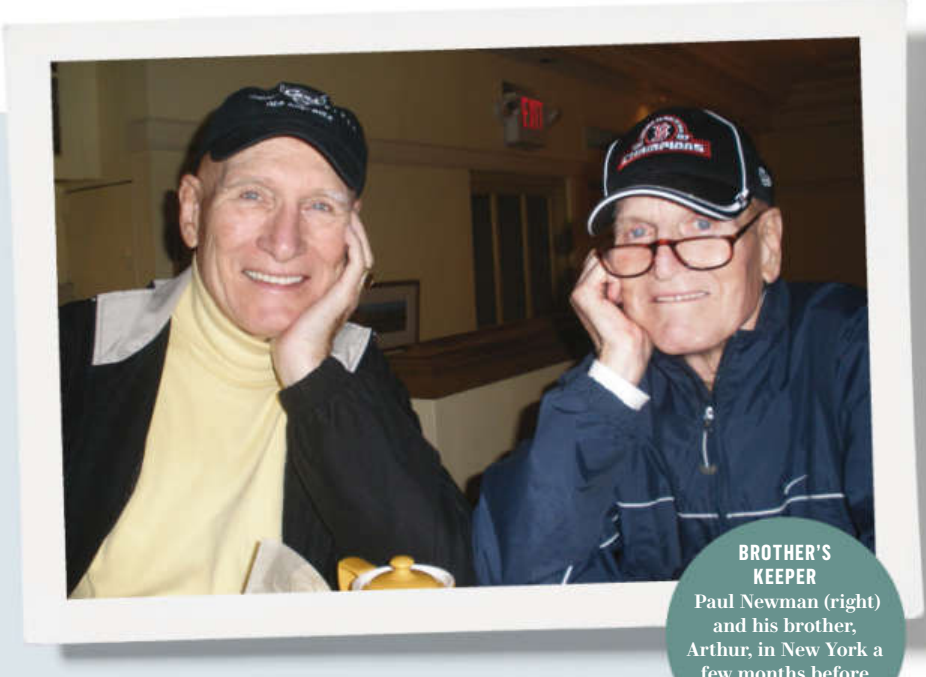
Paul Newman was a brilliant actor and racecar driver, an innovative philanthropist, and my brother of 83 years.

It saddened me to be reminded by Mark Seal of the changes made in the last months of my brother's life. From the time Paul was diagnosed with leukemia, in February 2008, his health deteriorated. He was on heavy chemo and massive amounts of pain meds, and he was hospitalized numerous times. It was a very difficult time for all of us.

I knew my brother longer than anybody quoted in the article and can attest that he was always loyal and dedicated to his family members, friends, co-workers, and staff. It was common for him to help friends in need with employment or support with business ventures. He was most inclusive when it came to the successes of Newman's Own, as he had all members of our family participate in the philanthropy. He even included staff members and vendors from the earliest days of the company, in the 1980s.

Paul was very proud of his daughter Nell's accomplishments with the Newman's Own Organics business and talked about it often. To think that Paul would not want his family involved in Newman's Own is inconceivable to me. What I do know, as he expressed it often, is that he wanted the very best for all of us in his family, as well as the wonderful charitable legacy that he established. It is my sincere hope that, going forward, the foundation can work with all in the family to resolve differences and carry on the generous legacy my brother left the world.

ARTHUR S. NEWMAN JR.
Rancho Mirage, California



BROTHER'S KEEPER Paul Newman (right) and his brother, Arthur, in New York a few months before Paul's death, 2008.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATTY NEWMAN/ COURTESY OF ARTHUR S. NEWMAN JR.



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man: self-effacing, frank, and honest. He once told me that the last man in gets the decision. Bob Forrester was the last man in at Newman's Own.

The issue as I see it is the disparity between the basic philosophy of Newman's Own, as envisioned and espoused by Paul, and the direction the company has taken since his death. This new direction cannot be explained away as a simple difference in managerial approach. The legacy of innocence that Paul left behind has been abandoned.

JEROME B. ROUNDS
The Villages, Florida

CITY ON FIRE

As a longtime reader of *Vanity Fair,* I have to thank you for publishing Marie Brenner's absolutely stunning story "Paris Is Burning" [August]. I am so grateful that your magazine has the courage to confront the anti-Semitism that is flourishing in France. Bravo!

PAUL MACCABEE
St. Paul, Minnesota

The article "Paris Is Burning" does not reflect a specific reality. As a Frenchman and also a Jew, I must point out that French Jews are, above all, French.

We are French because Léon Blum was French, René Cassin was French, Serge Gainsbourg was French, Henri Bergson was French, Jacques Attali is French . . . I could go on and on. But apart from some giants such as Assia Djebar or Chahdortt Djavann, the Muslims in France are Muslim first and French second.

And yet, when the huge demonstration broke out in the streets of Paris with the roars of "Mort aux Juifs," I was appalled not by those who paraded their hate but by the sight of ordinary Frenchmen going on with their life without reacting, in absolute indifference.

Should we leave France? Absolutely not! We have contributed so much to our country. Leaving it now would be a cowardly act toward our motherland. For centuries there have been injustices that have not prevented us from being what we are: French above all.

MAX FISCHER
Paris, France

Recently I traveled to Paris and by chance entered a small shop whose window display drew me in. Inside I decided to buy a small Star of David necklace. I was hoping to leave wearing it, but when I asked the attendant to help me with the clasp, she quickly told me it was not possible—too dangerous. I was amazed, but two days later, upon reading Ms. Brenner's article, I understood.

It is shameful how French Jews allow their government to treat them as third-class citizens and still defend a country that harbors terrorists and panders to hatred disguised as "égalité."

MYRIAM KASSIN
Bogotá, Colombia

I just finished "Paris Is Burning" and felt compelled to write immediately. I am not Jewish, but I do have Jewish friends and acquaintances, and I can't help but feel outrage on their behalf regarding France's response—or, more appropriately, non-response—to what has been continually happening to a segment of its own population for years.

I was overwhelmed by the 18-year-old high-school senior who asked, "Is it true that if I lived in America I could wear a tiny Star of David necklace?" I am so thrilled to say, "Yes, you could."

Marie Brenner's thought-provoking and well-documented article should be required reading for everyone.

MARY T. KMAK
San Mateo, California

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*



More from the V.F. MAILBAG

"I'm 11 years old and **I have an opinion.**" That subject line grabbed the Mailbag's attention even more decisively than "**CONGRATULATIONS YOU!—WINNER OF YOUR BANK OF NIGERIA REWARDS!**" unfailingly does. "My name is Zein Blanks," begins the e-mail, and the opinion included (in an essay) is that "**guns should be banned in the United States of America.**" Thank you, Zein, "**an American living in Dubai,**" who gives her phone number and adds, "My mom may answer because **I might be at school.**"

"Ahhhhhhhhhh, the age-old classic: the **aging, in bad health, slowly-losing-his-mind billionaire** and the women half his age who looooooooooooooooooooooove him and understand him like none before!" writes Sue Highland, from Sacramento, California, regarding William D. Cohan's "Who Controls Sumner Redstone?" (June). "If it weren't so **sad and pathetic,** I would be snickering—as I imagine **half of Hollywood already is.** Women like that give women like me a bad name."

Meri Mastro, of Lynnfield, Massachusetts, is "**shocked** (shocked, I say)" that mention of the actor she considers the **greatest Sherlock Holmes of all time**—Jeremy Brett—was omitted from Max Carter's "Hot Type" report on a new book about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's detective (June): "He was the **quintessential Holmes!**" Easy does it, Ms. Mastro. As Holmes himself observed, "The emotional qualities are **antagonistic to clear reasoning.**" (That said: Brett was indeed great.)

Finally, LaVerne Elrod, of Glendora, California, writes to say that she picked up a copy of the **December 2002 *Vanity Fair*** "at my library bookstore—all mags are five cents. It looked so new and the **subscription postcards fell out.**" And then she opened the time capsule: "I spent the whole morning reading and perusing the fashion and the ads. **Most of the clothes can be worn today!** I am interested in so many of the articles. I've read **Nigella Lawson**—boy, her life has changed since then—and the tragic **Fort Bragg story,** and the tragic **Rubirosa life.** I am not close to being finished—well, I don't have to be in a hurry anyway! The only bad thing is **not knowing these stories' updates.** I always loved **Dom Dunne's writing**—I do miss him now. There is a blurb on Britney Spears turning 21. Wow, **now she's 33!** Lucky for me someone didn't throw this in the trash. **Recycling is great!** Maybe send a new copy my way! Thanks for a great magazine then and now!" You are—and were—most welcome.

ILLUSTRATION BY GOLDEN COSMOS



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SERPENTI

Inspector GADGET p.122

The LATEST MUST-HAVE GIZMOS, from the SuperSelfie Instant Body Scanner to a self-powered Electronic Wedding Ring.

THIS MONTH

BREAKING DOWN *the* NEWS
An evolutionary study of NETWORK ANCHORS. p.124

INSIDE JOKES
The best pickup lines for the 2015 NEW YORK COMIC CON. p.124

VANITIES



SNOOK WEARS A DRESS BY RAG & BONE; EARRINGS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

STYLED BY DEBORAH AFSHANI; HAIR PRODUCTS BY KÉRASTASE PARIS; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY DIOR; NAIL ENAMEL BY CHANEL; HAIR BY SERENA RADAELLI; MAKEUP BY FRANCESCA TOTTI; MANICURE BY INETTE DAVIS; PHOTOGRAPHED AT SMASHBOX STUDIOS, IN CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA. ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE MCCALL. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

SARAH SNOOK

AGE: 27. **PROVENANCE:** Adelaide, Australia. **CHILD'S PLAY:** The up-and-comer, whose grandmother was a stage actress, was raised in a theatrical family. "I'm the youngest of three sisters. We were always performing plays for each other." **ON THE JOB:** Snook graduated from Australia's prestigious National Institute of Dramatic Art and has already won an Australian Film Critics Association award for her work in *These Final Hours.* She's set to make international waves in Danny Boyle's much-anticipated *Steve Jobs,* out next month, in which she plays real-life publicist Andrea Cunningham, who helped with the first Mac launch. "She's so down to earth and normal and excited. . . . It was really great to meet her." **CAREER IN THE MAKING:** She can also be seen, opposite Kate Winslet, in *The Dressmaker,* a forthcoming Australian film based on the eponymous novel. On Winslet: "She's just so impressive." **HOME WORK:** Snook is keeping busy in her native land. "I went back to Australia to do a show called *The Beautiful Lie,* which is a retelling of *Anna Karenina* in a six-part mini-series—a modern, contemporary version." **CENTER STAGE:** Embracing all, Snook will *also* appear at the venerable Old Vic Theatre next year, starring alongside Ralph Fiennes in Henrik Ibsen's *The Master Builder.* "I haven't been able to do theater for a while, so it's really exciting to get back to that."

—KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BELEBEAU



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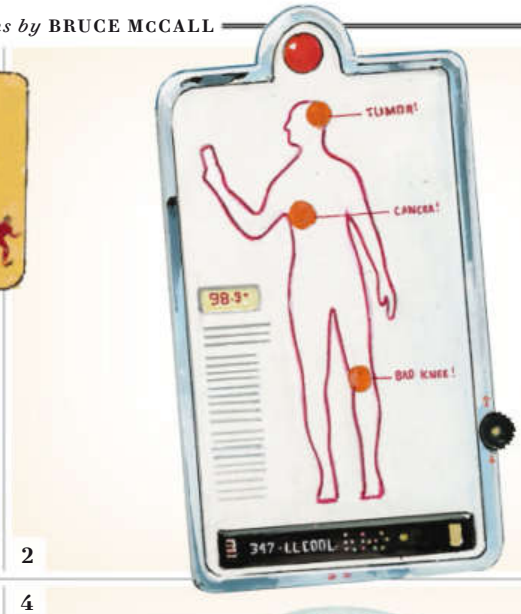
DEVICE SQUAD

Previewing four life-changing gizmos launching this month

Text and illustrations by BRUCE McCALL



1



2



3



4

1

TexMaxico's new AdNausea Computer Goggles utilize microchips, radar, a 4,000-megabyte computer, and cloud mega-storage to *augment your dreams with ads.* **AdNausea** actually interfaces with your dreams: If you're falling, for example, you're treated to a 30-second ad for life insurance. If you're getting it on with a Kardashian, it's Viagra. If you're dreaming about being chased by a giant spider, a pair of Zonkz are the ideal runaway shoe. You can use the 4-D goggles provided or have a micro-size ad-generating nodule surgically implanted in your hippocampus.

2

The In-Me 6 SuperSelfie Instant Body Scanner improves on the current version with a now *100 percent squeezable* parallelogram screen that converts to popular rhomboidal format in a jiff, quelling a long-standing user gripe. The **In-Me 6** turns your entire body transparent for quick medical checkups, identifies swallowed needles, keys, heroin bags, etc. ("Unbeatable party gag"—Hoo-Haw, the online tech humor site.) Unlike the competing ME2 from Opsawawa, the In-Me 6 needs no M.R.I. operator license and radiation levels are well within Japanese Nuclear Disaster Alarm guidelines.

3

WhizBang's new, self-powered Electronic Wedding Ring lets you dismay friends and family—without saying a word. The **E.W.R.** measures pulse rate, skin temperature, psychiatric history, any recent affairs, and 1,250-point amygdala activity to trace the daily state of your marriage. Your marital-discord level is indicated by the ring turning pink, then orange, then, when things are hopeless, anger red. Ring uses patented K.G.B. "truth" technology. Never needs batteries. One size fits all. Women's and men's units available.

4

Einstein's Super-Secret EMc2 Speed Freak prototype, recently uncovered by a rescue dog in the immortal scientist's Princeton backyard, is secret no more. The **Freak** computes anything, from your fuel mileage to the day you will likely die—at the speed of light. Watch this sturdy, handsomely styled techno wizard actually bend while moving at 345,000 m.p.h. (where legal; remember to buckle up!) and thrill friends with the built-in Gypsy Ouija Board.*

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ANCHORS AWRY!

The continuing evolution of the brave men and women who bring you the network news

By ADAM LEFF AND RICHARD RUSHFIELD



Edward R. Murrow

NATIONAL ROLE Conscience of America.

ORIGINS Humble log cabin in North Carolina.

TRAINING GROUND High-school debate team.

NICKNAME Ed.

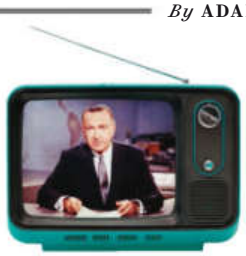
DEFINING MOMENT W.W. II bombing runs.



VICE Three packs of Camels a day.

ROAD NOT TAKEN C.I.A.

SIGN-OFF "Good night, and good luck."



Walter Cronkite

NATIONAL ROLE Voice of God.

ORIGINS Midwestern dentist's son in Kansas City.

TRAINING GROUND Boy Scouts.

NICKNAME Old Ironpants.

DEFINING MOMENT J.F.K. assassination.



VICE His 48-foot yacht, *Wyntje*.

ROAD NOT TAKEN The White House.

SIGN-OFF "That's the way it is."



Tom Brokaw



NATIONAL ROLE Scolding dad.

ORIGINS South Dakota Huguenot stock.

TRAINING GROUND Majoring in "beer and coeds" at U. of Iowa.

NICKNAME Duncan the Wonder Horse.

DEFINING MOMENT Fall of the Berlin Wall.

VICE Collecting honorary degrees.

ROAD NOT TAKEN Writing *The Cosby Sweater Generation*, a 700-page history of the baby-boomers.

SIGN-OFF "And that's the nightly news."



Diane Sawyer

NATIONAL ROLE Mrs. Robinson.

ORIGINS Kentucky's finest.

TRAINING GROUND Nixon's press office.



NICKNAME The Pageant Princess.

DEFINING MOMENT Saddam Hussein interview.

VICE None.

ROAD NOT TAKEN Broadway.

SIGN-OFF "I'll see you right back here tomorrow night."



Brian Williams

NATIONAL ROLE College roommate.

ORIGINS Big New Jersey Irish Catholic family.



TRAINING GROUND Busing tables at Perkins.

NICKNAME Honey Bri Bri.

DEFINING MOMENT *Letterman* appearance.

VICE Making shit up.

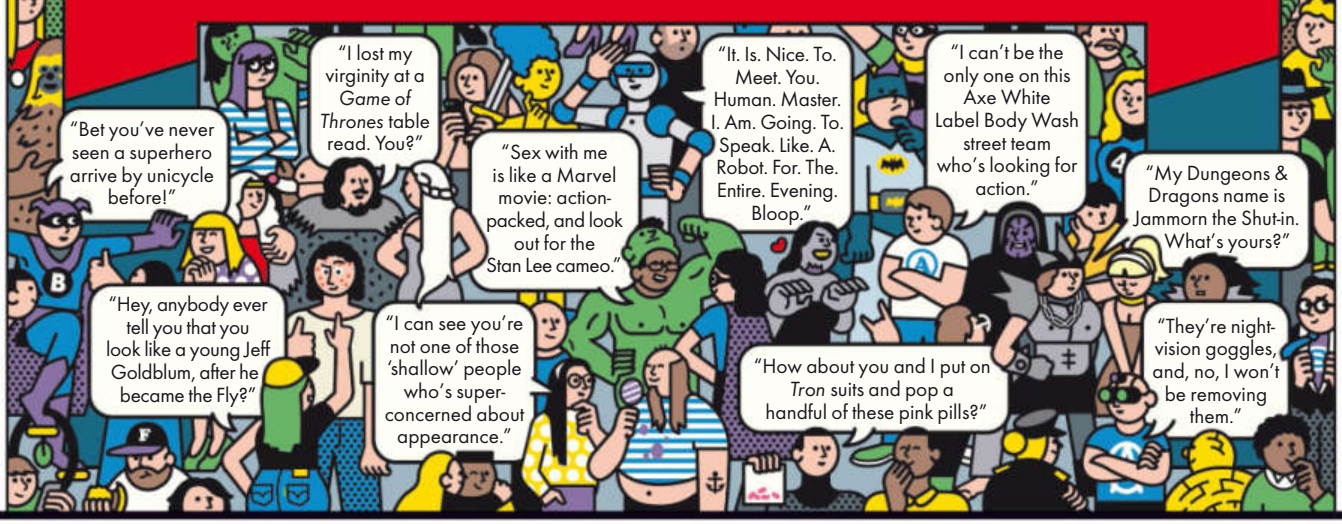
ROAD NOT TAKEN "Weekend Update."

SIGN-OFF "Sorry!"

GRAPHIC CONTENT

Ten pickup lines for New York Comic Con, October 8–11, 2015

By SCOTT JACOBSON, MIKE SACKS, AND TED TRAVELSTEAD | *Illustration by* RAMI NIEMI



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A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME – WITH RIMOWA

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➳ ONE KINGS LANE OPENS ITS DOORS *p. 128* EMILY WEISS PUCKERS UP *p. 136* RALPH LAUREN'S MOOD BOARD *p. 140* AND MORE . . .



ARCADE ATTIRE

Designer Nicholas Kirkwood celebrates the age of the video game with his "10" collection—a made-to-order trove of 10 pairs of shoes that have been inspired by games, toys, and films of the 1980s. The designer, born in 1980, the same year that Pac-Man made its debut, will launch his full collection this month, during London Fashion Week. (nicholaskirkwood.com)

—PUNCH HUTTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDON TABIOLO/GETTY IMAGES (BACKGROUND); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

The Thrill of the Hunt

One Kings Lane opens its studio



Fontaine Tufted Daybed, cloud gray ($2,399).



Terri Round Accent Lamp, crystal ($259).



Striped 20-by-20-inch Outdoor Pillow, navy ($39).



Raina Oversize Mirror, gold ($449).



Susan Feldman and Alison Pincus, photographed at the One Kings Lane showroom, in New York City.



Klimt, *Flower Garden,* 1905 ($472).



Larisa Bar Cart, gold ($319).



12-inch Boxwood Ball in planter, faux ($99).



Wayland Stool, azimuth blue ($749).

One Kings Lane is an addiction. It not only offers a peek inside fantasy homes and aspirational lifestyles but also allows its members to "shop the look'"—tech-speak for "click and purchase." The company, founded in 2009 by **Susan Feldman** and **Alison Pincus,** was established as an online curated marketplace where consumers could shop, find inspiration, and be introduced to furniture, art, home accessories, and jewelry from more than 3,000 vendors and 2,000 vintage and artisanal sellers. The company grew as more and more people signed up for the daily e-mail blasts, which offer glimpses into Grand European Suites, Farmhouse Kitchens, East Coast Elegance, and retro California Cool—whatever one's personal aesthetic, One Kings Lane delivers an edited vignette of housewares ranging in scale and price. Last year, the company went through a re-structuring and recalibration that paved the way for OKL's next big idea. "While we started as an online brand, the truth is we always dreamed of having a store, a place where our brand could come to life," says Feldman. The company has just opened **the Studio,** an airy bricks-and-mortar showroom located in OKL's Tribeca headquarters that is so perfectly appointed you wish you could move right in. The space, which is laid out like a house, gets fitted and fluffed with seasonal selections from the site's bounty of products. Slim Aarons photograph? Check. Velvet chaise? Check. Bar cart? Check. Moroccan rug? Yep. It's all there. And so is the "Genius Bar," a panel of expert stylists who offer consultations and advice. Because the Studio stores no inventory—this is not a cash-and-carry model—all pieces must be ordered online. If done in the Studio, shipping is free and a discount is applied. Oh, and wait! Almost forgot—in addition to furniture, OKL sells vintage Chanel jewelry and Hermès bags and jeweled Cartier timepieces. Somehow, you must find a way to work that into the interior-decorating budget. (onekingslane.com)

—PUNCH HUTTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN HOFFMANN

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CHESS PLAYING INVENTOR



Historic Villa Artemis, photographed by Jessica Klewicki Glynn, from *Palm Beach Chic* (Vendome), by Jennifer Ash Rudick.

Hot Type

American odyssey: Set in a drought-ravaged Southern California trolled by scavengers, **Claire Vaye Watkin's** *Gold Fame Citrus* (Riverhead) burns with a dizzying, scorching genius. **Despina Stratigakos's** *Hitler at Home* (Yale) outs the Führer as a home-reno junkie. **Jeanette Winterson's** *The Gap of Time* (Hogarth) covers Shakespeare. **Douglas Brinkley** and **Luke Nichter** reel through *The Nixon Tapes: 1973* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt). Women show their roots in *Me, My Hair, and I* (Algonquin), edited by **Elizabeth Benedict. David Rieff's** *The Reproach of Hunger* (Simon & Schuster) is a gut punch. **Terence Brown** reports on *The Irish Times: 150 Years of Influence* (Bloomsbury). *The Complete Works of Primo Levi* (Liveright) is a heavy hitter. **Elizabeth Gilbert's** *Big Magic* (Riverhead) makes fear disappear. **Paul Theroux** surveys the *Deep South* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt). **Valeria Luiselli's** *The Story of My Teeth* (Coffee House) is gritty realism. **Patti Smith** ruminates on the *M Train* (Knopf). Novelist **Jill Bialosky** takes *The Prize* (Counterpoint). Sandy Hook hero **Kaitlin Roig-DeBellis** is *Choosing Hope* (Putnam). **Sloane Crosley** embraces comic fiction in *The Clasp* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). A lesbian comes of age in **Chinelo Okparanta's** *Under the Udala Trees* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt). **Douglas Waller's** *Disciples* (Simon & Schuster) spies on C.I.A. directors' W.W. II missions. **Joby Warrick** charts the rise of ISIS in *Black Flags* (Random House). **Julian Barnes's** *Keeping an Eye Open* (Knopf) is artful. **Bruce Robinson** fingers the Ripper in *They All Love Jack* (Harper). **Michael O'Neill** meditates *On Yoga* (Taschen). **Alastair Campbell** champions *Winners* (Pegasus). **Kenzaburo Oe's** alter ego devolves into his father's *Death by Water* (Grove). **Margaret Atwood's** *The Heart Goes Last* (Nan A. Talese) is unnerving. Badass poet of badass poets **Eileen Myles** throws down in *I Must Be Living Twice* (Ecco). **Adrian Tomine's** graphic-novel-in-stories, *Killing and Dying* (Drawn & Quarterly), is a reason to live. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL



BIG CITY



An attempted murder in the darkness of Manhattan's Central Park as the city rings in the year 1977 sets off an elaborate, time-bending, ensemble-cast investigation in Garth Risk Hallberg's soaring debut, *City on Fire*. Interweaving the narratives of an aristocratic uptown family, an underground punk band, a Long Island adolescent, a black gay aspiring writer, and a journalist determined to uncover the obscure connections between them all, the more-than-900-page novel—which drew a $2 million advance from its publisher, Knopf, in a 2013 auction that left the literary world on the edge of its seat until now—casts a panoptic lens on 1970s New York City, exposing its every gritty underside, from financial corruption to the drug epidemic. As the characters crisscross one another within the urban grid over the course of Hallberg's magisterial epic, distinctions of class, race, geography, and generation give way to an impression of the human condition that is both ambitious and sublime. —LAUREN CHRISTENSEN

IN SHORT

V.F. contributing editor **Paul Goldberger** deconstructs Frank Gehry in *Building Art* (Knopf). **Roger F. Pasquier** exhibits *Painting Central Park* (Vendome). **Sandra Cisneros** raises the roof in *A House of My Own* (Knopf). *The New Yorker* revisits *The 50s* (Random House). **John Norris** headlines *Mary McGrory* (Viking). **Alice Waters** stocks *My Pantry* (Clarkson Potter). **Stacey Goergen** and **Amanda Benchley** appreciate *Artists Living with Art* (Abrams). **David Maraniss's** *Once in a Great City* (Simon & Schuster) is an elegy for Detroit. **Andrés Neuman** philosophizes in *The Things We Don't Do* (Open Letter). **Terry Sweeney** drops *Irritable Bowels and the People Who Give You Them* (Duke Street). **Peter Ackroyd** channels *Wilkie Collins* (Nan A. Talese). **Sonia Manzano** gets to *Sesame Street* in *Becoming Maria* (Scholastic). **Annie Jacobsen** infiltrates *The Pentagon's Brain* (Little, Brown). **Cindy Crawford** models *Becoming* (Rizzoli). **William Boyd** offers his *Sweet Caress* (Bloomsbury U.S.A.). **Ruth Reichl** stirs up *My Kitchen Year* (Random House). *Eve's Hollywood* (New York Review Books) is **Eve Babitz** unbound. **Melanne Verveer** and **Kim K. Azzarelli** hit *Fast Forward* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt). **Liz Goldwyn's** *Sporting Guide* (Reagan Arts) is roundly entertaining. Step into the atelier of *Giorgio Armani* (Rizzoli). —E.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIAM GOODMAN (BOOKS); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



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@KDKUIPER, BANGKOK | Amazon asked if I'd bring the Kindle Paperwhite on my trip to Thailand. After wandering the crowded streets of Bangkok, I found my way to the floating market on the Chao Phraya river and got lost in the Sonchai Jitpleecheep series.

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Hot Tracks

What do blues, roots, jazz, and pop musicians listen to for inspiration? Other blues, roots, jazz, and pop musicians. Here, six of them share their playlists. —LISA ROBINSON

PATTY GRIFFIN

The Grammy Award–winning, rootsy singer-songwriter releases her 10th album, *Servant of Love*, this month.



"Caminito de la Sierra"
—Guty Cárdenas
Prolific, political, and so good. Killed at age 26, he got so much great music into a short life.

"Mean Man"
—Betty Harris
Allen Toussaint and Betty Harris—a mighty collaboration.

"I'm Gonna Strangle You Shorty"
—The Flatlanders
I love Joe Ely and the Flatlanders. When I can't remember why I live in Texas, I listen to songs like this.

"Old Jim Crow"
—Nina Simone
Another badass, brave, up in your face, and completely necessary moment from Nina Simone.

GARY CLARK JR.

The Story of Sonny Boy Slim is the brand new album from the extraordinary blues guitarist Gary Clark Jr.

"Theme of The Mack" *—Willie Hutch*
I love the musical arrangement and instrumentation. Lots of beautifully placed layers.

"Belong to the World" *—Oddisee*
A song about the bigger picture. This artist has a very broad, unselfish perspective.

"As the Years Go Passing By"
—Albert King
Albert King was a legend. His voice is killing on this.

"Chains and Things"
—B.B. King
When I heard he passed away, I played this song in the studio; it hit me extra heavy. He was a beautiful soul.

"Hood Politics"
—Kendrick Lamar
Kendrick lays it all out. It's as real as real gets.

SIA

Singer-songwriter-producer Sia is currently recording the follow-up to her No. 1 album, *1000 Forms of Fear.*



"Last Goodbye"
—Jeff Buckley
Oh, how I cried on the cold tiled floor as a lovelorn 17-year-old. Later, I slipped.

"Ben"
—Michael Jackson
This one gives me feelings of great longing. My favorite Jackson was Ben.

"Blackbird"
—The Beatles
The best song to harmonize to. I still haven't nailed it.

"Wings of a Dove"
—Madness
Play this at my funeral, please.

"To Zion" *—Lauryn Hill*
Lyrical genius. Favorite voice.

ALESSIA CARA

The 19-year-old singer-songwriter and YouTube star Alessia Cara releases her full-length, debut album, *Know It All*, this fall.



"Sunday Candy"
—The Social Experiment
This song pulls at my emotions. It's about Chance the Rapper's grandma; he sings raps about her in a sweet way.

"Should've Been Us" *—Tori Kelly*
Tori's voice is so beautiful; this song is so cool and groovy it makes me want to sing it really loud.

"Can't Feel My Face" *—The Weeknd*
I love this throwback sounding song, especially for the Weeknd's voice.

"King Kunta" *—Kendrick Lamar*
Kendrick's lyrics on top of everything are always awesome.

"Coffee" *—Miguel*
I love all Miguel's songs because they have such a relaxed vibe. This song talks about what seems to me a perfectly imperfect romance.

JON BATISTE



New Orleans jazz pianist Jon Batiste, whose latest solo album, *Social Music*, was No. 1 on the jazz charts, is the bandleader for *The Late Show with Stephen Colbert*.

"Everyday People"
—Sly and the Family Stone
Timeless music about our shared humanity … like early American folk music and nursery rhymes drenched with soul and blues.

"Home on the Range"
—Pete Seeger
This recording takes me to a very special place. Somewhere peaceful and pure.

"Forty Days and Forty Nights"
—Muddy Waters
This is the root of it all. Raw, honest, American.

"Shake It Off"
—Taylor Swift
Inspirational. I like the way she thinks, and I appreciate what she is all about.

NICK RHODES

Nick Rhodes is co-founder, songwriter, and keyboardist for Duran Duran, who will release their 14th album, *Paper Gods*, this month.

"Busy Earnin' " *—Jungle*
Irresistible—one of those songs that just keeps growing. Along with "Uptown Funk," it will reign supreme in 2015.

"Pendulum" *—FKA Twigs*
One of my favorite new artists. . . . I always judge an album by its cover, and once again, my theory proved to be correct. Inventive, fearless, and stylish.

"'Cause I'm a Man"
—Tame Impala
A beautiful song that feels familiar yet modern. Hints of Motown melody and melancholy.

"Can't Do Without You"
—Caribou
This track sounds as though it belongs on a catwalk—taking a sharp left turn at Saint Laurent, then rapidly elevating in a vertical trajectory just before reaching Givenchy.

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OLAY
REGENERIST



Newlyweds Marika Shioiri-Clark and Graham Veysey, photographed with Gracey, in their apartment in the Ohio City Firehouse.

Private Lives

HINGETOWN

Four years ago, **Graham Veysey** and **Marika Shioiri-Clark** set out to develop and cultivate their ideal neighborhood. "I wanted to go to a place where I could sink roots down and make an impact," says 33-year-old Veysey, who owns a video-production company. They bought a former firehouse built in 1854, complete with three poles, and turned one of the old fire-truck bays into their living area. The second floor is now a collection of workspaces, including Veysey's office and Shioiri-Clark's design studio. The couple christened their once desolate area of Cleveland **Hingetown** (it's the connector of three sections of town: the Warehouse District, the Ohio City Market District, and Gordon Square) and began changing the landscape. They added splashes of public art, flower baskets, and bike racks to the cracked concrete corners and renovated the decrepit building across the street, bringing in eight retail spaces and seven apartments—including a full-time Airbnb unit they use to show off the neighborhood. "If you have an idea, people here say, 'O.K., let's try it.' It's affordable and accessible, so you can do it and people support you," says Shioiri-Clark, a 31-year-old architectural designer. "It's really exciting to feel like I can be part of a small movement."

Today, the drug dealers and prostitutes that once trafficked the area have been supplanted by millennials, moms and dads pushing baby strollers, and empty-nesters. They come to visit places like Rising Star, a third-wave coffee company started by a former Lockheed Martin executive, and Cleveland Tea Revival, a tea shop run by Michael George and Amber Pompeii, a young couple who boomeranged back from Seattle.

Akron art collectors Fred and Laura Ruth Bidwell bought a vacant former trolley transformer station across from the firehouse and renovated it into a 7,500-square-foot contemporary-art space aptly named Transformer Station. "This place, which was a nowhere, toxic corner, has become a destination," says Fred Bidwell.

Hingetown is now a development hotbed, with more than $70 million in new projects planned in the roughly eight-square-block area. Veysey and Shioiri-Clark credit this to the authentic sense of neighborhood vitality and the fact that residents have taken ownership. "We knew when we went into it that it would be as much a community building project as a real-estate project," says Shioiri-Clark.

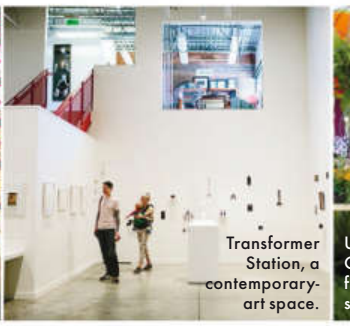
—LEE CHILCOTE



Customers at Rising Star Coffee Roasters.



Jukebox, Hingetown's neighborhood tavern.



Transformer Station, a contemporary-art space.



Urban Orchid, a floral-design studio.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER LAWSON



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My Stuff

EMILY WEISS

Emily Weiss, the 30-year-old founder and C.E.O. of **Into the Gloss** and **Glossier,** the all-encompassing beauty Web site and direct-to-consumer beauty brand, respectively, has an ever increasing cult following. Herewith, her favorite things . . .





CLOTHES

Jeans **Rag & Bone Skinny in black.** Underwear **Journelle's Estelle Hipster in black.** T-shirt **Isabel Marant gray sweatshirt.** Day bag **Petra tote in black leather from Everlane.** Favorite accessory **A gold lightning-bolt necklace that was my dad's.** Favorite designer **Nicolas Ghesquière.** Shopping mecca **Net-a-Porter.** Boots **MaxMara croc-embossed Beatle boots.** Flats **Hobes.** Sneakers **Adidas Stan Smith.**

INSPIRATIONS

Favorite scent **Gasoline.** Favorite discovery **Oysters.** Who inspires you **My team at Glossier.** Necessary extravagance **Massages.** Favorite place in the world **New York City.** Favorite charity **GLAAD.** Favorite movie ***Clueless.*** Favorite hotel **The Sunset Tower, in L.A.** Favorite colors **Black, white, #glossierpink.** Fashion idol **Phoebe Philo.** Jewelry you never take off **14-karat yellow-gold rook earring.**



TECH

Favorite gadget **iPhone.** TV shows you binge-watch ***Key & Peele, Inside Amy Schumer, House of Cards.*** Recent Google search **Pillows. I need all new ones.** Go-to Web site **IntoTheGloss.com.** Song in your head **"Cha Cha," by D.R.A.M.** Are you on Instagram/Twitter **Both, @emilywweiss.** Car **Uber.**









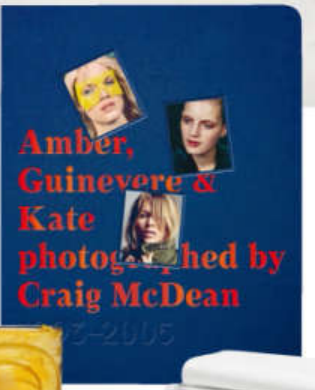
Emily Weiss, photographed at Into the Gloss, New York City.





BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Lipstick **Glossier Balm Dotcom Universal Skin Salve.** Mascara **Kevyn Aucoin Volume Mascara in Rich Pitch Black.** Concealer **RMS "Un" Cover-up in No. 22.** Foundation **Glossier Perfecting Skin Tint in Medium.** Shampoo **Christophe Robin Cleansing Purifying Scrub with Sea Salt.** Moisturizer **Glossier Priming Moisturizer.** Hair product **L'Oréal Elnett hair spray.** Bath product **Byredo Bal D'Afrique bath oil.** Perfume **Le Labo Gaiac 10.** Toothpaste **Colgate.** Nail-polish color **Gel at Paintbox, in N.Y.C.** Who cuts your hair **Everyone, including myself.** Skin-care specialist **Isabelle Bellis, in N.Y.C.**







HOME

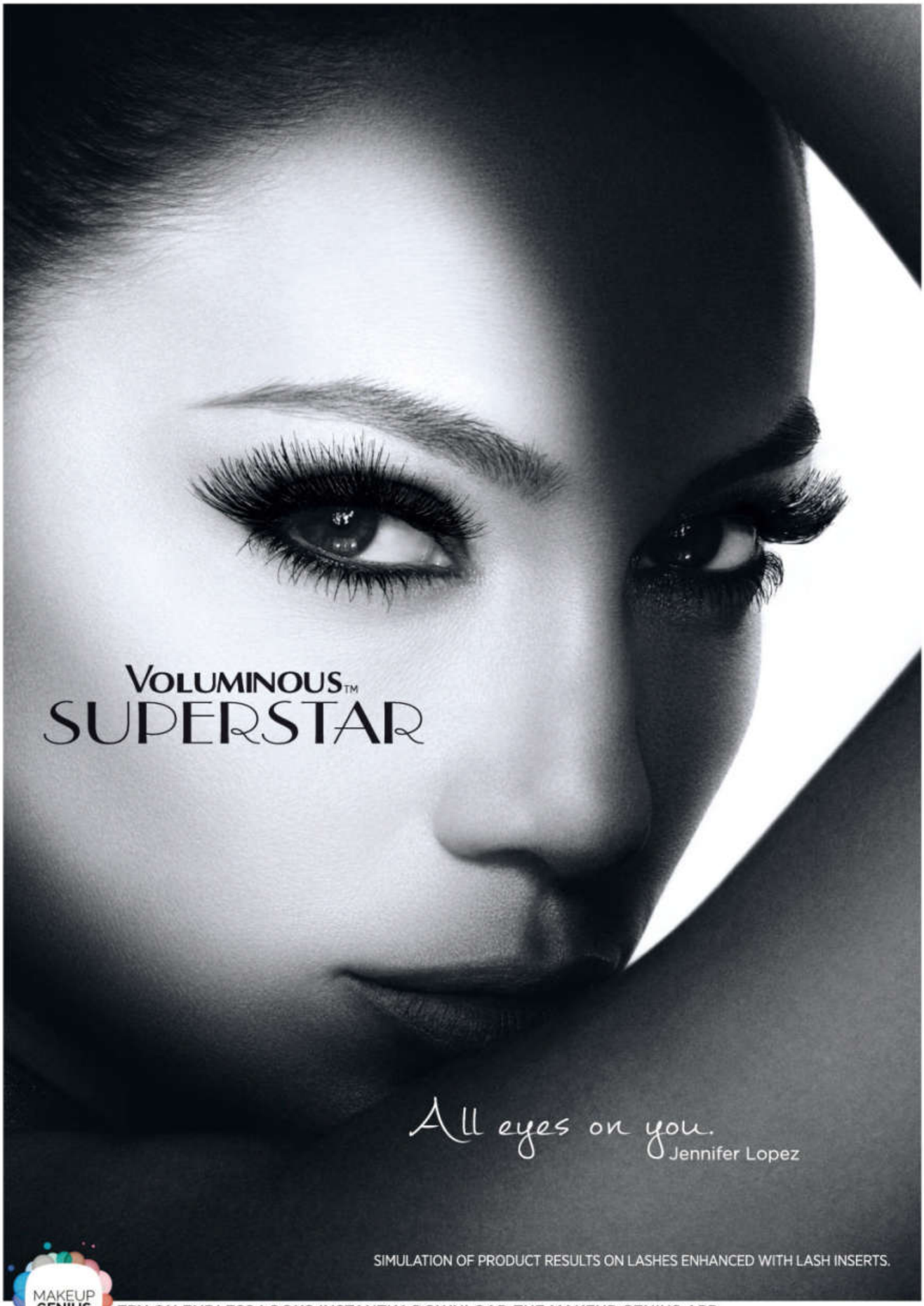
Where do you live **New York, N.Y.** Favorite art **In-house drawings from Lansing-Dreiden.** Sheets **Brooklinen Luxe Core Set in solid white.** Luggage **Rimowa.** China **Olivia Barry for Crate & Barrel.** Stationery **Smythson.** Pet **A blue-tabby-point Birman cat named Chloé.** Favorite flowers **Marisa Competello's Meta Flora studio.** Favorite neighborhood restaurant **Charlie Bird.** Favorite cocktail **An old-fashioned.** Favorite dessert **Ice cream.** Snack **Kind bar.** Coffee-table book ***Amber, Guinevere & Kate Photographed by Craig McDean.***

WEISS PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUSTIN BISHOP; HAIR BY JOSHUA RISTAINO; MAKEUP BY ASAMI MATSUDA. PHOTOGRAPHS © TIM STREET-PORTER/BEATWORKS/CORBIS (SUNSET TOWER); FRED JOHN/WHITE PHOTOS (OYSTERS); BY ANDREY NOVIKOV (COCKTAIL); RINDOFF/LE SEGRETAIN/FRENCH SELECT (GHESQUIÈRE); DONNA WARD (SCHUMER). ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



FALL 2015
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Mood Board

The inspiration behind Ralph Lauren's Fall 2015 Women's Collection is defined by sumptuous shearlings, bouclés, macramés, and romantic laces contrasted with rich suedes and cashmeres in textured creams and ivory, chic heathers and truffle.







A Lauren-family portrait by Bruce Weber, 1978.







"For my Fall 2015 Collection, I wanted to create a sensual, textural world, a warm cozy winter wonderland of strength and dimension. From lush sophistication to the nomadic romance of artisanal shearlings to the pure spirit of simple elegance, I'm inspired by the woman who dares to express her individuality with bold creativity."
—Ralph Lauren

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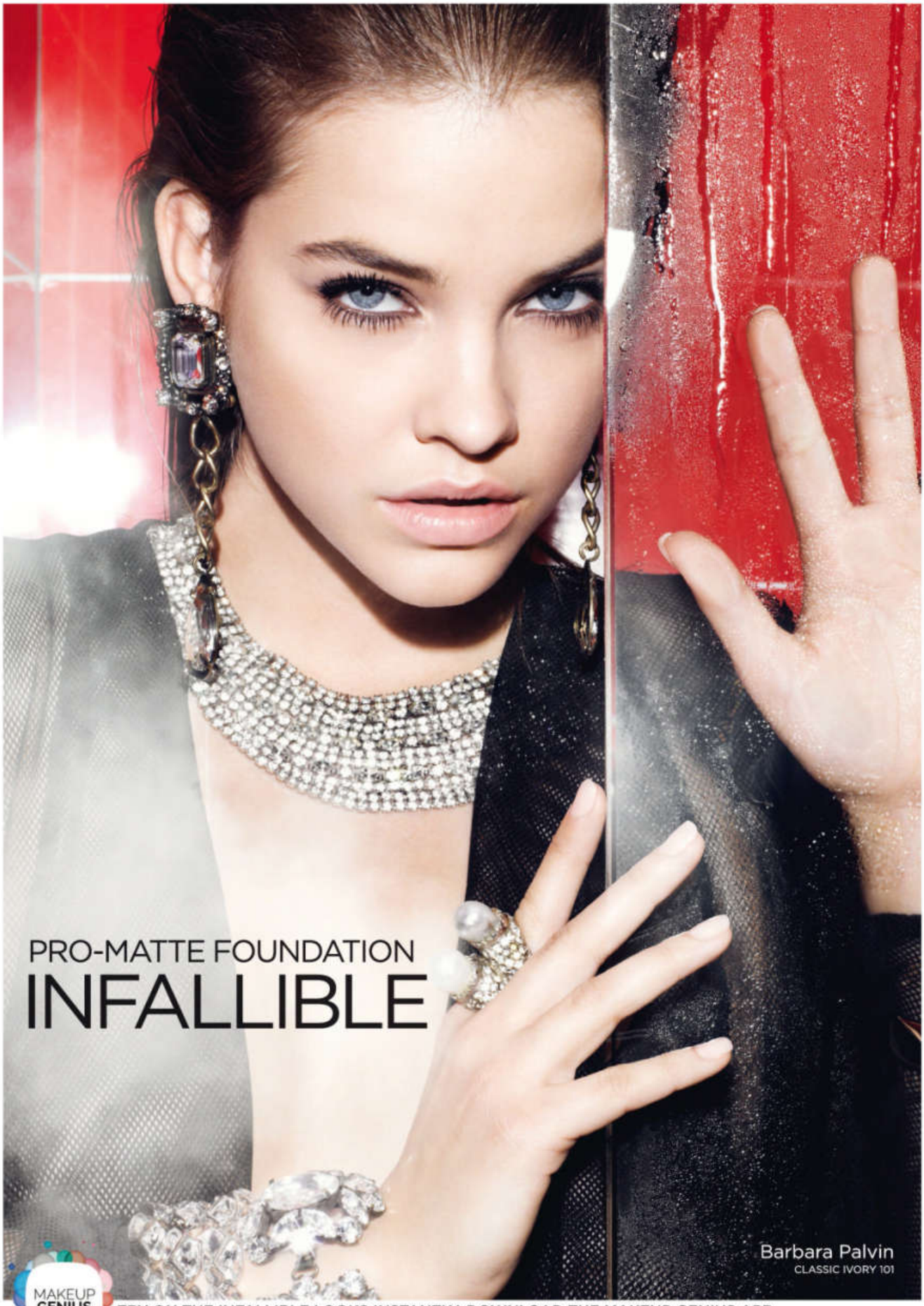
NEW



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UP TO 24HR MATTE WITHOUT THE FLAT

THE PRO LOOK OF LONGWEAR

GO PRO WITH A PROFESSIONAL DEMI-MATTE FINISH AND AIR-LIGHT TEXTURE, JUST LIKE THE PROS. NOT HEAVY. NOT MASKY. NOT SHINY.

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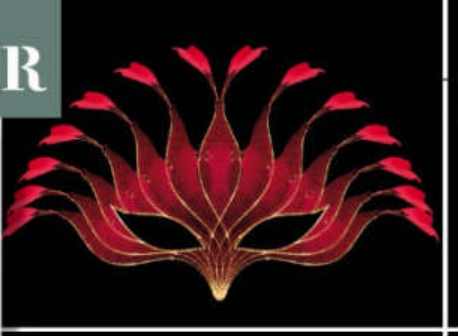


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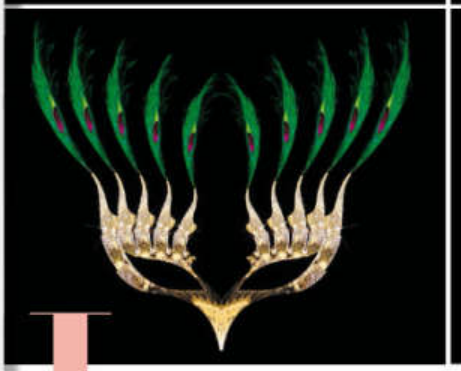
The Santa Maria della Salute, in Venice, inspired the eye-shadow quads. *Below,* body powder from the collection.







Joji Kojima's mask motifs adorn the Collection Bal Masqué's packaging.





Below, Extra Rich Lipstick from the makeup coffret.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAOLA PIERONI (VENICE); VENTURELLI/GETTY IMAGES (SNOEREN); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

Masked Beauties

Inspired by the magical hues of Venice, **Lucia Pieroni,** the creative makeup director at **Clé de Peau,** has produced a holiday palette that embraces the fabled scenery of the ancient city. "I was always struck by the beautiful colors, how the light and water would reflect on the ornate buildings like the Doge's Palace and Piazza San Marco," she says. Launching this October, the **Collection Bal Masqué** echoes the rich colors of Venetian red earth and the glimmering shades of the green canals in the makeup coffret, while the body powder is evocative of shimmering candlelight at dusk, as are the nail-lacquer trio and *le sérum.* Each item has been given a name and a special mask motif created by jewelry designer **Joji Kojima,** who has made one-of-a-kind pieces for **Lady Gaga,** among others. These veiled beauties act as an invitation to a masquerade ball that you would not want to miss. —SUNHEE GRINNELL

Beauty

FLORAL EXPLOSION

Ten years ago, Dutch haute couture designing duo **Viktor Horsting** and **Rolf Snoeren** of **Viktor & Rolf** launched **Flowerbomb,** and it exploded. "It started with the word 'Flowerbomb,' but what exactly [did] that smell like?" recalls Horsting of the initial steps. "We were very drawn to flowers and flower scents but wanted to give an edge to the name," says Snoeren. "They are very clear about what they want, and they wanted a very large addictive bouquet," remembers **Carlos Benaïm,** one of the three revered noses, along with **Domitille Bertier** and **Olivier Polge,** who created the signature scent. The fiery but understated notes of jasmine, seductive rose, freesia, and orchid, along with a musk-and-vanilla accord, are bottled in a grenade-like ornament that was designed by **Fabien Baron.** This month, Flowerbomb celebrates 10 years as a perennial favorite. "What's really rewarding and beautiful has been that the idea can stay for a long time. In fashion, everything goes so fast and is almost disposable nowadays, so for a creation of ours to be a classic is fantastic," says Snoeren. Happy anniversary. —S.H.G.



Rolf Snoeren and Viktor Horsting

Flowerbomb's 10th-anniversary and Swarovski-crystal-encrusted bottles.







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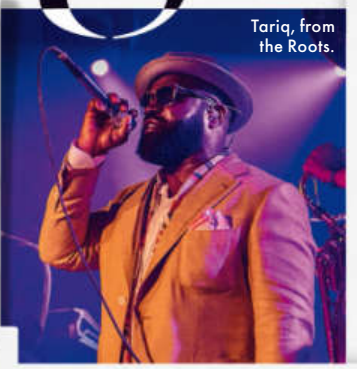
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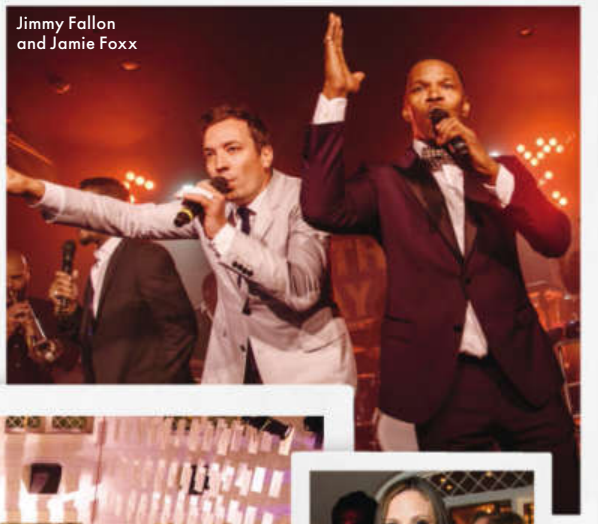


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Fairground


Mayor Bill de Blasio and Ronald O. Perelman

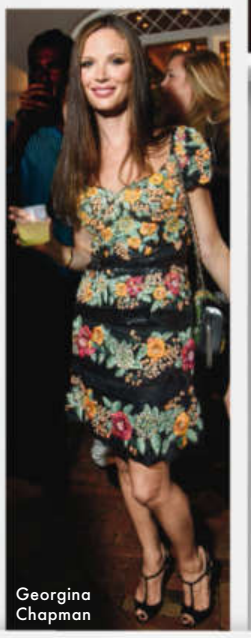

Tariq, from the Roots.


Jimmy Fallon and Jamie Foxx


Jack Nicholson


Guests dined under a tent before the music began.


Irving Azoff


Georgina Chapman

APOLLO IN THE HAMPTONS

Ronald O. Perelman hosted a dinner and a private concert at his East Hampton home to benefit the Apollo Theater in Harlem. Guests, including superstars, C.E.O.'s, Oscar winners, a mayor, and a governor, helped raise more than $4 million for the nonprofit.


Jon Bon Jovi and Lewis Hamilton


Emeli Sandé


Elaine Irwin


Robert Kraft and Stephen Schwarzman

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANNAH THOMSON

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUERGEN TELLER



BARNEYS
NEW YORK

AZZEDINE ALAÏA



ALEXANDER MCQUEEN

BALMAIN



BALENCIAGA











BARNEYS
NEW YORK

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 146

FAIRGROUND


Christina Aguilera


Ron Meyer and Toby Emmerich


Anna Chapman, Ceci Kurzman, and Eden Williams


Governor Chris Christie


Richard Parsons


Dinner was served buffet-style.


Smokey Robinson


Trevor Noah


Penny Marshall and Brian McNally


Calvin Klein and Donna Karan


Samantha Perelman


David Zaslav


Jay Penske


Lisa Robinson, Questlove, and Fran Lebowitz


Pitbull

What You Should Know About

BEN MENDELSOHN

A PANOPLY OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHICAL DATA RE: **CINEMA'S MR. SINISTER**

The briny stink of sleaze and fish guts upon him, Ben Mendelsohn entered streaming America's consciousness this year in the debut season of *Bloodline,* the Netflix series by Glenn Kessler, Todd A. Kessler, and Daniel Zelman, the team behind *Damages.* As Danny Rayburn, the wayward, grudge-bearing eldest child in a family that runs a resort in the Florida Keys, Mendelsohn simultaneously exuded charisma and menace, evoking Gary Oldman and Peter Coyote at their most mischievous, yet possessed of his own distinctive scary-man juju. The 46-year-old actor has been a known and respected quantity in his native Australia since the 1980s, when he co-starred in the coming-of-age movie *The Year My Voice Broke* and the enduring soap opera and national institution *Neighbours* (back when Kylie Minogue was on it!).



DARK PRINCE Mendelsohn, photographed in West Hollywood.

Even before *Bloodline,* Mendelsohn was enjoying something of a midlife breakthrough, playing various shades of unsavory in *Animal Kingdom, The Dark Knight Rises,* and *The Place Beyond the Pines*—and, for comic relief, guesting as the flake-ola father of Jemima Kirke's character in *Girls.* His streak of prestige work continues with *Mississippi Grind,* in theaters this month, an Altman-esque road movie directed by Anna Boden and Ryan Fleck in which he stars opposite Ryan Reynolds, and—in a coup for a *Star Wars* fan who was eight when the original film came out—in next year's *Rogue One,* the first in Disney's new line of spin-off *Star Wars* movies that will exist apart from the main Lucasfilm franchise. Herewith, some insights gleaned from a benign, wholly unfrightening conversation with Mendelsohn.

HE WAS a sort of Australian analogue to Anthony Michael Hall and Matthew Broderick in the late 1980s and early 90s, among his juvenile hits a movie called *The Big Steal,* in which he tried to impress a pretty girl by commandeering a Jaguar XJ6.

HE PRONOUNCED the name of the vehicle "Jehg-yoo-*wah.*"

HE DOES not have a default American accent but, rather, works with the dialect coach Thom Jones (who is also a professor of theater arts at Brown University) to tailor his speech patterns to his part. He is especially proud of the Schenectady accent he mastered for *The Place Beyond the Pines.*

HE IS the eldest of three brothers, with two further half-brothers from his father's second marriage. His father, Frederick Mendelsohn, is a highly regarded medical-research scientist in Melbourne who was, for many years, the director of that city's Florey Institute of Neuroscience and Mental Health.

HE SPENT his freshman year of high school, while his father was working at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, at Mercersburg Academy, a Pennsylvania boarding school whose alumni include Jimmy Stewart and Benicio Del Toro.

HE LEFT school while still in his mid-teens to devote himself to acting, making ends meet by working as a busboy in a Melbourne nightclub.

HE WAS the subject of an episode of the Australian version of the ancestry show *Who Do You Think You Are?* While he learned much about his Jewish ancestry on his father's side, the show was unable to establish a connection to the composer Felix Mendelssohn, or—his big hope—to the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn.

HE CONSIDERS himself a non-denominational "Australian mongrel," but he is married to a Jewish woman, the English novelist and memoirist Emma Forrest, and they are raising their young daughter in the Jewish faith.

HE AND Forrest make their home in Los Angeles. They were married three years ago at the Chateau Marmont.

HE TAKES umbrage at the suggestion that he might have needed stick-shift lessons to learn how to drive Danny Rayburn's vintage Chevy truck in *Bloodline,* proclaiming, "I'm an Australian suburban guy of a certain age. It's unthinkable not to know how to drive a manual."

HIS DAILY driver in L.A., nonetheless, is an automatic Ford F-150 pickup.

HE HAS maintained a full face of freckles, a relative rarity in adulthood. This proved to be an endearing trait to his *Bloodline* mother, Sissy Spacek, who is also freckled.

HE KNOWS how to scale and gut a fish.

HE SMOKES, in movies and in real life, like the Rolling Stones' Ronnie Wood, cigarette dangling from a corner of his mouth. He may have exaggerated this for *Bloodline,* he says, "to fit that laconic, heavy atmosphere of a Florida summer."

@vf.com
To see Ben Mendelsohn dig into **THE DETAILS,** go to VF.COM/OCT2015.

HE CONSIDERS Arthur Koestler's novel about the Moscow show trials, *Darkness at Noon,* the seminal reading experience in his life, the book "that sort of toppled my mind a bit."

HE HAS lately dived deep into a favorite album of his youth, Eric B. & Rakim's *Follow the Leader.* "*Paid in Full* is their album that history has held on to," he says, "but *Follow the Leader* is where Rakim starts to loosen up and really fly with his rhymes."

HE DOES not view himself, despite his recent run of villain roles, as a combustible, combative fellow. Still, he says, "there are some people that have invited, if you like, that kind of exchange."

—DAVID KAMP

"I'M AN AUSTRALIAN SUBURBAN GUY OF A CERTAIN AGE."

STYLED BY WARREN ALFIE BAKER; CLOTHING BY PRADA; HAIR PRODUCTS BY KEVIN MURPHY; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY MURAD; GROOMING BY ERICA SAUER DULLEY; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK ECCLESINE



dirty or with a twist? *"twist."* — anh

kate spade
NEW YORK



what is your favorite indulgence? *"joy."* — jon



lips sealed or open book? *"open book."* — karley

kate spade
NEW YORK



fox or owl? *"fox."* — karlie

kate spade
NEW YORK

Out to Lunch with

MELINDA GATES

WHY PHILANTHROPY'S GLOBAL POWERHOUSE IS BOTH IMPATIENT AND OPTIMISTIC



By JOHN HEILPERN

Melinda Gates, whose phenomenal work as cofounder of the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation has made her one of the world's most admired women, was running a little late when she met me for lunch at the ABC Kitchen, in downtown Manhattan. "Everything O.K.?" I asked her. "I'm good! Yeah. Sorry. I'm coming from the U.N. and the event ran over."

Now in its 15th year, the Gates Foundation—the largest philanthropic organization in history—has so far given away $33.5 billion, principally to eradicate disease and hunger among the world's poor. The foundation has saved millions of lives. But Mrs. Gates, the unstoppably passionate advocate, also creates the instant impression of warm, relaxed good humor. She possesses not a trace of self-importance. "Wow!" she said when the waiter brought over a surprise hors d'oeuvre. "It looks like wheat toast with squash on top and a bit of caramelized onion," she added, explaining the mystery dish for me. (She was correct.)

"You could work here," I teased her.

"I could," she replied, and then she politely asked for an iced tea, please, followed by the salmon salad. "Sounds healthy," she said.

A year or so ago, she was in a Masai village outside of Arusha, Tanzania, staying with her daughter in a *boma*—a hut made of dung with neither running water nor electricity. Melinda Gates has access to presidents, but she's known to be very active in the field, making her personally aware of the myriad challenges in the under-developed world. The innovation of mobile money via cell phones is one example she offered of how women have now been empowered to run their own lives—and male-dominated traditions have been transformed—even in the remote, rural areas of Tanzania, Kenya, the Philippines, and Bangladesh. "But if we're going to empower women," she believes, "you must have men be part of the conversation. It's about both." (The same holds true in the boardrooms and workplaces of lingeringly male-chauvinist America.)

One bold, potentially controversial initiative of hers is the goal to deliver contraceptives to an additional 120 million women in developing countries within the next five years. Gates is Catholic. "I kept thinking I could find somebody else to advocate for the issue," she explains. "But I need to speak out about what I think is right. I just couldn't turn my back on the women I've met and not use my voice."

What is her view about parents in America who refuse to have their children inoculated against measles? She did not equivocate. "It's ridiculous. We haven't seen the disease in a long time in the U.S., and now it's come back. You know, mothers in Africa walk 10 kilometers in the heat with a child and baby on their back because they know the difference vaccines make for their children."

How does she cope when—as happens—distraught mothers in the Third World say to her, "Take my child home with you"? "It's gut-wrenching. It is heartbreaking. It's heartbreaking for the mothers or fathers that they would even ask somebody they don't know to take their child. I'm a mother of three."

Yet Melinda somehow manages to remain optimistic. "Bill and I actually call ourselves impatient optimists," she said. (They've been married since 1994.) They are impatient for the world to get better, and optimistic that it will. I put it to her that it was nevertheless a staggering announcement the Gates Foundation made last year that by 2035 there will be almost no poor countries left in a world exhausted by civil wars and terrorism.

"Horrific events are happening, but what makes the top of the news isn't always the reality on the ground," she said, responding with a blitzkrieg of startling facts: 4 of the 10 fastest-growing economies are in Africa; South Korea, formerly on a par with low-income African countries, devotes money to foreign aid today; and the new entrepreneurism of countries such as Tanzania has transformed their economies. Daunting challenges remain (in North Korea, Pakistan, parts of Afghanistan), but the Gateses' confident bet is that every country in South America, Asia, and Central America (except possibly Haiti) and most countries in coastal Africa will become middle-income nations within 20 years.

What shaped Melinda Gates's fervent commitment? Raised in Dallas, she says a decisive turning point was her Catholic schooling. Helping her prepare her valedictorian speech at Ursuline Academy (motto: *Serviam*—"I will serve"), her mom found a quotation commonly attributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson: "To know that even one life has breathed easier because you lived, that is success." She's never forgotten it.

"Do you ever relax?" I asked, at which she burst out laughing. "Absolutely!" she replied with a determined air. She's an extremely private woman. But these are a few of her favorite things: kayaking, buying handbags, the company of a close circle of friends, her family, and, when they're home, dinner with Bill and a movie. Her favorite film? To my astonishment, she happily replied, "My favorite of all time is *The Sound of Music*." Last year, her husband, who fortunately likes the movie, even threw her a big *Sound of Music* party for her 50th birthday. "The women were all in dirndls and the men in lederhosen. It was a ton of fun!"

"I NEED TO SPEAK OUT."

And so I was left with the endearing image of the two billionaire philanthropists, impatient optimists both, in their high-tech mansion overlooking Lake Washington, in Seattle, gamely dancing the grand Austrian waltz together. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY PLATON

JAMES WOLCOTT



THE #ME! GENERATION

Born into a demographic bulge between 1982 and 2004, the Millennials are a bunch of entitled divas permanently glued to their screens—and their parents' basements. That's the stereotype, anyway. But what if they're the generation that is finally getting real?

Millennials—who are they, why are they here, what do they want, and when will they get a move on? Numbering in the tens of millions in the United States and the billions worldwide, a demographic bulge whose birth years are loosely defined as extending from 1982 to 2004, Millennials, Generation Y, Gen M'ers, Generation Next, or Millies—as I prefer to call them, for the sake of catchiness—inspire an animosity, suspicion, and wary prejudice usually reserved for misunderstood, aberrant minorities, such as the original X-Men. The first generation of digital natives and Facebook fiends, Millies possess the biological attributes of other Earth dwellers but appear to represent an evolutionary hop into a future that seems stuck in traffic. Ready to take on a world that isn't making room for them, they're thwarted, slowly, awkwardly, fitfully integrating into adult society and doing a remarkable job of getting on everybody's nerves. They walk among us, though most of them don't appear to mind where they're going, their eyes and forefinger scrolling down ghostly screens as they maintain constant textual linkage with fellow mutants and finesse their flat affect. They work among us, although if the testimonies of executives, middle management, and Human Resources can be credited, Millies require a constant drizzle of compliments and acknowledgments—strokings and pokings—to remain motivated or at least stop fidgeting. Whatever Millies do or consume, they want to feel special, because so many of them have been treated as special all of their lives. This perception is at the hard nub of the resentment against their generation—the notion that they're a spoiled, entitled legion of precious snowflakes who expect prizes just for showing up, pout when they're insufficiently petted, and never go anywhere without slathering on creamy layers of self-esteem.

BABIES ON BOARD? Do Millennials require more care and feeding in the workplace than previous generations?

Is this group caricature anywhere close to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM ACKERMAN (OFFICE), EMMA KIM/CULTURA (PEERING CHILD), CLARE MANSELL (CRYING CHILD'S HEAD), LOUIS MICHAUD (CRYING CHILD'S BODY), FROM PM IMAGES (ADULT'S HEAD), BY MEL SVENSON (KICKING CHILD), ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES

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FROM EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MATT DAMON AND BEN AFFLECK
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fair, or a more virulent strain of traditional intergenerational bigotry? "I see something nasty in the getoffmylawnism that we get today that I don't really remember previously," the blogger Duncan Black noted at Eschaton. "I see a lot of hatred of the youngs. It's troubling and weird." *Washington Post* Wonkblog contributor Christopher Ingraham also sees a whole lot of hatin' goin' on, but believes it's for the wrong reasons. Forget "the derisive talk of selfies and selfishness and Snapchat," Ingraham wrote. "If you *do* want to hate on millennials, at least do them the credit of hating them *for the right reasons,*" he advises, helpfully coming up with five biggies, based upon recent polling. (1) Millennials are the most unpatriotic generation, a disgrace to everything John Wayne growled for. (The upside to this, though neocons will not see it as such, is that Millies "are also far less supportive of the use of military force and may have internalized a permanent case of 'Iraq Aversion,'" according to a Cato Institute white paper called "Millennials and U.S. Foreign Policy.") (2) For all their multi-culti airs, Millies are as racist in their attitudes as older coots. (3) They are the most clueless, duh generation when it comes to the news. (4) They're the leading vaccine skeptics, "seven times as likely as seniors to believe in the unequivocally discredited link between vaccines and autism." (5) They are queasy about free speech and expression, though I don't consider the survey Ingraham cites on publishing Muhammad cartoons a convincing example. A better citation might have been the wave of "trigger warnings," safe places, "micro-aggressions," and virtuoso claims of victim status that are turning so many universities into high-rent nurseries. It is such coddling and cocooning of educated Millennials within a comfort zone patrolled by helicopter parents and their proxies that provoked the novelist and screenwriter Bret Easton Ellis to diaper-pin them as the hypersensitive "Generation Wuss." The little wussies are fickle, too.

Many corporate executives are making no effort to attract workers under age 35, a new survey [conducted by Duke University and CFO *magazine] says. One reason: Millennials are developing a reputation as workplace divas who need more handholding and who will bolt from jobs at the drop of a hat.*

—Kim Peterson, CBS Moneywatch, December 10, 2014.

As a veteran contributor to *Vanity Fair,* I am unfazed by such talk of divas. Pull up to the campfire some night and I will relate thrilling tales of Divas I Have Known, or at least heard about over lunch. I suspect Millennials are minor-leaguers by comparison, but I'm spared the friction of finding out firsthand. In fact I feel I bring a cool impartiality to the topic, since I am not a marketer, manager, teacher, or, sigh of relief, parent; I don't have to put up with Millennials, nor they with me, on a routine, close-quarter basis; and, as a good liberal of the Larry David school, I strive to avoid facile generalizing, following a policy of judging people not based on their birth cohort but strictly as individual interfaces, each with something unique and/or annoying to offer. If I am favorably inclined toward the Millies, it's because the shining young exemplars I have come into contact with tend to be recent college graduates interested in arts journalism and criticism—smart, avid, outgoing, energetic, smooth, and almost opaline they are, displaying far better manners than many of the crocks I run into at the ballet or theater. With their dynamically designed résumés, business cards, and follow-up notes, these cadets are far more entrepreneurial and savvy than I was at their age. They have to be—they're facing far greater odds, far fewer entry points to advance beyond magazine and cable-news internship, if they're lucky enough to land even that. The multi-tiered print world that racketed and teemed when I arrived has been deforested and arts journalism largely vaporized; the post-dot-com-boom avalanche of Internet riches hasn't flowed to creatives, but to *Atlas Shrugged* Silicon Valley app innovators, content funnels, and platform owners—"into the pockets of Digital Monopolists and Digital Thieves," as Jonathan Taplin, the director of the U.S.C. Annenberg Innovation Lab, put it in an open letter to Millennials titled "Sleeping Through a Revolution," which appeared online at Medium. Over the last two decades artists, writers, musicians, filmmakers, critics, and performers have seen their livelihoods devastated by the piracy and streaming-content penury of the Internet, but it's not as if the carnage were limited to the infotainment sphere. Taplin: "My feeling is that media is just the canary in the coal mine, and that in the next 20 years, millions of the jobs you [Millennials] are training for might be automated."

Oh, great, now they'll never move out of the basement, goes up a mighty groan from moms and dads across the land. All that college tuition and private tutoring to produce a sunken Atlantis of subterranean boarders. "Stop talking about basements," snaps Derek Thompson at *The Atlantic.* It's base salary we should be concerned about. Millies got no money. In a post titled "How to Freak Out About Millennials in a Statistically Responsible Manner," Thompson points out that in the post-2008 Great Recession "the number of young adults making less than $25,000 has increased by six million; the number of young adults making more than $25,000 has declined by almost two million." With disproportionate benefits going to seniors who are hanging around longer just so they can watch Fox News, affordable home formation is out of the cards for millions of Millies, despite their college diplomas and place in the on-deck circle. "More years of school + more student debt + lower starting salaries + a nervous housing market + stricter rules for new home-buyers = no new homebuyers." This lid on upward mobility creates a pressure to pursue validation and an illusion of progress and productivity within the hamster wheels of social media.

"Anxiety and neediness are the defining aspects of Generation Wuss," Ellis wrote, "and when you don't have the cushion of rising through the world economically then what do you rely on? Well, your social media presence: maintaining it, keeping the brand in play, striving to be liked, to be liked, to be liked. And this creates its own kind of ceaseless anxiety." The only real antidote to anxiety is action, and the only way out is up, as exemplified by Bree Newsome when she scaled the 30-foot flagpole at the South Carolina statehouse and took down the Confederate battle flag, a Spider-Woman feat that earned her the handle "Millennial freedom fighter." Everyone talks about seizing the day, but when someone actually goes out and does it, the unaccustomed world reels back and says, Wow. In one defiant moment, Newsome exposed political theater in this country, especially in the South, as a sclerotic, scarecrow con game. We may need Millennials to remind us what we should have remembered from the 60s, that social change comes only once you stop playing charades. □

MILLIES WANT TO FEEL SPECIAL,

BECAUSE SO MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN TREATED AS SPECIAL ALL OF THEIR LIVES.

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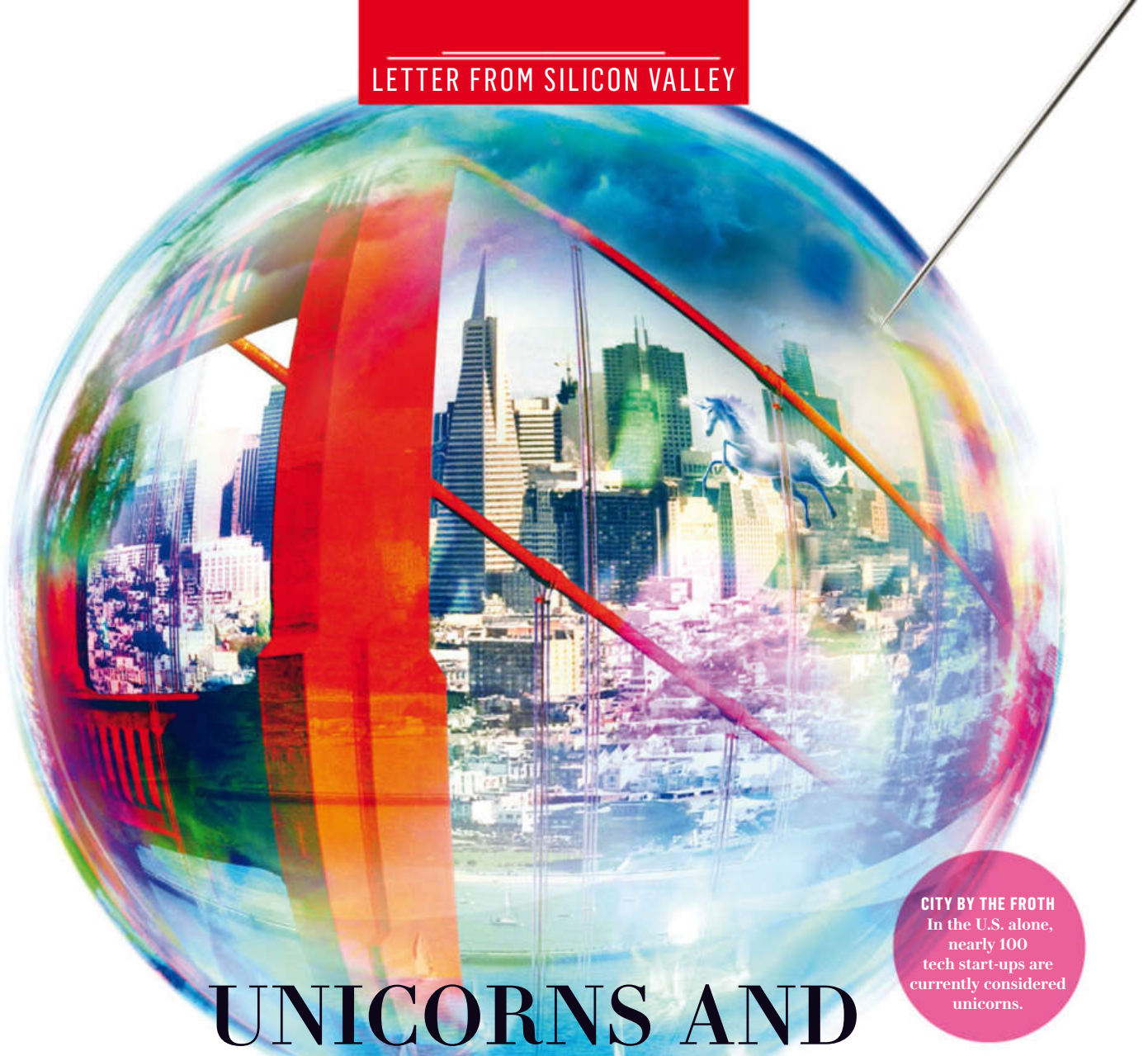

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CITY BY THE FROTH In the U.S. alone, nearly 100 tech start-ups are currently considered unicorns.

UNICORNS AND RAIN CLOUDS

With the tech industry awash in cash and unicorns—start-ups valued at $1 billion or more—Silicon Valley can't escape the question: Is it in another bubble?

By **NICK BILTON**

One Thursday morning in early June, the ballroom of the Rosewood Sand Hill hotel, in Menlo Park, was closed for a private presentation. The grand banquet hall appeared worthy of the sprawling resort's five-star designation: ornate chandeliers hung from the ceiling; silk panels with a silver stenciled design covered the walls. Behind a stage in the 2,800-square-foot room, a large sign bore the name of Andreessen Horowitz, one of Silicon Valley's most revered venture-capital firms.

As breakfast and coffee were offered, the company's partners mingled with the men and women who endow their $1.5 billion fund. The investors were dressed invariably in business casual, with the top button of their dress shirts noticeably undone. (A mere handful of men stood out in a suit and tie.) Off in the distance, you could make out the faint purr of Bentleys and Teslas ferrying along Sand Hill Road, depositing the Valley's other top V.C.'s at their respective offices—Greylock Partners, Draper Fisher Jur-

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FEARLESS

vetson, and Sequoia Capital, to name just a few—for another day of meetings with founders, reviewing the decks of new start-ups, and searching for the next can't-miss company.

After some chitchat (Mitt Romney had addressed the group the previous night), Scott Kupor, a managing partner, took the stage to tell the assembled investors what was going on with their money. A16z, as the firm is commonly known in the Valley, had invested hundreds of millions of dollars in some of the industry's biggest companies—Instagram, Facebook, Box, Twitter, and Oculus VR—along with a number of upstarts, such as Instacart, a grocery-delivery business that had been recently valued at about $2 billion. After the guests found their seats, Kupor began moving through a series of slides depicting the past and present of the tech sector, using data that would help inform the firm's investments in the future. Each set of numbers had been meticulously researched and culled from sources that included Capital IQ, Bloomberg, and the National Venture Capital Association.

Yet the presentation, which adhered to a16z's gray-and-deep-orange palette, seemed to have an ulterior motive. Kupor, his hair neatly parted, was eager to assuage any worry about the existence of a tech bubble. While he conceded that there were some eerie similarities with the infamous dot-com bubble of 1999—such as the preponderance of so-called unicorns, or tech start-ups valued at $1 billion and upward—Kupor confidently buoyed his audience with slides that read, "It's different this time," and charts highlighting the decrease in tech I.P.O.'s, the metric that eventually pierced the froth in March of 2000. Back then, a company went public almost every single day; now it was down to about once per week. This time around, he noted, the money was flowing backward. Rather than entering a company's coffers in the public markets, it was making its way to start-ups in late-stage investments. There was little, he suggested, to worry about.

And then, toward the end of his reassuring soliloquy, the ANDREESSEN HOROWITZ sign fell from the wall and landed on the floor with an ominous thud. As the investors looked on, some partners in the Rosewood ballroom laughed awkwardly. Others did not seem so amused.

Kim Jong Un vs. Hitler

While the rest of the country has spent the past year debating gay marriage, policing tactics, Obamacare, and Deflate-gate, the inescapable topic of discussion in Silicon Valley is whether we are in a technology bubble. Marc Andreessen, the co-founder of his eponymous venture firm, is perhaps the leading advocate against the bubble chatter. On his Twitter feed, he has referenced the word "bubble" more than 300 times, repeatedly mocking or refuting anyone on his radar who even hints at such a possibility. One of his arguments, as the slides in the Rosewood ballroom suggested, is the exponential growth of mobile phones, which have fundamentally changed the way we buy and sell virtually everything, from groceries to taxi-like services, and created unprecedented disruption. Also, in contrast to the days of the dot-com boom, many tech companies are creating revenue—in some instances, lots of it.

Andreessen's points are all valid, but the bubble chatter is still impossible to quell, in part, because the signs are increasingly ubiquitous. When I moved to the Bay Area to cover the tech industry for *The New York Times,* in the summer of 2011, the Valley was still reeling from the bursting of the last bubble, which led to more than $6 trillion in losses, and sent the NASDAQ on a downward spiral similar to the Dow's amid the Wall Street crash of 1929. In 2000, some start-up C.E.O.'s lost millions of dollars in a matter of hours. Others saw their entire net worth fall to zero in months. People vanished; commuting times were sawed in half; private investment ossified. At the time I arrived, LinkedIn was the only publicly traded social-media company. A little-known upstart with a catchy name, Uber, had just raised a seemingly staggering amount ($11 million) in venture capital. Postmates, Tinder, Instacart, Lyft, and Slack didn't exist. Silicon Valley was an actual place, not an HBO show.

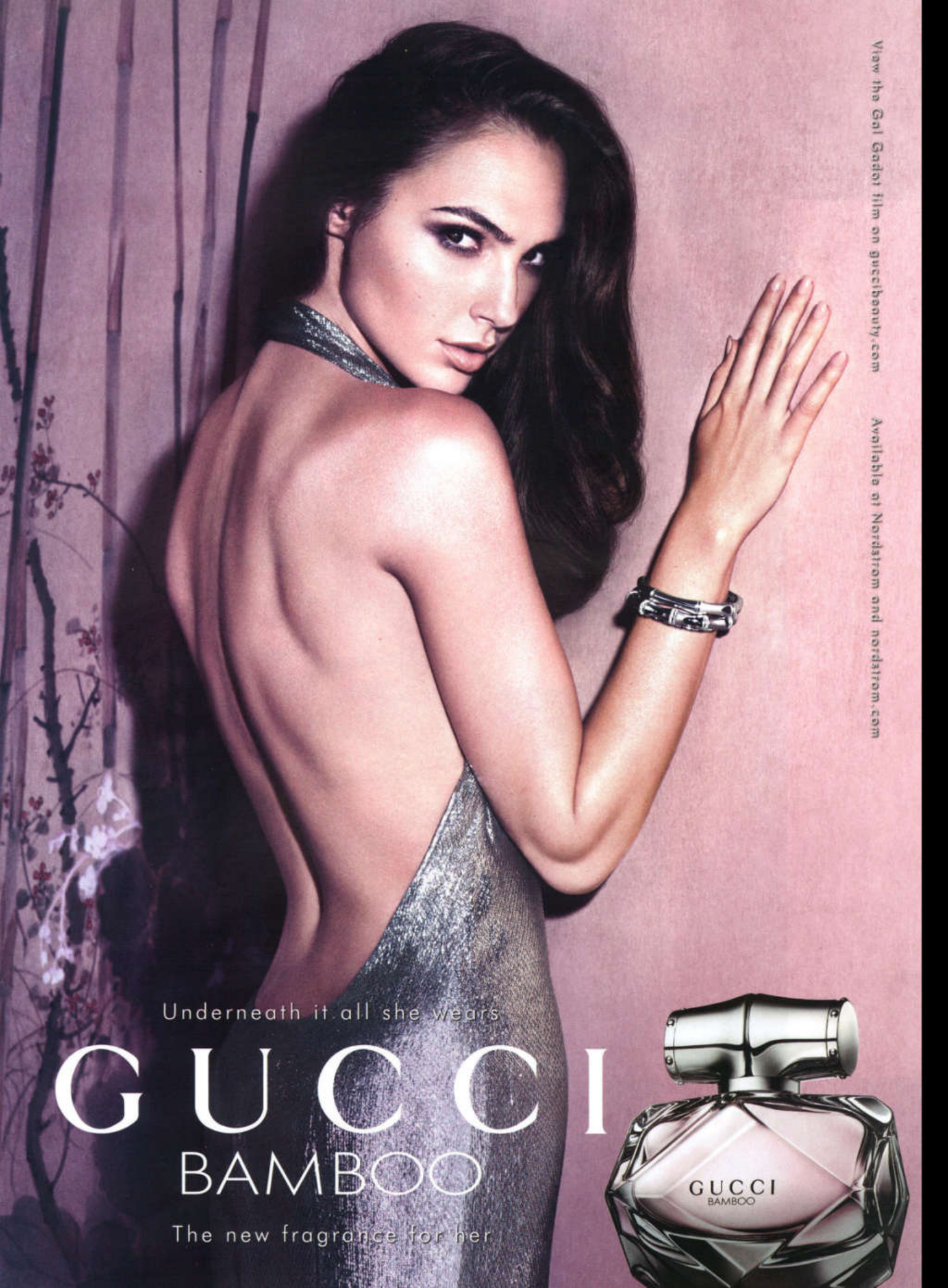
But within months I noticed that private money was returning and a cavalcade of start-ups were reshaping the city in their image. Engineers from companies I hadn't yet heard of began showing up at open houses with checks written out to cover rent for the first few months (a recruiting perk, I later learned). I attended a jungle-themed Halloween extravaganza featuring acrobats, a 600-pound tiger, and other wild animals in order to bolster photo moments that people were posting on a hot new start-up, Instagram. Meanwhile, I was pitched countless apps to find a parking space, or messaging services to tell someone that you are running late. The founders told me their companies were worth tens of millions of dollars. When I asked for their logic, they looked at me as though I were the crazy one. Shortly after the Facebook I.P.O., I learned about a secret group within the social-network company called "T.N.R. 250"; it was an abbreviation of "The Nouveau Riche 250," comprising Facebook's first 250 employees, many of whom had become multi-millionaires. The members of T.N.R. 250 privately discussed things they wanted to buy with their windfall, including boats, planes, Banksy portraits, and even tropical islands.

Whenever I even suggested the word "bubble" in my reporting, I became a punching bag. After I scrutinized the ethics (and preposterous valuation) of Path, an ill-fated social network, Michael Arrington, once a nexus of power in Silicon Valley who had invested in the start-up, called me a "pit bull" and said I wasn't a very noble person. But lately the worries have spread. There are now fast approaching 100 unicorns based in the U.S. alone, and counting. The NASDAQ recently closed at an all-time high, surpassing a record set right before the dot-com crash in 2000. The Shiller P/E ratio, a measure of the ratio of price to earnings, has a number of investors worrying, with *The Wall Street Journal* noting that it shows stocks are "frothy."

Lately, in fact, even some of the most aggressive V.C.'s have cowered. Not long after the Andreessen Horowitz presentation, Roger McNamee, co-founder of the private-equity firm Elevation Partners, told CNBC, "We are going to have a correction one of these days." Bill Gurley, a partner at Benchmark Capital and Andreessen's nemesis ("my Newman," as he recently put it, referring to the *Seinfeld* character), echoed this sentiment on Twitter, venture capitalists' preferred platform of communication. (Many are staked in it.) "Arguing we aren't in a bubble because it's not as bad as 1999," Gurley tweeted, "is like saying that Kim Jong-un is fine because he's not as bad as Hitler." (Gurley declined to comment for this story.)

But the best way to understand the cur-

"ARGUING WE AREN'T IN A BUBBLE BECAUSE IT'S NOT AS BAD AS 1999 IS LIKE SAYING THAT KIM JONG-UN IS FINE BECAUSE HE'S NOT AS BAD AS HITLER."


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rent situation in Silicon Valley is to recall the last bubble. Mark Cuban, who sold his Broadcast.com for $5.7 billion several months before the dot-com bubble burst, told me that there is no question whatsoever that we are in the midst of another one. And as with the last one, there is no question that a lot of people will be devastated when it pops. "The biggest of all losers will be anyone who has borrowed money to invest in private companies," he told me. "You were stupid. You blew it. You lost. That simple."

"This Is Hubris"

Perhaps the clearest way to observe the tech industry is through its architecture. When the I-280 deposits you into San Francisco, the view is like no other in America. To the left, waves of thick fog roll slowly off Twin Peaks. To the right, dozens of massive container ships sit like specks on the bay. If you drive farther into the city, toward gilded Nob Hill, the area that once belonged to the robber barons—the city's original entrepreneurs—is now filled with upscale boutique hotels. But as you enter the city itself, every corner of the sky appears the same: spikes of lanky cranes protrude hundreds of feet into the air, their fishing lines plucking concrete and steel from street level, stacking these beams atop one another.

San Francisco, a city that zones about half of its land for residential use, is on track to increase its office space by 15 percent, with a majority of it presumably allocated for tech start-ups. Travel about 50 miles south to Cupertino and you will see the site of Apple's new gargantuan glass headquarters, "the Spaceship," designed by Sir Norman Foster, which will span 2.8 million square feet and house more than 12,000 employees. And then there's the new, recently occupied Facebook building, designed by Frank Gehry, with its rooftop park and what it claims is the largest open floor plan in the world. Google is currently planning its own updated campus—this one designed by Bjarke Ingels and Thomas Heatherwick—that will include an army of small crane robots, known as "crabots," which can move office walls, floors, and ceilings and transform the spaces in mere hours.

Yet there may be no greater monument to what's going on in the Valley than the 1,070-foot edifice under construction at 415 Mission Street. The new, glassy Salesforce Tower is slated to soon become the tallest building in San Francisco, rising more than 200 feet above the Transamerica Pyramid. And that may be a big problem. Vikram Mansharamani, a Yale lecturer and author of the book *Boombustology,* has argued that virtually every great bubble bursting has been preceded by an attempt to build the tallest buildings. Forty Wall Street, the Chrysler Building, and the Empire State Building were under construction during the onset of the Great Depression. The Petronas Towers, in Kuala Lumpur, were completed in time to inaugurate the Asian economic crisis. The Taipei 101 tower, once the tallest building in the world, laid its foundation right at the height of the dot-com boom.

Some of these buildings, which were erected through money obtained partly from bubble-gotten gains, rode on the assumption that the markets would continue to rise and there would be enough tenants to fill their floors. This trend has historically been true in other industries, too. An inflated art market, according to Mansharamani, is another troubling indicator of overconfidence. (Last May, Christie's, Sotheby's, and Phillips broke records by selling a total of $2.7 billion of art in a week and a half.) There's also a precocious indicator some economists refer to as the Prostitute Bubble, where the *filles de joie* flock to increasingly frothy markets. (While it's difficult to substantiate this theory, several bars in the city are well known for this kind of deal-making.) "I think we are absolutely in a condition that you would qualify as bubbly by any stretch of the imagination," Mansharamani told me. "This is hubris, chest-bumping behavior: Bigger. Better. Wider. Me."

In more quotidian ways, the mania that presided over 1999 is also back. During 2013, high-tech workers up and down the peninsula were reportedly paid nearly $196,000 a year, on average, and some made several million dollars in stock. Other programmers have their own agents, much like Hollywood stars. Some interns have been paid more than $7,000 a month, which adds up to about $84,000 a year. (The median household income in the United States is around $53,000.) Snapchat has offered Stanford undergrads as much as $500,000 a year to work for the company. Jana Rich, founder of Rich Talent Group, a well-regarded tech recruiting firm, told me that she hasn't seen such bidding wars since the late 90s. "I've seen two of these life cycles, where things are going fabulously well," she said. "Then we have the bust. We are now, in my opinion, at the height of the demand curve."

Other tech recruiters noted that every little detail of the hiring process is again up for negotiation, just as it was in 1999, with an increased emphasis on extravagant stock-option packages that could ultimately

. . . LIKE IT'S 1999

Recalling the humbled stars of the last tech-industry implosion

COMPANY	Pets.com	Kozmo.com	Webvan.com	TheGlobe.com	Flooz.com
SERVICE	Delivered **kitty litter and dog food** right to your door.	Offered **one-hour delivery** of snack food and DVDs.	Like Kozmo, **but for groceries.**	**A prehistoric social network** that connected users across the globe.	Created an **online currency** for the budding e-marketplace.
INITIAL PROMISE	Raised **$110 million from investors;** introduced the world to a chatterbox sock puppet.	**Raised more than $250 million** in funding, including investments from Starbucks and Amazon.	Placed **a billion-dollar order** to build distribution and delivery warehouses.	On the day of its I.P.O., the stock increased by as much as **978 percent.**	Raised more than **$35 million** from investors.
INEVITABLE SELF-IMMOLATION	Went from I.P.O. to out of business in **fewer than 300 days.**	**Liquidated in 2001,** costing 1,100 people their jobs.	**See above.**	At the height of the bubble, one founder said, "I'm ready to live a **disgusting, frivolous life."**	Spent much of that on **TV ads starring Whoopi Goldberg.**

yield several million dollars. This era also brings the allure of all manner of gourmet cafeterias, exercise rooms, open terraces, and unorthodox cubicles. Sometimes the demands are prosaic: one recruiter told me that an engineer requested closer proximity to the free-snack station. Other times, less so: a Google executive was reportedly paid $100 million not to leave the company for a competitor. Google, or its new parent company, Alphabet, seems to have enough money to throw some of it away.

"SF TECH CULTURE IS FOCUSED ON SOLVING ONE PROBLEM:

WHAT IS MY MOTHER NO LONGER DOING

FOR ME?"

This euphoria has created a debauched culture that also hearkens back to the last bubble. In 1999, thousands of instantly rich young people would line the city streets and cram into bars and event halls to gorge themselves on the endless flow of multicolored booze and hors d'oeuvres. Every night, it seemed, a blowout was being thrown by companies like Kozmo—a precursor to Postmates or any of the current errand-running sites—that later lost more than $250 million. Some parties had acrobats and fire-breathers. Others gave away gadgets and clothing.

Now a recent "Product Hunt" Happy Hour, where entrepreneurs network with investors, attracted more than 4,000 people, according to the Facebook invite page. At another event, hosts handed out free Apple TV set-top boxes as thank-you gifts. A prominent Facebook employee's birthday party was orchestrated like an elaborate wedding, with ice sculptures, chocolatiers, and half a dozen women who walked around with card tables hanging off their waists so that guests could play blackjack while staring at their chests. A Google executive's "40th-and-a-half" birthday party had elaborate acrobatics. In recent years, Burning Man, the annual art-and-music festival in the Nevada desert, has started to swell with venture capitalists and employees from Google, Twitter, Uber, Facebook, Dropbox, and Airbnb. (In 2012, Mark Zuckerberg flew in for a day on a helicopter.) These newly minted rich have eschewed the paltry sleeping conditions for private camps on what has become known as "Billionaires' Row," where some spend the night in custom-built yurts with their own power generators and air-conditioning. The most luxurious camps can come with teams of "Sherpas," waiting on tech elite at a three-to-one ratio.

On any given night a dozen venture firms will host V.I.P. dinners at the city's five-star restaurants, or on its own Billionaires' Row, for designers, chief technology officers, or young entrepreneurs to meet and mingle. Some of these dinners even have the promise that a second-tier celebrity, who is now involved in a start-up, might show up. More elaborate affairs involve weekend trips to Richard Branson's Necker Island or the Four Seasons in Punta Mita, Mexico, or even a pub crawl through Dublin with Bono. All of this exuberance is magnetizing the same diaspora of Wall Street bankers, models, college dropouts, and anyone else with a start-up idea who came to Silicon Valley in the mid-90s. "You know there's a bubble," the saying goes, "when the pretty people show up."

The Domino's Economy

Engineers and venture capitalists insist that things are different now. In the past, they've suggested, people were just trying to get filthy rich. Now they are trying to "make the world a better place." They are quite emphatic about it, too. Last year, *Fortune* reported that one of Airbnb's executives said that he would love to see the company win the Nobel Peace Prize.

Indeed, there are many technologies that are genuinely changing the world—companies that aim to take people into space, or eradicate senseless traffic fatalities, or help people in developing countries by connecting them to the Internet. That shiny rectangle in your hand—the one that you are probably reading this story on—has unequivocally changed our lives in remarkable ways. Hashtags about racism, rape, police brutality, and inequality have offered a potent voice to those who were previously ignored. But the farcical line in the fictional *Silicon Valley* that people are "making the world a better place through minimal message-oriented transport layers" couldn't be more true in the real one. All across the Valley, the majority of big start-ups are actually glorified distribution companies that are trying, in some sense, to copy what Domino's Pizza mastered in the 1980s when it delivered a hot pie to your door in 30 minutes or less. Uber, Lyft, Sidecar, Luxe, Amazon Fresh, Google Express, TaskRabbit, Postmates, Instacart, SpoonRocket, Caviar, DoorDash, Munchery, Sprig, Washio, and Shyp, among others, are really just using algorithms to deliver things, or services, to places as quickly as possible. Or maybe it's simpler than that. As one technologist overheard and posted on Twitter, "SF tech culture is focused on solving one problem: What is my mother no longer doing for me?"

This, perhaps, is the greatest similarity to what took place during the dot-com bubble, when a generation of companies were created to do more or less the same things. Webvan, the grocery-delivery business, raised $375 million at its I.P.O., in 1999—and reached a market value of as much as $7.9 billion—before eventually going bust. Kozmo, which initially offered free one-hour delivery, ended so abruptly that some employees arrived at work only to discover they had five minutes to retrieve their belongings and vacate the premises. And then there was the parabolic Pets.com, which sold kitty litter and dog food over the Web and raised $110 million from investors before descending from I.P.O. to out of business in fewer than 300 days.

Even if this generation of distribution companies is able to ride the shift from the desktop to mobile—64 percent of American adults now own smartphones—errand running has not proved an infallible business model. Kozmo and UrbanFetch lost so much money on orders and infrastructure that they ended up going kaput. Some more recent start-ups have subsidized their deliveries in a race to gain new users and grow their audience. Even Uber, which is now valued at around $51 billion, is reportedly operating at a loss of almost half a billion. As one prominent author who has written about Wall Street and Silicon Valley said to me, "How long can these companies continue to sell a dollar for 70 cents before you run out of dollars?"

For now, they may have a little while longer. The Federal Reserve's decision to carry out multiple rounds of quantitative easing, in which the central bank stimulates the economy by buying securities, has flooded the system with cash. ("The whole world is awash with money," says Christopher Thornberg, an economist who is best known for predicting the 2007 housing collapse.) Private-equity firms, not to mention China and Russia, now have the ability to help venture capitalists fund massive rounds of financing to prop up billion-dollar start-ups that have little in the way of revenue. Last year the Government of Singapore Investment Corporation led a $150 million round of funding for Square, the mobile-payments company. Tiger Global Management, a New York–based investment firm, took part in a $1.5 billion round

for Airbnb. Collectively these start-ups have helped promote a culture of FOMO—or "fear of missing out," in Valley parlance—in which few V.C.'s, who have their own investors to answer to, can afford to ignore the next big thing.

And this is where it gets particularly murky. These are private companies, with private balance sheets, and the valuations they ascribe to themselves aren't vetted in the same way by the S.E.C. or public markets. These start-ups, in other words, can command much higher, and at times fabricated, valuations. One successful venture capitalist told me that he recently met with a unicorn that was seeking a new round of funding. When he asked the C.E.O. why he had valued his company at $1 billion, he was told, "We need to be worth a billion dollars to be able to recruit new engineers. So we decided that was our valuation."

Another well-known venture capitalist told me a related story. When Instacart raised $220 million, this past winter, V.C.'s who had wanted to get in on the round were allowed to look at the company's prospectus only inside a secure office. Investors were asked to refrain from using their cell phones at the meeting and banned from taking any pictures. The company claimed that these measures were taken to prevent anything from leaking to the press or competitors, but this venture capitalist said it felt suspiciously like the company was trying to control how much time investors could spend mulling over the company's revenues and margins.

Indeed, contrary to Kupor's argument at the Rosewood, it is this later-stage investing—with its shortage of regulation, tremendous envy, and Schadenfreude—that worries many bubble-watchers. "We basically doubled the number of unicorns in the past year and a half," says Aileen Lee, the founder of Cowboy Ventures, who has herself become a mythic creature in the Valley after coining the term. "But a lot of these are paper unicorns, so their valuations may not be real for a while." Others, Lee acknowledged, may never see their balance sheets add enough zeros to justify the title. They will be given a new sobriquet: "unicorpse."

The problem with being a unicorn, indeed, is that there aren't many exit strategies. Either you can go public, which is inadvisable without a lot of revenue, or you can sell, which is difficult given the paucity of companies that can afford to make such an offer. So, for many, the choice becomes fairly simple. You continue to raise more and more money, or you die.

Kaboom!

There is, however, one crucial difference between what's going on now and what happened 15 years ago. On the eve of the dot-com crash, as 1999 rolled into 2000, few wanted the party to end. Tech I.P.O.'s had become a daily amusement, often doubling, and sometimes growing exponentially on their first day of trading. (One even popped up 978 percent before settling down at an unreasonable 606 percent before close.) As a result, gas-station attendants, college students, bankers, teachers, and retirees were all cashing in on these gargantuan returns. People who picked the right horse, which seemed like pretty much any horse, were able to sextuple their net worth in a single day—at least on paper.

Now countless people from all over want this to be a bubble and they want it to burst. There are the taxi drivers who have lost their jobs to Uber; hotel owners who have seen their rooms sit vacant as people sleep in Airbnbs; newspapers that are at the mercy of Facebook's algorithms; booksellers and retailers who have been in an unrelenting war with Amazon; the elderly, who can't keep up; the music industry; television producers; and, perhaps most of all, San Franciscans, who would rejoice in the streets if their rents fell from totally insane to merely overpriced, or if they could get into a decent restaurant on a Monday night. The bloggers who cover the technology industry would write a thousand jubilant think pieces saying "I told you so" to the venture capitalists who sneer and scoff when anyone comes close to mentioning the word "bubble." As one prominent tech reporter told me, "Frankly, wiping that smug look off Marc Andreessen's face—I can't wait for that."

Andreessen declined to speak to me for this piece, but his argument against the bubble is well documented. It is based, in part, on the fact that it hasn't popped yet. ("Where's the kaboom?" notes his Twitter bio. "There was supposed to be an earth-shattering kaboom!") But timing these things isn't easy. As the British economist John Maynard Keynes is said to have observed, the market can stay irrational longer than you can stay solvent. And calling these things early is a part of the process. Patrick Carlisle, chief market analyst at Paragon Real Estate Group, in San Francisco, has studied the great financial collapses over the past 30 years and said nothing ever happens when you think it will. "People started to talk about bubbles in 1998 and '99, and said it can't go on," he said. "But it went on for another two years."

The real difference may be that the biggest tech companies—Apple, Amazon, Facebook, and Google, among them—are indisputably now part of our social fabric. So perhaps this bursting won't be as big and sudden and cataclysmic as the last one. Instead, things could simply slow down like a large tractor with a small hole in its tire. Maybe the "kaboom" will be a number of smaller, quieter pops—more like a correction—set off by something seemingly unrelated, whether it's the collapse of Greece's financial system, the fall of the Chinese stock market, or, God forbid, the election of Donald Trump. Meanwhile, according to CB Insights, start-ups have died at an average of one per week in 2015. Many wondered if we were getting the first intimation of the kaboom in August, when the Dow fell 1,000 points in the initial moments of trading hours.

But in whatever form this pop happens, some worry it could be worse than the last time. When the dot-com bubble burst, the Web was still in its infancy. Now, according to a McKinsey & Co. report, by 2011 Internet-related consumption and expenditure exceeded that of agriculture or energy. As Noah Smith, the noted financial writer, explained in July, the danger is not that we're in a tech bubble but rather that we're in an "everything bubble," in which any one of these events could be the domino that makes it all fall down.

Ironically, whenever the kaboom happens, and in whatever form it takes, the people who are most protected will be the V.C.'s themselves. Most of them learned their lesson from the last bubble, and this time around have set up deals to ensure that if a company goes under, or has to sell itself for parts, any leftover money will go directly into their coffers—to "make them whole," as the saying goes in the Valley, ensuring the investors get back what they put in. This doesn't protect the hundreds of thousands of people who now rely on a paycheck from the errand-running start-ups or taxi disrupters. Nor does it help the mom-and-pop businesses that have bought into the hype of Zynga, Yelp, or Twitter, and invested their savings, which continue to plummet.

But don't worry. This time is different. □

THIS BURSTING COULD BE WORSE.

TECHNOLOGY WAS IN ITS INFANCY IN 1999. NOW IT'S A CORNERSTONE OF THE GLOBAL ECONOMY.

HER OWN BEST MYSTERY

Unlike Agatha Christie, Dorothy L. Sayers, and Ngaio Marsh, Josephine Tey ignored the rules of golden-age British crime fiction—with brilliant results. But 60 years after her death, the greatest mystery Tey created still may be herself

By **FRANCIS WHEEN**



PEN DAME Elizabeth MacKintosh, who used the pseudonyms Josephine Tey and Gordon Daviot, in 1934. *Inset,* a first edition of *To Love and Be Wise,* published in 1950.

It begins with a body in the library. Two hundred pages later, when the police have exhausted all lines of inquiry and made hee-hawing jackasses of themselves, an amateur detective summons the dramatis personae to the same library—they may well include an actress, a tennis pro, an embittered widow, a disinherited younger son, and of course a butler—to reveal which of them is the killer.

That is the familiar template for crime fiction in the golden age, those years between the First and Second World Wars, when authors such as Agatha Christie, Ngaio Marsh, and Dorothy L. Sayers earned fortunes by satisfying an apparently limitless public appetite for corpses in English country houses. One of Agatha Christie's Miss Marple novels was actually titled *The Body in the Library.*

Christie and Sayers were founder-members of the Detection Club, a dining society formed in London in 1930. Recruits had to swear an initiation oath promising that their detectives "shall well and truly detect the crimes presented to them using those wits which it may please you to bestow upon them and not placing reliance on nor making use of Divine Revelation, Feminine Intuition, Mumbo Jumbo, Jiggery-Pokery, Coincidence, or Act of God." A joke, no doubt, but this was kidding on the level. Like any game, mystery writing had its rules, which were codified into "Ten Command-

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA/HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; INSET FROM PETER HARRINGTON BOOKS



FULL METTLE JACKETS A 1960 paperback of *The Man in the Queue* and three hardcover first editions: *The Franchise Affair* (1948), *The Daughter of Time* (1951), and *The Singing Sands* (1952).

ments" by the British author Ronald Knox—who, fittingly enough, was also a Catholic priest. His prohibitions included accidental discoveries and unaccountable hunches, undeclared clues and hitherto unknown poisons.

"The criminal must be someone mentioned in the early part of the story, but must not be anyone whose thoughts the reader has been allowed to follow," Knox decreed. "The 'stupid friend' of the detective, the Watson, must not conceal any thoughts which pass through his mind; his intelligence must be slightly, but very slightly, below that of the average reader. . . . Twin brothers, and doubles generally, must not appear unless we have been duly prepared for them."

No wonder Josephine Tey never belonged to the Detection Club. During her career as a crime novelist—from *The Man in the Queue* (1929) to *The Singing Sands* (published posthumously in 1952)—she broke almost all the commandments. As if willfully guying Monsignor Knox, the main character in her novel *Brat Farrar* (1949) was an impostor posing as a missing twin to grab an inheritance.

Her disdain for formulaic fiction is confirmed in the opening chapter of *The Daughter of Time* (1951). In a hospital recuperating from a broken leg, Detective Inspector Alan Grant despairs of the books on his bedside table, among them a writing-by-numbers mystery called *The Case of the Missing Tin-Opener.* "Did no one, any more, no one in all this wide world, change their record now and then?" he wonders despairingly.

> Was everyone nowadays thirled [enslaved] to a formula? Authors today wrote so much to a pattern that their public expected it. The public talked about "a new Silas Weekley" or "a new Lavinia Fitch" exactly as they talked about "a new brick" or "a new hairbrush." They never said "a new book by" whoever it might be. Their interest was not in the book but in its newness. They knew quite well what the book would be like.

Still true today (are you listening, James Patterson and Lee Child?), but this is not a charge that could ever be made against Josephine Tey. In *The Franchise Affair* (1948) she can't even be bothered to include the obligatory murder: all we have is a teenage girl who claims that two women kidnapped her for no apparent reason, and we know almost from the outset that she is lying.

The Daughter of Time exemplifies Tey's delight in subverting the conventions of the genre and defying expectations. Giving up on his bedside reading, Alan Grant decides to spend his convalescence solving one of the most notorious crimes in British history: did King Richard III really kill the princes in the Tower? Grant's interest is piqued when a visitor shows him a portrait of the 15th-century king. After staring at it for ages—"the slight fullness of the lower eyelid, like a child that has slept too heavily; the texture of the skin; the old-man look in a young face"—he reaches a preliminary verdict. "I can't remember any murderer, either in my own experience, or in case-histories, who resembled him." So the bed-ridden sleuthing begins.

It was William Shakespeare whose depiction of Richard III as a venomous hunchbacked monster damned him for centuries, and it was Shakespeare who, in *Macbeth,* had King Duncan say of the duplicitous Thane of Cawdor, "There's no art / To find the mind's construction in the face: / He was a gentleman on whom I built / An absolute trust"—by which he meant that no one can discern inner character from outward appearances.

Josephine Tey thought otherwise. "Lucy had long prided herself on her analysis of facial characteristics, and was beginning nowadays to bet rather heavily on them," she wrote in *Miss Pym Disposes* (1946). "She had never, for instance, come across eyebrows beginning low over the nose and ending high up at the outer end, without finding that their owner had a scheming, conniving, mind." Even chickens weren't safe from Tey's stern gaze: one of her characters mused on "the concentrated evil of a hen's face in a closeup."

This may seem a bit intense for a whodunit, and almost certainly falls foul of the ban on intuition, but it imbues Tey's novels with more honesty than you'll find in most of her contemporaries: which of us does not sometimes judge by appearances?

"I am a camera" might have been Josephine Tey's motto. "Oh, for one of those spy cameras that one wears as a tie pin!" she wrote in a letter to her friend Caroline Ramsden, a sculptor and racehorse owner, according to Ramsden's memoir, *A View from Primrose Hill.* "When I was in town this last time I thought that, apart from a well-fitting new suit, there was nothing in the world that I wanted. And then I thought that yes, there was. I wanted a camera that looked like a handbag, or a compact, or something. So that one could photograph a person standing two feet away and be looking in another direction altogether while one was doing it. . . . I am always seeing faces that I want to 'keep.'"

Tey herself had no desire to be "kept." Few photographs of her exist, and by dividing her life into discrete spheres she ensured that no one could know her too intimately. (One need hardly add that she never married.) To date, more than 60 years after her death—uniquely among the queens of the golden age—there is no biography (although one is due out in the fall). Oh, and her name wasn't Josephine Tey. Her literary friends called her Gordon, but that wasn't her name, either.

Before turning to crime she was the dramatist "Gordon Daviot," author of *Richard of Bordeaux,* which played to packed houses at the New Theatre, in London's West End. "I first met Gordon Daviot in 1932," the actor John Gielgud wrote in 1953, "when I played the title role in *Richard of Bordeaux.* We were friends until her death last year—1952—and yet I cannot claim ever to have known her very intimately. . . . She never spoke to me of her youth or her ambitions. It was hard to draw her out. . . . It was difficult to tell what she really felt, since she did not readily give her confidence, even to her few intimate friends."

This much we know. Elizabeth MacKintosh, pen name Josephine Tey, was born on July 25, 1896, in Inverness, capital of the Scottish Highlands. Her father was recorded on the birth certificate as a fruiterer. "Strange as it may seem, few of us had ever known the real person," recalled Mairi MacDonald, a contemporary at Inverness Royal Academy. "We had rubbed shoulders with her in our busy streets; admired her pretty home and picturesque garden—and some had even shared schooldays with her—yet no one enjoyed her companionship, for Gordon Daviot was, and wished to be what she herself termed herself,

'a lone wolf,' discouraging any attempts at fraternisation." A reluctant pupil, she preferred playing tic-tac-toe with a neighbor in class, or drawing mustaches and spectacles on portraits of the Kings of Scotland, or scampering off to a cloakroom "where, upon an old set of parallel bars—housed there for no apparent reason—she delighted herself and others by turning somersaults."

The next phase of her life, qualifying as a physical-training instructor, provided the backdrop for *Miss Pym Disposes,* set at a physical-training college in the English Midlands. According to most sources, including an obituary in the London *Times,* her teaching career was curtailed by family obligations. After teaching physical training at schools in England and Scotland, she returned to Inverness to care for her invalid father. It was there that she began her career as a writer.

Nicola Upson, who investigated Tey's life with the intention of writing a biography, finds the tale of the invalid father hard to credit, given that he was catching prizewinning salmon into his 80s. "A lot of myths and half-truths have been created and repeated over the years," she wrote to me. "Admittedly, she started one or two of them herself." Tey's description of a film actress in *A Shilling for Candles* may well have been a self-portrait:

> She wasn't fond of being interviewed. And she used to tell a different story each time. When someone pointed out that that wasn't what she had said last time, she said: "But that's so dull! I've thought of a much better one." No one ever knew where they were with her. Temperament, they called it, of course.

Nicola Upson eventually set aside her projected work, deciding that such an elusive figure was more suited to fiction. Her novel *An Expert in Murder,* published in 2008, was the first of a series in which Josephine Tey herself features as an amateur detective. Though the crimes are imaginary, the settings are accurate. We see her traveling to London to enjoy the success of *Richard of Bordeaux*—or, in another volume, meeting Alfred Hitchcock to discuss his film adaptation of her novel *A Shilling for Candles.* According to Upson, "Readers tell me that part of the fun of the books is guessing what's true and what isn't.... But the bigger picture of her that I've built up from her letters and from talking to people who knew her is reflected very truthfully throughout the series."

Tey's great genius, Upson says, is to create a story which can be read on many levels, and which differs according to its audience—a trick that Tey played with her life, too, and just as effectively. Elizabeth MacKintosh, Gordon Daviot, and Josephine Tey were distinct personae. Even her correspondence has that chameleon quality: a letter from "Gordon" is quite different in tone from a "Mac" letter or a "Tey" letter. "She kept her life in compartments," says Upson, "and was different things to different people; private and insular in Inverness; carefree and more gregarious in London and on travels abroad."

Gregarious only within a small circle, however: Mairi MacDonald found Tey's unwillingness to meet strangers "almost pathological in its intensity." Having decided to model Brat Farrar's physical appearance on that of a well-known racehorse dealer, she asked her friend Caroline Ramsden to find out all she could about him. "It isn't a question of wanting to meet him—which I should actively dislike," she wrote to Ramsden. "It is a quite detached curiosity about him.... What he thinks, reads (I suppose he can?), says, eats; whether he likes his bacon frizzly or flaccid.... It always happens with someone I see casually, like that; and once my curiosity is satisfied my interest finishes. But until the picture is complete the curiosity is devouring."



TEY FOR TWO Alfred Hitchcock directing Mary Clare and Clive Baxter in the 1937 film *Young and Innocent; right,* Sir John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies in the 1933 play *Richard of Bordeaux.*

The devotion to her craft was absolute. While writing a novel she could allow no distractions, and it shows. The prose is nimble, acute, witty. The texture of English interwar life is palpable. Tey's fictional worlds come fully furnished: even minor characters are never mere ciphers. Her regular detective, Alan Grant, has none of the eye-catching props—deerstalker hat, waxed mustache, monocle—that other authors append to fictional sleuths in lieu of a third dimension. He is dogged, diligent, ready to admit error. "By the time coffee had arrived he was no nearer a solution," Tey writes in *A Shilling for Candles.* "He wished he was one of these marvelous creatures of super-instinct and infallible judgment who adorned the pages of detective stories, and not just a hard-working, well-meaning, ordinarily intelligent Detective Inspector."

When Tey's work was finished, she displayed an equally absolute devotion to indolence. "Next to chocolates, the cinema and racing, her favourite pastime was a day in bed, lying flat on her back, wide awake," Caroline Ramsden wrote. After one of these epic lie-ins, Ramsden asked what she had been thinking about all day. "Nothing—absolutely *nothing,*" Tey replied. "I've had a wonderful time."

Her death, in February 1952, could hardly have been better timed for such a shy and private person, a week after the demise of King George VI. "It was typical of her that she could slip out of her lives, and her own, at a moment when her passing was hardly noticed by the general public," Ramsden wrote. "The whole nation was much too busy mourning its king to pay much attention to the deaths of any of his subjects." John Gielgud read the news in his evening paper after coming offstage in a production of *The Winter's Tale.* He hadn't even known that she was ill.

A small party of mourners, including Gielgud and the actress Dame Edith Evans, gathered at Streatham crematorium in South London on a cold, dreary day to say their farewells. "We talked to Gordon's sister, whom we were all meeting for the first time," Caroline Ramsden recorded, "and she told us that Gordon had only come south from Scotland about a fortnight before, when she had stayed at her Club in Cavendish Square, on her way through London. What she did or thought about during that period was her own affair, never to be shared with anyone.... All her close friends were within easy reach, but she made no contacts—left no messages."

Ah, but she did. Read her novels and you'll find them. □

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A posse of top reporters run the numbers—and unearth some surprising facts—for the most important visionaries, investors, and cultural leaders in "the Year of the Unicorn"

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1/2

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YEAR OF THE UNICORN



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BY ANDREW ROSS SORKIN

Back in the Industrial Revolution, the original age of disruption—when the spinning jenny inspired the same kind of wonderment as Google does today, and the self-winding clock held the promise of SpaceX—a little-known English translator named C. R. Prinsep encountered a problem germane to his time. He had been commissioned to work on a hot book about modern markets by Jean-Baptiste Say, a French economist who had achieved Thomas Piketty–like fame amid the Napoleonic age. But as Prinsep dutifully plowed through the manuscript, he found himself unable to pinpoint a suitable English word to describe the new type of worker at the heart of his subject's thesis—the do-it-all visionary of the day, the one with the temerity to guide an idea from conception to success; the plucky upstart attempting to overthrow the old order. Or, as he would later write, "the master-manufacturer in manufacture, the farmer in agriculture, and the merchant in commerce; and generally in all three branches, the person who takes upon himself the immediate responsibility, risk, and conduct of a concern." Short of the proper synonym, Prinsep settled for an apt replacement. He called these people "adventurers."

Nearly two centuries later, there is still no concise English

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translation for *entrepreneur.* "The basic personality type is unchanged," says Marc Andreessen, the revered venture capitalist, taking his own stab at a definition. "Ambitious, perpetually dissatisfied, dreaming of a better future, frustrated that they can't get there faster, frustrated that the rest of the world doesn't see what they see, a Nietzschean will to power," and so on. The difference today, however, is the frequency of all that dreaming. As Barry Diller put it to me, these days "everyone and their mother gets to call themselves an entrepreneur."

Indeed, of all the societal fixtures currently undergoing disruption, one of the least noted is the mogul itself. Access to capital, the lifeblood for any entrepreneur, is far easier than it used to be. It took J. P. Morgan until his 50s to truly make a killing. Both Diller and David Geffen toiled in the William Morris mailroom before shooting to their precocious stardom, in their late 20s and early 30s. Now those who want to take upon themselves the risk of a concern need only head to Silicon Valley, where a fluid—and, depending on whom you speak to, likely *too* fluid—eco-system pairs hoodie-clad millennial founders with hoodie-clad middle-aged venture capitalists. (Some of whom, I should add, privately admit that they feel as uncomfortable in those outfits as they look.) "There have always been a lot more potential great founders in the world than the number who have been able to practically pursue their dreams," Andreessen continued. "The big thing happening now is that the gap is closing." Ron Conway, the formidable investor who got in early on Google and Twitter—and, notably, doesn't wear a hoodie—put it more succinctly: "It's 'Turn key' to get an idea off the ground and see if it has legs."

Vanity Fair's New Establishment, now in its 21st year, reflects the seismic power shift that this disruption has wrought. The axis of influence has shifted from its industrial roots to an economy centered on information, technology, and entertainment in one form or another. Within its Hall of Fame, you will uncover names such as Diller and Geffen—and now Michael Bloomberg—which have been etched not only into the annals of business history but now the façades of some of the country's most revered philanthropic institutions. On the New Establishment's Powers That Be list, you will come across a number of visionary executives and entertainers, many of whom earned their renown after decades of hard work and striving. On the Disrupters list, however, you are likely to find people who were in grade school when the New Establishment began publication. A few were in their cribs.

After all, 2015 has become the Year of the Unicorn, as start-ups valued at $1 billion or more are now known. "'Unicorn' is another silly word—bimbously stupid," says Diller. Perhaps, but it's also not quite apt any longer. These days, unicorns are not very rare in the Valley: in recent years, around 100 such companies have emerged—from Uber (worth around $51 billion) to Snapchat ($15 billion)—creating, along with the others, a total value of approximately a half-trillion dollars. At least on paper.

"IT'S 'TURN KEY' TO GET AN IDEA OFF THE GROUND."

Yet this divide is also exactly what binds this generation to the previous one. Investors in Silicon Valley like to explain our current transition in baseball metaphors. Depending on whom you speak with, we are only in "the second inning," or, perhaps, we are in the ninth. If the optimists are right, or even remotely close to correct, we may see a disruption of the Establishment even more dramatic than the last media-and-telecommunications revolution, which was occurring when this magazine's editor, Graydon Carter, and the renowned journalist David Halberstam envisioned this very list. "Yesterday the country was run by the Morgans and Rockefellers, and then by the white-shoe members of the eastern aristocracy," the October 1994 issue of *V.F.* declared. "Today, power in America is more likely to spring from the William Morris Agency." Two decades later, it's a fair bet that the 117-year-old agency, now known as William Morris Endeavor, needs Snapchat's 25-year-old co-founder, Evan Spiegel, just as much as Spiegel needs them.

The cycle of mogul disruption will only continue to accelerate. "Thirty years ago, a Silicon Valley or American entrepreneur only had to peep over his left or right shoulder to find out what his competitors, or prospective competitors, were doing. That is no longer the case," says Michael Moritz, the esteemed V.C. at Sequoia Capital, who invested in Google and YouTube during their infancies. "I am perpetually amazed at how little most Silicon Valley entrepreneurs know about developments in China and how cruelly they deceive themselves into thinking that eventual global hegemony is their due."

This, he suggested, might pave the way for the forthcoming cycle. "The consequences of this will become more apparent in the next 10 to 20 years because, on the whole, it will be easier for the Chinese companies to move to the West rather than vice versa," Moritz continued.

So enjoy it while you can, kids. □



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THE DISRUPTERS

1 MARK ZUCKERBERG



FACEBOOK
AGE: 31. YEAR AHEAD: ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: 5)

4 Apps that Zuckerberg controls with at least 300 million users (Facebook, Instagram, WhatsApp, and Messenger).

➳ **THE NEW OLD MEDIA:** No company in history has ever achieved the scale of Facebook, which now reaches nearly 1.5 billion total users. Nor has there ever been a mogul quite like Zuckerberg. He rules, with near omnipotence, over Silicon Valley's grandest empire, and remains eager for more. In May, Facebook announced deals with *The New York Times,* NBC News, and other news organizations to publish articles directly into users' pages. Facebook has also been reportedly negotiating with record labels while striking deals with content providers, such as HBO, to secure rights to music videos and scripted shows. (The social-media platform has already offered free episodes of *Ballers* and *The Brink.*) It wouldn't be a stretch to see Facebook eventually producing its own series, as has been rumored, putting it in direct competition with Netflix and Amazon. ➳ **FLIGHT OF FANCY:** Since Facebook's growth seems constrained mainly by the limited number of Internet users around the world, Zuckerberg has endeavored to build a fleet of giant solar-powered drones to beam data into remote parts of Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

2 TRAVIS KALANICK



UBER
AGE: 39. YEAR AHEAD: ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: 9)

60 Number of countries in which Uber operates.

➳ **EVIDENCE OF UNICORN EVOLUTION:** Uber is currently valued at around $51 billion, making it the hottest unicorn—as billion-dollar start-ups have come to be known—in a Valley increasingly filled with them. At the same time, the puckish "brogrammer" has matured, too. He's more polished—and modest—in his public appearances, perhaps thanks to the consultation of former White House strategist David Plouffe and former Google executive Rachel Whetstone. (Whetstone, who battled E.U. anti-trust authorities while at the search giant, is also facilitating Uber's European expansion.) "I'm not perfect," Kalanick noted in June. "And neither is this company." ➳ **WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH:** Kalanick is already looking ahead to self-driving Ubers. He recently hired dozens of researchers from Carnegie Mellon University's robotics department to help him get there. Meanwhile, recently leaked documents suggest that Uber will go public sometime within the next two years and mint a whole new generation of tech millionaires. ➳ **WHAT WILL TECHNOLOGY MAKE OBSOLETE IN FIVE YEARS?** "Parking garages," Kalanick says. "Transportation will be so inexpensive that it will be cheaper than owning a car."

3 JEFF BEZOS



AMAZON
AGE: 51. YEAR AHEAD: ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: 4)

182 MILLION Monthly visitors to Amazon.com.

➳ **STUDIO HEAD, TOO?** Now in its 21st year, Amazon has become more valuable than even Walmart. And Bezos continues to be a force in entertainment. Amazon recently signed deals with both Woody Allen and the *Top Gear* team. ➳ **BENEVOLENT OWNER?** Since his purchase of *The Washington Post,* in 2013, the paper's traffic has soared. In June, its readership climbed to 54.4 million monthly uniques—within striking distance of *The New York Times.* Two months later, however, the *Times* posted a searing exposé of Amazon's management practices.

4 TIM COOK & JONATHAN IVE



APPLE
AGES: 54, 48. YEAR AHEAD: ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 3)

61 MILLION Number of iPhones sold during the first three months of 2015.

➳ **WATCHING IVE:** The release of the Apple Watch presented an

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Christina Hendricks

What's your Brooks Brothers story?

"My Wedding...

My father walked me through the front door and there was Geoffrey, standing at the end of the aisle in his beautiful suit."



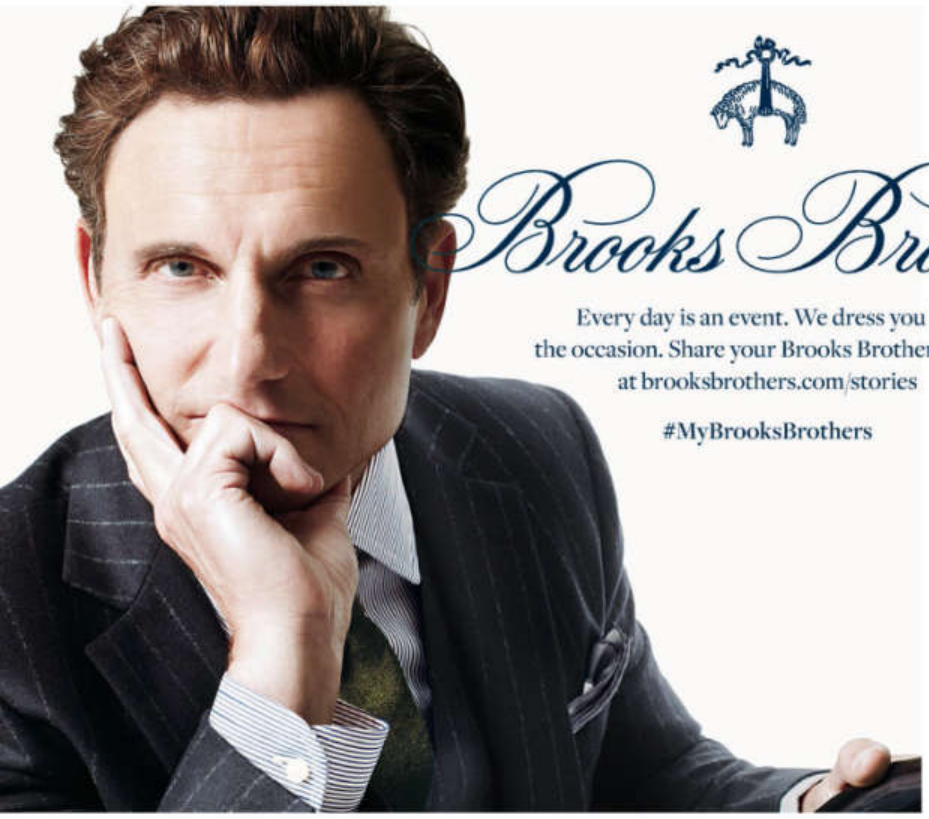
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opportunity for designer Jonathan Ive to fully assume the creative mantle at the world's most highly valued company. Just weeks after the Watch went on sale, Apple announced that Ive had been promoted to chief design officer. The move struck some as surprising since Ive would no longer directly supervise the design teams that create its gadgets. Nevertheless, the new title gives him a role as the company's product visionary, akin to that of Steve Jobs, while freeing him up to spend more time on the design of Apple's new spaceship-like campus as well as its expanding retail presence. ➳ **WATCHING THE WATCH:** Though C.E.O. Tim Cook has been cagey about sales, most analysts expect Apple to sell at least 10 million watches this year, which would be enormous by any standard other than Apple's. To wit: the company reportedly ordered a record 85 to 90 million units of its forthcoming iPhone model, which is said to feature an upgraded screen.

5 SERGEY BRIN & LARRY PAGE



ALPHABET/GOOGLE
AGES: 42, 42. YEAR AHEAD: ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 2)

$8 BILLION The approximate increase in Page's and Brin's net worth on a single day in July, when Google reported its most recent quarterly earnings.

➳ **EVIDENCE OF BUFFETT-LIKE IMMORTALITY:** Google, with its $66 billion in annual revenue, could have settled into the tech industry's equivalent of middle age. But it refuses to be merely an ad-revenue company. In August, C.E.O. Larry Page announced that he and Brin would be forming a conglomerate, Alphabet, that would oversee their mammoth search business and expanding portfolio of "moon shot" upstarts. The move signaled a shrewdness comparable to other cost-conscious holding companies, such as Berkshire Hathaway. It also suggested an awareness by the founders that investors are increasingly impatient with the spending on Google Glass, Calico, and the newly formed Sidewalk Labs, among others. At the very least, it's clear that Brin and Page want to be associated with future triumphs as much as past ones. ➳ **COMRADE-IN-ARMS:** Elon Musk, whom Page huddles with "to talk about kind of crazy things."

6 ELON MUSK



TESLA MOTORS, SPACEX
AGE: 44. YEAR AHEAD: ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 1)

20 Students enrolled in Ad Astra, a school Musk originally created for his five sons.

➳ **LATEST RADICAL AMBITION:** Musk has become a geek god for creating both an eco-friendly sports car with a super-fast "ludicrous" mode and a flashy rocket-ship company. But his most ambitious endeavor could actually turn out to be something far more mundane: batteries. For decades, scientists and engineers have held the notion that a stronger, lighter lithium battery could utterly transform our daily lives. So, naturally, Musk has decided to become the world's largest manufacturer of lithium-ion batteries. In April, he announced that Tesla would begin selling battery packs to consumers and utilities, sending the company's stock price soaring. ➳ **EXTRATERRESTRIAL DISRUPTION:** Musk is developing a plan to send thousands of satellites into space to deliver high-speed Internet from the cosmos—a potential threat that Comcast and AT&T probably never saw coming. Eventually, he would like to synch up the planned network with future communications systems on Mars, which Musk has long hoped to help colonize.



THEN & NOW



A handy primer for our current media metamorphosis

CATEGORY	THEN	NOW
Required reading of the elite	THE NEW YORK TIMES	BUZZFEED
Bottom-feeding tabloid of the masses	US WEEKLY	BUZZFEED
Vainglorious aggregator	TIME	VOX
Frat-tastic bible with literary airs	ESQUIRE	VICE
Listicle digest that no one reads	U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT	538
Misguided ego project	TALK	FIRST LOOK
Pretentious artifact of the tech bubble	BUSINESS 2.0	THE VERGE
Over-annotated journal with dubious business prospects	HARPER'S	GENIUS
Dubious trophy acquisition	THE BOSTON GLOBE	VIRALNOVA
Pseudo-empowering, highly listified bait	COSMOPOLITAN	COSMOPOLITAN.COM

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7 TED SARANDOS & REED HASTINGS



NETFLIX
AGES: 51, 54. YEAR AHEAD: ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: 6)

$30 MILLION **The approximate price Netflix paid to distribute Brad Pitt's movie *War Machine*.**

➤➤ EVIDENCE OF VULCAN CHESS MASTERY: Fifteen years ago, C.E.O. Reed Hastings tried to sell his company to Blockbuster for $50 million. (It passed.) In July, the streaming giant, now worth around $50 billion, surpassed Wall Street's expectations by adding 3 million subscribers, bringing the total to more than 65 million. Netflix's stock price has doubled since the beginning of the year, and the company is now bigger than Viacom. **➤➤ MORE EVIDENCE OF VULCAN CHESS MASTERY!** This year, Netflix continued its effort to disrupt the original-programming business with *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt, Daredevil,* and 34 Emmy nominations. Sarandos, who made his name picking up shows such as *Orange Is the New Black* and *House of Cards,* plans to plow $500 million more into original programming, including a four-movie deal for Adam Sandler as well as *War Machine.* And yet that could eventually prove to be chump change. Recently, Hastings predicted that terrestrial TV ratings would decline "every year for the next 20 years," while Internet TV would continue to grow.

8 BRIAN CHESKY



AIRBNB
AGE: 34. YEAR AHEAD: ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 21)

16 INCHES **The reported circumference of Chesky's biceps.**

➤➤ STAGE OF WORLD DOMINATION: Chesky, a former bodybuilder, is C.E.O. of what is now the world's largest hospitality company. Airbnb rents out one million rooms per night—nearly 300,000 more than the largest traditional hotel chain, InterContinental Hotels Group. (In the last year, the company's business-travel program grew by 700 percent—a phrase you hear only in Silicon Valley.) In June, Chesky was reportedly close to finalizing a round of financing that valued his company at roughly $25 billion and left it with an additional $1.5 billion in cash. "We think we have only scratched the surface of how big the opportunity is," he says. **➤➤ AND THEN YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE:** This July, one Airbnb guest allegedly found himself held captive and sexually assaulted by his host in Spain. The incident underscored the risks of the sharing economy. **➤➤ SECRET TO HIS SUCCESS:** In contrast to Uber, Chesky has struck a more conciliatory pose toward regulators. In New York, City Council members recently introduced a bill that would fine Airbnb hosts up to $50,000 each for renting their apartments. Chesky says he expects an eventual compromise, but adds, "I'm not holding my breath."

9 SHERYL SANDBERG



FACEBOOK
AGE: 46. YEAR AHEAD: ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: 12)

1.49 BILLION **Number of monthly Facebook users.**

➤➤ STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST: Under Sandberg, Facebook's user growth continues to defy gravity. But these successes were overshadowed by tragedy this spring, when her husband, Dave Goldberg, died while the couple was vacationing in Mexico. The funeral in May represented the biggest outpouring of grief in Silicon Valley since the death of Steve Jobs—even President Obama offered condolences—and occasioned a striking remembrance that Sandberg posted on Facebook a month afterward.

10 ELIZABETH HOLMES



THERANOS
AGE: 31. YEAR AHEAD: ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW)

$60 BILLION **Approximate size of the U.S. lab-testing market.**

➤➤ "WE WANTED FLYING CARS, INSTEAD WE GOT ...": In a market overrun with pizza-delivery apps, Holmes has become something of a heroine for starting Theranos, which offers cheaper and less invasive blood testing. Last year, she became the world's youngest self-made female billionaire when Theranos raised money at a $9 billion valuation. This summer, a company test to diagnose herpes won F.D.A. approval.

11 KEVIN FEIGE



MARVEL STUDIOS
AGE: 42. YEAR AHEAD: ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: 13)

$1.4 BILLION **Worldwide gross, to date, of *Avengers: Age of Ultron*.**

➤➤ HIT FACTORY: It's easy to assume that Marvel's success was a foregone conclusion when Disney acquired the company for $4 billion in 2009. But at the time, its most famous franchises—*Spider-Man* and *X-Men*—belonged to other film studios. So Feige, Marvel's creative head, had to mine thousands of second-tier comic-book characters and turn them into tentpole franchises for Disney C.E.O. Bob Iger. It has worked, marvelously: the two *Avengers* movies have moved $3 billion at the global box office, and *Guardians of the Galaxy,* starring characters you have never heard of, did nearly $800 million. Even *Ant-Man* won its opening weekend. **➤➤ NEW FRONTIERS:** Feige, who cut his teeth in Hollywood working for producer Lauren Shuler Donner on movies such as *You've Got Mail,* isn't keeping Marvel confined to the big screen. *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.* and *Agent Carter* have had

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multiple seasons on ABC, while *Daredevil* and *Powers* were well received on Netflix and Sony's PlayStation Network, respectively.

12 EVAN SPIEGEL



SNAPCHAT
AGE: 25. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 20**)**

100 MILLION Number of daily Snapchat users.

➤➤ EXPANDING SPHERE OF INFLUENCE: News junkies love Twitter, baby-boomers use Facebook, but Snapchat enraptures millennials—which explains why investors, presidential candidates, and media companies have become enchanted by the $15 billion disappearing-messaging service and its 25-year-old co-founder. But unlike a number of his contemporaries, Spiegel is interested in creating revenue sooner rather than later. Earlier this year, Snapchat launched a series of advertising products alongside a video-sampling service populated by old-timey media brands. **➤➤ THE WUNDERKIND BLUES:** Like precocious founders before him, Spiegel can be mercurial. His allies say that he has a tendency to be defensive; media-industry executives often leave meetings baffled about what he means or wants. Earlier this year, Snapchat parted ways with its top ad executive, Mike Randall, as well as C.O.O. Emily White, a former Facebook executive.

13 BEN SILBERMANN



PINTEREST
AGE: 33. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 10**)**

2 MILLION Approximate number of products available for purchase on Pinterest.

➤➤ STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST: This summer, Silbermann announced that the online "pinboard," with 70 million monthly users, would allow select retailers to sell merchandise directly within the app. Analysts think the move could generate big revenues, except for one thing: Pinterest isn't charging for the service, in hopes that e-commerce will attract more advertisers. Do investors care? Have you been to San Francisco lately? In March, the start-up reached "decacorn" status, with a valuation of $11 billion.

14 KEVIN SYSTROM



INSTAGRAM
AGE: 31. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 29**)**

70 MILLION Images and videos posted every day by Instagram users.

➤➤ BOY BEFORE THE BUBBLE: Had he not sold his photo-sharing service to Facebook for $1 billion in 2012, Systrom would presumably be looking at a valuation in the tens of billions. Nevertheless, the Instagram founder, and current C.E.O., says he has no regrets. In the past few years, after all, the company has become one of the most visited sites in the world and has, perhaps, articulated the most persuasive counter-argument to all the bubble talk. The service recently added tools to help users find "real time" images—long the exclusive domain of Twitter—and is now prepared to see rapid growth in ad revenue. Dick Costolo, the former C.E.O. of Twitter, has reportedly said that missing out on Systrom's company is one of his biggest regrets.

15 AMY SCHUMER



COMEDIAN
AGE: 34. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

27 MILLION Total YouTube streams of Schumer's work.

➤➤ EVIDENCE OF GENRE DISRUPTION: As Comedy Central's biggest star in the post-Stewart-and-Colbert era, Schumer, with her disarmingly bawdy humor, has positioned herself as the Tina Fey of the Internet generation. "People are getting tired of pretending to be perfect and are interested in someone more willing to be honest about the fact that we are all gross nightmares," she says. Schumer wrote and starred in the comedy *Trainwreck,* directed by Judd Apatow, which opened to strong reviews and better-than-expected box-office receipts. Schumer, who recently advocated for harsher gun-control measures with her cousin Senator Chuck Schumer, has also tapped Chris Rock to direct her first HBO stand-up special, which will air this month. **➤➤ MOST ANTICIPATED NEW TECHNOLOGY:** "A vibrator," Schumer says, "that gives you compliments."

16 MARC ANDREESSEN & BEN HOROWITZ



ANDREESSEN HOROWITZ
AGES: 44, 49. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 7**)**

$1.5 BILLION Amount raised from Andreessen Horowitz's investors last year.

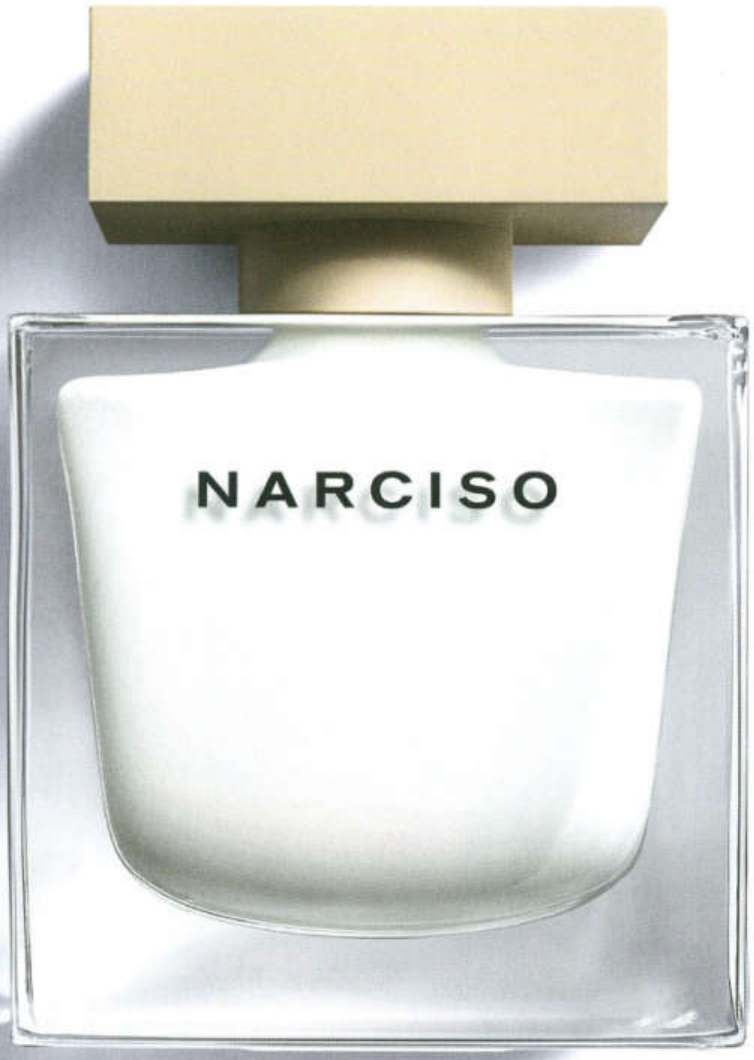
➤➤ KINGS OF SAND HILL ROAD? The two venture capitalists have been the talk of the town this year thanks to various magazine articles, a booming business, and some pretty impressive investments in Pinterest, Zenefits, Instacart, and Slack. **➤➤ BUBBLE TROUBLE:** To some, Andreessen Horowitz's only perplexing position has to do with the larger state of the tech industry. Andreessen, an indefatigable Twitter devotee, has become the Valley's top cheerleader against the existence of a much-feared bubble. ("Where's the kaboom?" notes his profile on the social-media site.) Whether or not we are indeed in a bubble is likely to influence the investors' reputation just as much as their bottom line.

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17 JACK MA



ALIBABA
AGE: 50. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 8**)**

$193 MILLION Price Ma paid for his home in Hong Kong.

➳ **THE RELUCTANT ZILLIONAIRE:** After Alibaba's I.P.O. raised a staggering $25 billion, last fall, its inscrutable founder became one of the world's richest men. Ma, however, seemed conflicted. In June he told a private New York audience, "If I had another life, I would keep my company private," and wistfully recalled his days earning $12 an hour as an English teacher. Meanwhile, investors hope that the flailing Chinese economy won't make them impecunious, too. Alibaba's stock has dropped by 40 percent since late 2014.

18 JACK DORSEY



SQUARE, TWITTER
AGE: 38. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 14**)**

3 Number of times Dorsey has had leadership roles at Twitter.

➳ **DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK:** The only difference between the Twitter executive offices and *Game of Thrones* is that the TV series will eventually end. This summer, co-founder Jack Dorsey once again became C.E.O.—albeit interim—after Dick Costolo stepped down. Dorsey's involvement in the company shouldn't be a total surprise. During a meeting earlier this year, the board flat out offered the position to him—"they begged" at one point, said one person present. But Dorsey said that he was committed to running Square. The real reason, according to people close to both companies, was that Square secretly filed to go public in the next 12 to 18 months, and it wouldn't be a good look to enter the markets without the company's chief executive at the helm. Either way, the fate of Dorsey—and Twitter—remains a mystery.

19 UBER CAPITALISTS

BILL GURLEY, MATT COHLER & PETER FENTON



BENCHMARK CAPITAL
AGES: 49, 38, 43. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$7 BILLION Benchmark's reported stake in Uber.

➳ **BUBBLE BUSTERS?** As the bubble talk spreads across Silicon Valley, the chief worrywart became Bill Gurley, the longest-serving active partner at Benchmark and an early investor in Twitter, Instagram, and Dropbox. In September, Gurley said that he was seeing an "excessive amount of risk" in the tech sector. Even if he's correct, Benchmark should weather just about any burst.

20 DANIEL EK



SPOTIFY
AGE: 32. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 18**)**

$8.53 BILLION Spotify's market valuation.

➳ **RIDING HIGH:** "I don't think Spotify has anything to worry about," one veteran music executive noted after the release of Apple's much-ballyhooed service. Just days after the Apple announcement, investors concurred; Spotify—with its 20 million paid subscribers—received a $526 million investment.

21 TONY FADELL



NEST
AGE: 46. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 41**)**

$3.2 BILLION The amount Google paid for Nest, Fadell's "smart home" invention.

➳ **THE ONE-MAN UNICORN:** There is a joke in Silicon Valley that Google paid $1 billion for Nest and twice that to "acqui-hire" Fadell. Indeed, many speculate that Brin and Page's decision to create Alphabet was influenced by Fadell's success running Nest as an independent entity.

22 SATYA NADELLA



MICROSOFT
AGE: 48. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 11**)**

18,000 Number of employees Microsoft laid off since last year.

➳ **GOING FULL DADDY WARBUCKS:** Nadella released the latest version of Windows for free; showed off a new futuristic V.R. headset, "HoloLens"; and gobbled up popular productivity apps such as Sunrise and Wunderlist, and the wildly popular game Minecraft. ➳ **WHAT TECHNOLOGY WILL BE OBSOLETE IN FIVE YEARS?** "Analog pen," Nadella says.

23 YURI MILNER



INVESTOR
AGE: 53. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 25**)**

$3.1 BILLION Milner's net worth, according to *Forbes*.

➳ **STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST:** The Russian investor, who made a killing on Facebook and Twitter, has lately been expanding into developing markets. His investment firm DST Global has poured millions of dollars into Xiaomi and Alibaba Group, which have

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helped nearly double his net worth, even with the deceleration of the Chinese economy.

➳ **ALIEN AMBITION:** Already a prolific scientific patron, Milner has pledged to donate $100 million over the next 10 years to the search for extraterrestrial life.

24 CHRIS SACCA



LOWERCASE CAPITAL
AGE: 40. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

49,902 Number of characters used in Sacca's epic diatribe against Twitter's management, this past June.

➳ **WATCH OUT FOR THE "UNABOMBER":** Sacca, the founder of Lowercase Capital, has ridden a steady wave of successes into the so-called Three Comma Club—the term, immortalized by HBO's *Silicon Valley,* that some V.C.'s use to refer to their billion-dollar bank accounts. Sacca was among the first investors in Twitter, Instagram, Stripe, and Uber. But he was nearly evicted from the club this past spring, when his net worth nose-dived along with Twitter's stock. So, Sacca wrote an 8,500-word screed about Twitter, which he followed with an ardent text-messaging campaign. In the end, he got what he wanted: Costolo left, Twitter's stock rose, and Sacca got his third comma back—at least for the moment. He also picked up an intimidating nickname along the way. Twitter's board members have begun calling him "the Unabomber," because he has been so destructive to the company's image.

25 STEWART BUTTERFIELD



SLACK
AGE: 42. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$280 MILLION Amount of money raised in one six-month period.

➳ **EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLE FROTHINESS?** Two years ago, the Flickr co-founder helped create Slack, a messaging service that is popular in offices and could someday replace work e-mail. Its investors—including not only Andreessen Horowitz and DST Global but even Jared Leto—recently valued the company at $2.8 billion. "I've been in this industry for 20 years," Butterfield told *The New York Times.* "This is the best time to raise money ever. It might be the best time for any kind of business in any industry to raise money for all of history, like, since the time of the ancient Egyptians!"

➳ **FROM COMMUNISM TO CAPITALISM:** Butterfield was born on a commune in rural



AN UBER FOR EVERYTHING



When you achieve a $51 billion valuation, you inspire a lot of imitators—even for the most vegetative, and disgusting, habits

➳ **COMPANY: Airpnp**
UBER FOR: Bathrooms.
SERVICE: Allows strangers to rent lavatories for personal use.
CASH STATUS: Bootstrapped.
DISRUPTING ... : waiting on the restroom line at Starbucks.

➳ **COMPANY: Eaze**
UBER FOR: Weed delivery.
SERVICE: Delivers pot and munchies in 35 cities.
CASH STATUS: Raised $10 million in venture capital last April.
DISRUPTING ... : time spent at the dispensary.

➳ **COMPANY: Alfred**
UBER FOR: Putting your stuff away.
SERVICE: For $100 a month, Alfred will send a butler to hang your dry cleaning or stock your fridge.
CASH STATUS: Raised $12.5 million in venture capital.
DISRUPTING ... : adulthood.

➳ **COMPANY: iCracked**
UBER FOR: Broken iPhones.
SERVICE: Dispatches a technician to fix your cracked smartphone screen.
CASH STATUS: Brought in $25 million in revenue last year.
DISRUPTING ... : the Genius Bar.

➳ **COMPANY: Postmates**
UBER FOR: Takeout.
SERVICE: Delivers food, toiletries, and office supplies.
CASH STATUS: Raised $80 million in June.
DISRUPTING ... : socialization.

➳ **COMPANY: Blade**
UBER FOR: Helicopters.
SERVICE: For about $450 a seat and up, Blade shuttles passengers between New York and various wealthy enclaves.
CASH STATUS: Valued at $25 million.
DISRUPTING ... : sitting in L.I.E. traffic.

➳ **COMPANY: Glamsquad**
UBER FOR: Beauty services.
SERVICE: One tap sends professional hair and makeup stylists to your house.
CASH STATUS: Raised $7 million in venture capital last year.
DISRUPTING ... : mascara accidents.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAMI NIEMI. PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOAH BERGER (24), DAVID PAUL MORRIS (25), BOTH FROM BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES



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Industry First



Display Key

British Columbia, without electricity or running water. His given name at birth was Dharma. ➳ **PREDICTION ABOUT THE WORLD IN 2020:** "People," he says, "will finally stop asking what your home telephone number is."

26 SAM ALTMAN



Y COMBINATOR
AGE: 30. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$65 BILLION Total value of the companies in Y Combinator's investment portfolio.

➳ **SO THAT'S HOW THE UNICORNS GET MADE:** Y Combinator, Altman's three-month mentorship program, is widely seen as the fastest way to achieve unicorn status. It invests seed money in fledgling start-ups and was among the earliest supporters of Airbnb, Zenefits, Reddit, and Stripe. "We're the university of the future," Altman says. ➳ **PET PROJECT:** Altman has been critical of fellow venture capitalists who warn about a start-up bubble while feeding it. "There are two possible explanations," says Altman, who succeeded co-founder Paul Graham as president of the firm last year. "Either they don't believe what they're saying, or it's because, as a V.C., you only get paid if you invest the capital." In other words, there is only one possible explanation: all that bubble-mongering is pretty profitable. ➳ **SO, ARE WE IN A BUBBLE?** "In China," Altman says.

27 SUSAN WOJCICKI



YOUTUBE
AGE: 47. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 19**)**

16 Wojcicki's employee number at Google.

➳ **STAGE OF INDUSTRY CONQUEST:** Wojcicki, who famously rented her garage to Sergey Brin and Larry Page, pushed for the search giant to acquire YouTube in 2006. But even today, with its ever more professional stars and millions of subscribers, YouTube has never delivered on its potential. Last year, Wojcicki took over in an effort to change all that. So far, it's a work in progress, but YouTube's revenue growth has helped bolster Google's more mature search business.

28 JOHN OLIVER



TV HOST
AGE: 38. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

18 Number of minutes Oliver devoted on his half-hour show to commercial chicken farming.

➳ **SPHERE OF INFLUENCE:** Oliver has established himself as perhaps the most disruptive journalist on television. *Last Week Tonight* has managed to build on mentor Jon Stewart's news-as-comedy shtick while producing deeply researched segments on hitherto obscure topics. Oliver's report on net neutrality—net neutrality!—spurred so many e-mails to the F.C.C. that the government agency's online comments page reportedly crashed. After a rant about bail-bond requirements, New York City mayor Bill de Blasio announced that he was easing his policies for low-level offenders. And the ratings are decidedly un-PBS-like. Oliver averages more than four million viewers a week.

29 NICK WOODMAN



GOPRO
AGE: 40. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 26**)**

$285 MILLION Woodman's pay package last year.

➳ **MORE THAN JUST OPTICS:** In 2014, holiday sales records and a blockbuster I.P.O. made Woodman the highest-paid executive in America. But things change fast in technology. Now some investors are worried that GoPro's "action cameras" could become passé as smartphone cameras continue to improve. Woodman has moved quickly to get in front of two hot trends. This spring he announced that GoPro would sell a camera rig to shoot video that can be viewed on virtual-reality devices and that the company would manufacture its own drones.

30 JAN KOUM



WHATSAPP
AGE: 39. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 43**)**

$7.4 BILLION Koum's net worth, according to *Forbes*.

➳ **DISRUPTING THE TEXT:** When Mark Zuckerberg closed the deal on WhatsApp, last fall, Facebook's stock price had pushed the value of Koum's six-year-old mobile-messaging start-up to roughly $22 billion, despite the company's noticeable paucity of revenue. Zuckerberg has said that he and Koum, a former food-stamp recipient, won't try to make money until the service gets to one billion users. But that should come later this year.

31 JASON BLUM



PRODUCER
AGE: 46. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$5 MILLION Budget for *Ouija*, which grossed more than $100 million worldwide.

➳ **SURPRISE COUP:** Blum's frugality has made him famous in Hollywood. (*Ouija,* he says, "started out as a $150

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVAN AGOSTINI/INVISION/A.P. IMAGES (28); FROM FILMMAGIC (27); BY PAUL ARCHULETA (31); JOHN CHIALA/CNBC (29); DAVID PAUL MORRIS/BLOOMBERG (26); DAVID RAMOS (30); ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES


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THE RHODES BLAZER

THE CLASSIC V-NECK CARDIGAN



J.Crew

THE CAPE JACKET



million movie and then was put through the Blumhouse System.") But now he's proving to be more than a budgeting genius. *Whiplash,* which Blum calls "the art-house version of a scary movie," earned him a best-picture nomination; he also won an Emmy for *The Normal Heart,* the HBO film about the AIDS epidemic. ➳ **SEQUEL ALERT:** That said, this fall will mark another edition of his *Paranormal Activity* franchise. Also on deck: *Ouija 2* and *The Purge 3.* ➳ **SHOULD POT BE LEGALIZED?** "Horror movies are better [enjoyed while] high," says Blum.

32 FEDERICO MARCHETTI



YOOX
AGE: 46. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$517 **Average cost of an order at Net-a-Porter, the e-retailer that Marchetti's Yoox plans to merge with.**

➳ **DISRUPTING RODEO DRIVE:** From his home base in Milan, Italy, Marchetti has quietly built a $1.4-billion-a-year retail powerhouse that includes the online outlet mall Yoox.com, the e-commerce operations for Dolce & Gabbana, Armani, Valentino, and, soon, the luxury Web shop Net-a-Porter. Yoox's specialty is helping luxury brands develop what Marchetti calls "an omni-channel shopping experience"—finding a way to sell their goods online as well as in stores. "We will continue to live in a hybrid world," he adds.

33 JONAH PERETTI



BUZZFEED
AGE: 41. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 32**)**

$1.5 BILLION **BuzzFeed's valuation.**

➳ **STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST:** Now that BuzzFeed is the envy of newsrooms everywhere, Peretti is preparing it to become a player in television. As he remarked at the Cannes Lions advertising convention, "It could be that you're watching things that are eight minutes long, or six minutes long, or lots of short-form content." In August, NBCUniversal agreed to invest $200 million in the company, bringing it to full-blown unicorn status.

34 THE VIRTUAL-REALITY DUDES

RONY ABOVITZ; PALMER LUCKEY & BRENDAN IRIBE



MAGIC LEAP; OCULUS VR
AGES: 44; 22, 36. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

21 **Age of Oculus VR founder Palmer Luckey at the time of Facebook's $2 billion acquisition.**

➳ **PLUGGED IN:** In the coming months, Facebook's big bet on Oculus will get its first test when the virtual-reality headset goes on sale. Meanwhile, Magic Leap, which raised more than $500 million from Google and other investors, is working away at its own futuristic headset from its home base in South Florida. Though the product is still likely years from hitting the market, those who have seen the so-called mixed-reality headset swear it's amazing.

35 SHANE SMITH



VICE
AGE: 45. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 22**)**

$300,000 **Cost of an intimate dinner Smith enjoyed in Las Vegas this year.**

➳ **CAN SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY VICE IS WORTH ALL THE FUSS?** The tattooed and profane Smith has established Vice, now worth an estimated $4 billion, as the portal through which big media companies believe they must pass to reach a millennial audience. But perhaps the reason behind Vice's appeal is that it's really just an old-school video-production company with a presence in more than 30 countries around the world. Vice has about the same audience size as Vox Media, but it's worth more than four times as much due to its extensive video archive and in-house creative-services studio, Virtue. Deals such as Vice's $100 million joint venture with Rogers Communications in Canada could help Smith deliver the revenue that his investors crave.

36 JESSICA ALBA



HONEST COMPANY
AGE: 34. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$200 MILLION **Alba's net worth, according to *Forbes.***

➳ **THE UNLIKELY UNICORN:** Honest Company, the actress's consumer-goods outfit, which sells nontoxic products like plant-based diapers and biodegradable dish soap, has been surprisingly formidable, with a valuation of $1 billion and distribution deals with large-scale retailers such as Costco, Target, and Nordstrom. Despite a kerfuffle about her sunscreen line, Alba plans to launch Honest Beauty, a new skin-care-and-cosmetics concern that promises, she says, "a diverse product range for every skin type and tone."

37 DREW HOUSTON



DROPBOX
AGE: 32. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 17**)**

$10 BILLION **Dropbox's valuation.**

➳ **SIGN OF FORTHCOMING TROUBLE:** Dropbox was a

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front-runner in the online-storage wars, but now the big guns are getting involved. Google, Amazon, and Microsoft are all pouring money into their own cloud-storage offerings. "Most people in the Valley feel like they've squandered their strategic hold," one tech insider says. ➳ **GIANT-SLAYING STRATEGY:** Houston has spent the past few years hawking Dropbox for Business, a $15-a-month version of the service that is tailor-made for corporations. ➳ **WHAT TECHNOLOGY WILL BE OBSOLETE IN FIVE YEARS?** "Voice mail, hopefully," he says.

38 JARED LETO



ACTOR, INVESTOR
AGE: 43. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

9 Number of unicorns that Leto invested in.

➳ **EVIDENCE OF TRIPLE-THREAT-DOM:** The Oscar-winning actor and guitarist has also recently become the go-to investor for Valley entrepreneurs hoping to get a movie star involved with their company. Over the past year Leto has backed Reserve, Reddit, Uber, Airbnb, Slack, and Zenefits. "Jared Leto may be best known for his movies, music, and recent Jesus look," says Aaron Levie, C.E.O. of Box, the corporate-cloud company. "But he's one of the savviest tech investors and entrepreneurs around." When Box's I.P.O. was delayed last year, Levie turned to Leto for a pep talk.

39 BILL SIMMONS



THE SPORTS GUY
AGE: 45. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

4.6 MILLION: Simmons's followers on Twitter.

➳ **MR. SIMMONS GOES TO HBO:** Cut loose from his $5-million-a-year ESPN contract, Simmons talked to just about everyone in media as he tried to find a new home, before he landed at HBO in a multi-year, multi-platform arrangement. What is left to negotiate, according to someone close to Simmons, is the written commentary that he is so known for. He's still shopping himself to other outlets to find a home for his column.

40 HUGO BARRA & LEI JUN



XIAOMI
AGES: 38, 45. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

1 Xiaomi's position in the Chinese smartphone market.

➳ **ODD COUPLE:** Two years ago, Barra and Lei seemed like an unusual pair. Barra was a star Google executive, who left the company sometime after his

WITH FRENEMIES LIKE THESE



In the olden days of tech (like, 15 years ago), Steve Jobs said Microsoft had "no taste"; Larry Ellison suggested that one rival executive must be "on drugs." Now a new generation prefers to make nice in public and withhold their acrimony for a private room in SoMa. Here's a rundown of the squabbles

EVAN WILLIAMS VS. JACK DORSEY

Both men sit on the board of their progeny, Twitter, but they aren't as close as they used to be after ousting each other from the company. At one point, they even stopped following each other on Twitter.

MARK ZUCKERBERG VS. EVAN SPIEGEL

Few people would turn down $3 billion from the Facebook founder. But most people aren't Spiegel, who has turned Snapchat into one of the world's top social platforms.

MARC ANDREESSEN VS. BILL GURLEY

The V.C.'s don't agree on much. Andreessen disavows a bubble; Gurley says it's real. Also, according to *The New Yorker*, Gurley once tried to get Andreessen's partner to cut him out of their company.

TRAVIS KALANICK VS. LOGAN GREEN

Kalanick, the co-founder of Uber, is an aggressive guy. This year, he tried to recruit drivers away from Lyft, Green's competing ride-share service. Lyft also accused Uber of canceling its cars.

TRAVIS KALANICK VS. LARRY PAGE

The two men may be partners—Google invested $258 million in Uber in 2013—but the bond seems to have frayed behind the scenes. Google has reportedly been mulling its own car-on-demand service, and Uber has been investing in self-driving cars, Google's bailiwick.

ILLUSTRATION BY RAMI NIEMI. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS PIZZELLO/INVISION (39); SUN XINMING/IMAGINE CHINA (40, RIGHT). BOTH FROM A.P. IMAGES; BY MICHEL DUFOUR (38); DAVID PAUL MORRIS/BLOOMBERG (40, LEFT). BOTH FROM GETTY IMAGES

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then girlfriend, a colleague, started secretly dating their boss, co-founder Sergey Brin. Lei was the founder and chairman of Xiaomi, a Chinese smartphone-maker that was best known in the West for slavishly copying Apple—all the way down to a proclivity for black shirts, mom jeans, and "one more thing" slides at keynote addresses. Nevertheless, Lei saw in Barra an executive who could help grow Xiaomi into a global force, and perhaps one day surpass the company his idol founded. ➤➤ **COMING TO AMERICA:** Xiaomi currently owns about 18 percent of the Chinese market, and Barra has said that Xiaomi plans to start selling its phones in the U.S. within a few years, bolstered, in all likelihood, by a monster marketing effort and some seriously low prices.

41 PREET BHARARA



FEDERAL PROSECUTOR
AGE: 47. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 23**)**

3 **Number of politicians who as of January were said to hold near-absolute power in New York State; Bharara has indicted two of them.**

➤➤ **A DISRUPTER, DISRUPTED:** The prosecutor's rep as a righteous fighter of financial corruption took a hit late last year when a court overturned his conviction of two hedge-fund traders, breaking a celebrated undefeated streak in insider-trading cases and possibly putting other wins in jeopardy. Bharara has been pursuing a sweeping corruption crackdown in New York, where, after publicly tussling with Governor Andrew Cuomo, he indicted the leaders of New York's senate and assembly. "Public corruption is a pervasive problem in New York," Bharara says. "We're going to keep working."

42 THE NARRATORS

ALEX GIBNEY, SARAH KOENIG, ANDREW JARECKI & RANEY ARONSON-RATH



DIRECTOR; ***SERIAL;*** **DIRECTOR;** ***FRONTLINE***
AGES: 61, 46, 52, 45.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

97 MILLION **Downloads of *Serial* since it aired.**

➤➤ **EVIDENCE OF UN-MOGULDOM:** Long-form investigative projects thrived last year. Andrew Jarecki's *The Jinx,* about real-estate scion Robert Durst, and Alex Gibney's *Going Clear,* a takedown of Scientology, stood out as breakthrough moments. Raney Aronson-Rath, meanwhile, took over the reins at *Frontline* from founder David Fanning. But success took some of the players by surprise. The runaway podcast hit *Serial,* hosted by Sarah Koenig, initially planned to have no more than 300,000 downloads when it was conceived, and the series's producers signed a deal with public-radio favorite MailChimp to be the podcast's sponsor. And then the saga of Adnan Syed and Hae Min Lee became a water-cooler staple—and *Serial* reached five million downloads faster than any podcast in history, costing the show millions of dollars in lost revenue, which is basically billions in radio terms.

43 DAVID DEWALT & KEVIN MANDIA



FIREEYE
AGES: 51, 44. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

41 **Number of pets at FireEye C.E.O. DeWalt's Bay Area home, including a kunekune pig.**

➤➤ **BATTLE LINES:** If the wars of the future will be contested in the cloud—by the North Koreans, say, who (allegedly) hacked into Sony Pictures employees' e-mail accounts—then FireEye will sell the weapons. Mandia, who joined as C.O.O. in early 2014 when DeWalt bought the cyber-security company for about $1 billion, personally oversaw Sony's response to last year's debacle. "It's a damn lonely planet if you get hacked," he says. But it is good if you're in the cyber-security software business! Sales were up 69 percent in the first quarter of 2015.

44 PATRICK COLLISON & JOHN COLLISON



STRIPE
AGES: 27, 25. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$5 BILLION **Stripe's valuation.**

➤➤ **IRISH EYES ARE SMILING:** The Collison Brothers sounds like the name of a boy band, or maybe an autobody shop based in New Jersey. But it's actually the moniker given to Patrick and John Collison, two Limerick brothers who founded Stripe, which lets people accept payments online. After raising more than $190 million in funding, the company took in another massive round in July, with money coming in from American Express, Visa, and a couple of big V.C. firms.

45 ADAM NEUMANN



WEWORK
AGE: 35. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$150 MILLION **WeWork's estimated 2015 revenue.**

➤➤ **SPHERE OF INFLUENCE:**

PHOTOGRAPHS © JAMEL TOPPIN/FORBES COLLECTION/CORBIS OUTLINE (45); BY BRIAN ACH (44, RIGHT), FREDERICK M. BROWN (42, RIGHT), MIKE COPPOLA (42, SECOND FROM LEFT), ARAYA DIAZ (42, SECOND FROM RIGHT), MICHAEL KOVAC (43, RIGHT), DAVID PAUL MORRIS/BLOOMBERG (44, LEFT), KEVIN WINTER (42, LEFT), ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES; BY XAVIER POPY/REA/REDUX (43, LEFT); BY BRYAN SMITH/ZUMA PRESS/NEWSCOM (41)

A CITY ONCE CALLED THE PARIS OF THE MIDWEST NO LONGER BELIEVES THAT COMPARISON IS GOOD ENOUGH.

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WeWork, a chain of 50 shared office spaces, saw its value rocket to $10 billion this past spring. The company offers its 30,000 members pay-as-you-go workspaces for as little as $45 a month, including perks such as snacks, beer, yoga classes, and so forth. The company is still small—its 3.5 million square feet of leased space makes it a runt in the commercial real-estate market—and it could lose members in a hurry if another downturn hits. But Neumann, the company's hunky co-founder, has said he plans to add two or three more WeWork locations per month to the ones he's already running. **➳ WHAT TECHNOLOGY DO YOU EXPECT TO SEE IN FIVE YEARS?** "Technology for both life extension and space travel," he says. "WeWork Mars is in our pipeline."

46 MARISSA MAYER



YAHOO

AGE: 40. **YEAR AHEAD:** → **(PREVIOUS RANK:** 15**)**

$31 BILLION **The approximate value of Yahoo's stake in Alibaba.**

➳ MEDIA FEVER DREAMS: Three years after Mayer took over the Web pioneer, her attempt to turn it into a thriving media company appears to have fallen flat. Naysayers argue that she has little to show for the flurry of acquisitions, hires, and grand pronouncements. Nevertheless, Mayer is still pushing hard to spend big on content. Earlier this year she re-signed news anchor Katie Couric, bumping her annual salary to $10 million. **➳ EVIDENCE OF A POST-ALIBABA WORLD:** After pressure from investors, Mayer decided to spin off the Alibaba holdings into a separate public company, Aabaco, to go into effect later this year. This would leave a diminished Yahoo at a market valuation of about $6 billion—not even "decacorn" status. **➳ PAGING THE MANAGEMENT CONSULTANTS!** According to author Nicholas Carlson, Mayer addressed employees at an all-hands meeting by reading a children's book, *Bobbie Had a Nickel.*

47 THE BANSALS

SACHIN BANSAL & BINNY BANSAL



FLIPKART

AGES: 34, 32. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗ **(PREVIOUS RANK:** NEW**)**

$15 BILLION **Flipkart's valuation.**

➳ AN EMBARRASSMENT OF BANSALS: Amazon may be in India, but the Amazon *of* India is Flipkart. Founders Sachin and Binny Bansal, who worked together at Bezos's Seattle-based e-marketplace prior to branching out on their own in 2007, aren't actually brothers, however. In fact, the name Bansal is vexingly popular in the Indian tech industry. Flipkart's rival, Snapdeal, was co-founded by Rohit Bansal; the apparel retailer Myntra was co-founded by Mukesh Bansal. Finally, there's LensKart, which was founded by Peyush Bansal.

48 ADI TATARKO



HOUZZ

AGE: 43. **YEAR AHEAD:** → **(PREVIOUS RANK:** NEW**)**

35 MILLION **Monthly unique visitors to the company's home-design site.**

➳ DISRUPTING THE LIVING ROOM: Adi Tatarko, the co-founder of the catchily named Houzz, has spent much of the past year hopscotching around the United Kingdom, Australia, Germany, and Japan to expand her upscale home-design e-marketplace. Subsequently, the company's staff has more than doubled, to 550, and its valuation risen to more than $2 billion. Not surprisingly, she's optimistic about its future. The home-improvement and -furnishing markets, she says, "are valued at $1.2 trillion in the U.S. and Europe alone."

49 THE MOBILE STARS

JEROME JARRE, LELE PONS & ANDREW B. BACHELOR



AGES: 25, 19, 27. **YEAR AHEAD:** → **(PREVIOUS RANK:** NEW**)**

➳ DISRUPTING YOUTUBE: Just as marketers were getting their heads around the idea that YouTube was creating its own stars, a new cohort, specializing in even shorter videos for mobile phones, emerged on Vine, Snapchat, and Instagram. French-born Jerome Jarre, the dramaturge behind a Vine video asking, "Why is everybody afraid of love?," amassed more than seven million followers on the Twitter-owned platform. Then, in a sign of the times, he started appearing on Snapchat. Meanwhile, the biggest Vine star, Andrew "KingBach" Bachelor, has more than 13 million followers and heads up a loose collective of other post–movie stars.

50 MEREDITH PERRY



UBEAM

AGE: 25. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗ **(PREVIOUS RANK:** NEW**)**

$1.7 MILLION **Money raised from Marissa Mayer and others.**

➳ DISRUPTING THE … POWER CORD? uBeam, the company Perry started in her Penn dorm room, uses ultrasonic frequencies to charge your gadgets through the air. Last year, she emerged with a working prototype and raised $10 million more. **➳ EVERYONE'S GOT A WINKLEVOSS:** Perry was sued by her co-founder, Nora Dweck, who claimed to have been cheated out of her share of the company. (The two have since settled.) **➳ ARE WE IN A BUBBLE?** "I like to think real meaningful/impactful/necessary technology is excluded from these discussions," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IMEH AKPANUDOSEN (50), TRISTAN FEWINGS (49, LEFT), MANJUNATH KIRAN/AFP (47, LEFT), DAVID PAUL MORRIS/BLOOMBERG (46, 48), ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES; BY ADRIANA M. BARRAZA (49, CENTER), NIKKI NELSON (49, RIGHT), BOTH FROM WENN.COM/NEWSCOM

THE POWERS THAT BE

1 TAYLOR SWIFT



MUSICIAN
AGE: 25. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

6 BILLION Number of views on Swift's YouTube page.

➳ **ARENA OF GLOBAL CONQUEST:** Swift isn't merely the world's favorite pop star, putting up sales numbers that are nearly unfathomable in the post-Napster age—she is also using her platform to make giant companies conform to her will. After pulling her catalogue off Spotify last year, Swift wrote an open letter to Apple asking it to pay artists during the free-trial period of its new music service. She posted the note on Tumblr on a Sunday and the company complied within hours.

2 BOB IGER



THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY
AGE: 64. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 2**)**

$2 BILLION The expected box-office gross of *Star Wars: The Force Awakens.*

➳ **ACCRETIVE BRILLIANCE:** Iger is on such a world-beating run that Disney's board lured him away from possible retirement and extended his contract through June 2018. Disney's market value, more than $160 billion, has nearly tripled over the past five years, thanks in large part to his acquisitions of Pixar (in 2006), Marvel (in 2009), and Lucasfilm (in 2012). The Pixar and Marvel deals, in particular, continued to bear fruit in 2015. Another *Avengers* movie topped $1 billion, and the Lucas deal may turn out to be even bigger after the first of three *Star Wars* films opens, in December. ➳ **CORD-CUTTING CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON?** Subscriptions to ESPN, long a crown jewel of the portfolio, dropped in its most recent quarter—an omen for the dawn of the cord-cutting era. The drop prompted a sell-off of not only Disney stock but also those of other media companies.

3 THE MURDOCHS

JAMES, RUPERT & LACHLAN MURDOCH



21ST CENTURY FOX, NEWS CORP.
AGES: 42, 84, 44. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 1**)**

24 MILLION Viewers for the G.O.P. primary debate, in August, broadcast on Fox News.

➳ **STAGE OF SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA:** In June, Rupert anointed his younger son, James, as the next C.E.O. of 21st Century Fox; he also made his elder, once exiled son, Lachlan, the executive co-chairman—alongside himself—of the film-and-television company as well as News Corp. (Lachlan was already co-chairman of News Corp.) The power-sharing arrangement could lead to a sibling feud, but in the brothers' first earnings call, Lachlan declared otherwise: "It's a true 50-50 partnership," he said.

4 BRIAN ROBERTS & STEVE BURKE

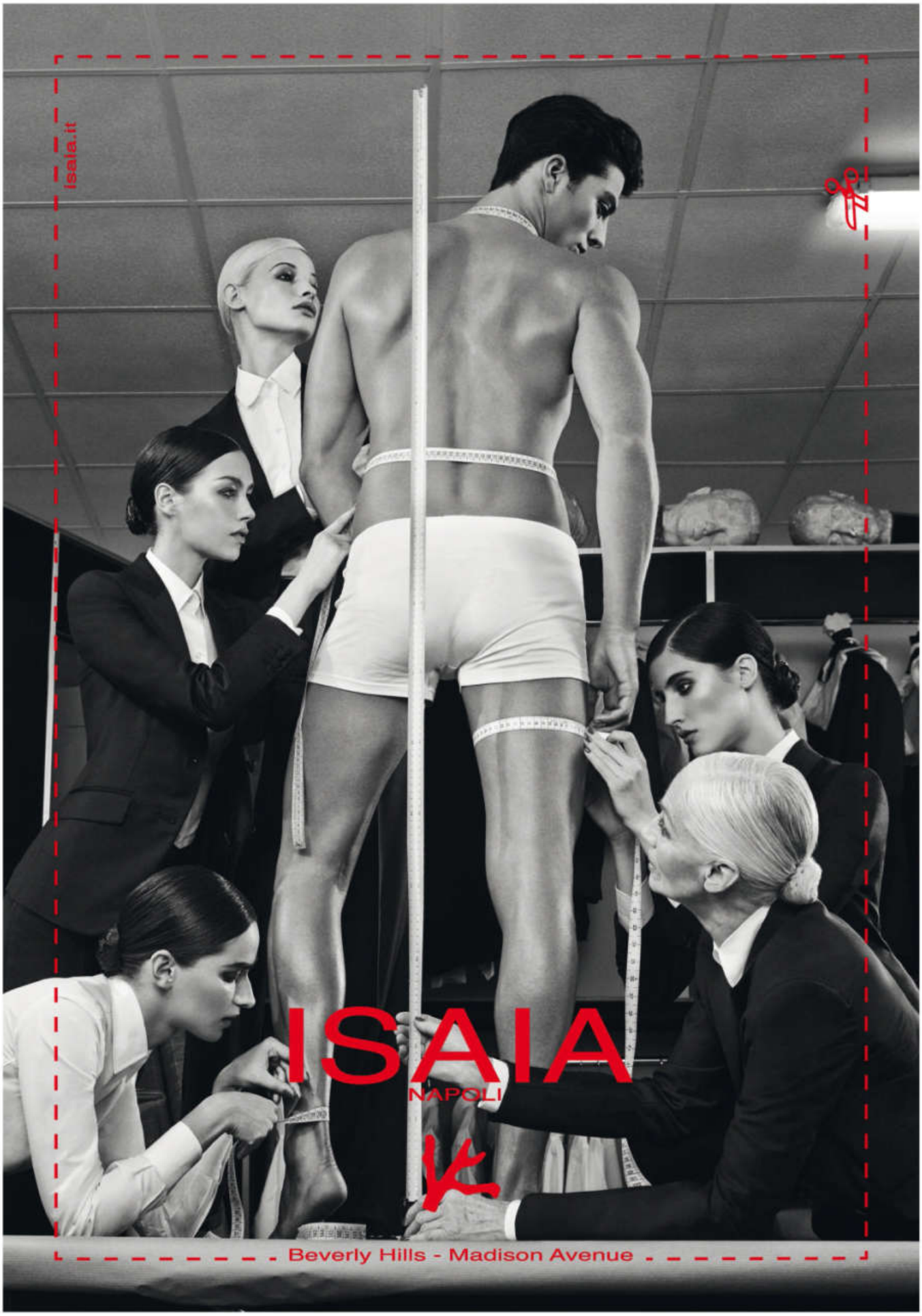


COMCAST
AGES: 57, 56. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 3**)**

$5.5 BILLION Threshold crossed in global box-office receipts for Universal this year—an industry record.

➳ **OH, NBC:** At first, it looked like a disastrous year for Comcast. Brian Williams's suspension threatened to crater its evening news division; the affable C.E.O. Roberts was thwarted in his company's attempted $45 billion takeover of Time Warner Cable. ➳ **SILVER-LINING ALERT!** Remarkably, however, NBC Nightly News has returned to No. 1 while helmed by Lester Holt, and *Today* is now neck and neck with *G.M.A.* Under the leadership of Burke, Universal has also had an unprecedented year. Run by Jeff Shell and Ron Meyer, it now leads studios in box-office receipts. *Jurassic*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON LAVERIS/FILMMAGIC (3, LEFT AND RIGHT); BY DANIEL ACKER/BLOOMBERG (4, LEFT), ROBYN BECK/AFP (2), TAYLOR HILL (3, CENTER), JOSIAH KAMAU/BUZZFOTO (1); ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES; BY BYRON PURVIS/ADMEDIA/SIPA USA (4, RIGHT)


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World has earned more than $1.5 billion worldwide; *Minions* netted more than $875 million; *Trainwreck* earned raves and crossed $100 million.

5 RICHARD PLEPLER



HBO
AGE: 56. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 17)

$1 BILLION **Amount that analysts expect the network to spend on programming in 2015.**

➳ **STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST:** "There is nothing errant or scary or left to chance," says a rival executive about HBO's chief. Plepler, who sports an Agnelli-like tan year-round, and runs the same stretch of the East River every night, has grown HBO to its highest subscription rate in history, with nearly 120 million paying customers. In an embrace of millennial cord cutters, he recently launched the streaming service HBO Now, which quickly became one of the top-grossing items in Apple's U.S. App Store. And despite competition from Silicon Valley, HBO still has a lock on original programming with a record 126 Emmy nominations—including a few for *Silicon Valley.* ➳ **LATEST COUPS:** After Plepler won the Bill Simmons sweepstakes, he worked out a deal to broadcast the next five seasons of *Sesame Street* on HBO and its streaming platform.

6 LEBRON JAMES



ATHLETE
AGE: 30. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW)

$215 MILLION **The estimated economic boost to the Cleveland area provided by James's return to the Cavaliers, according to Bloomberg.**

➳ **KINGDOM COMEBACK:** Star athletes generally sign long-term contracts to secure future earnings. But James, who enjoyed a well-received supporting role in *Trainwreck* and recently started a production deal with Warner Bros., is so bankable that he is expected to buck the trend by signing contracts that allow him to opt out every year as the N.B.A. salary cap increases.

7 J. J. ABRAMS



FILMMAKER
AGE: 49. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: 24)

$467 MILLION **Worldwide box office for *Into Darkness,* Abrams's most recent *Star Trek* film.**

➳ **STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST:** "Any year in which you tell Harrison Ford what you think Han Solo would do, and then he kindly does it, is about as impossibly surreal a year as you can have," says Abrams. After back-to-back *Star Trek* successes, Abrams will attempt to please an even more committed geek cohort this Christmas with *Star Wars: The Force Awakens.* Paramount recently extended its first-look agreement with Abrams's production company, Bad Robot, through July 2018.

8 THE FUNNY GUYS

STEPHEN COLBERT, JAMES CORDEN, JIMMY FALLON, JIMMY KIMMEL, BILL MAHER, SETH MEYERS, TREVOR NOAH, CONAN O'BRIEN & LARRY WILMORE **(see also p. 248)**



COMEDIANS
AGES: 51, 37, 40, 47, 59, 41, 31, 52, 53. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 15)

27 **Percentage increase in total viewers for *The Tonight Show* since Fallon took over.**

➳ **STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST:** Late-night television is fully transcending the actual living room. Fallon is the current leader, with more than 3.5 million nightly television viewers and more than seven million YouTube subscribers. Kimmel is right behind, with around 2.7 million TV viewers and more than six million YouTube subscribers. The big question is whether Colbert's *Late Show,* in which he plays himself, will translate to a broader audience, too. ➳ **UBER OR LYFT:** "Uber," says Kimmel. "It's like a limo ride with just a hint of kidnapping."

9 HILLARY CLINTON



POLITICIAN
AGE: 67. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 9)

$2.5 BILLION **Amount that Clinton's campaign hopes to raise.**

➳ **HILLARY VS. HILLARY:** Given that her most serious threats for the presidency are currently a self-proclaimed socialist, Bernie Sanders, and Donald Trump, Clinton's biggest obstacle remains herself. After she turned over her server and 55,000 pages of e-mails to the State Department, potential leaks could become increasingly damaging—perhaps inviting that Biden run.

10 LEE DANIELS



DIRECTOR, PRODUCER
AGE: 55. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW)

16.7 MILLION **Average weekly audience for *Empire,* this year's top-rated new TV series.**

➳ **PRIME-TIME PLATINUM:** *Empire,* Daniels's prime-time hip-hop soap ("Black

PHOTOGRAPHS © GREG ELMS/THE FOOD PASSIONATES/CORBIS (8); BY MICHAEL KOVAC (5); ETHAN MILLER (9); DONATO SARDELLA (7). ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES; BY GIAN MARCO CASTELBERG/13 PHOTO/REDUX (6); BY EARL GIBSON III/WIREIMAGE (10)


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Dynasty," as he puts it), was one of the biggest shows on television during its inaugural season, thanks to an impressive cast and Daniels's eye for character—especially the fabulously fearsome Cookie Lyon, played by Taraji P. Henson. "There is something completely relatable with this badass woman who also has a heart of gold," says Daniels, the acclaimed director (*The Butler, Precious*) who recently signed a multi-year deal with 20th Century Fox that allows him to write, direct, and develop new prime-time shows.

11 DAVID ZASLAV



DISCOVERY COMMUNICATIONS
AGE: 55. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 7**)**

$156 MILLION His 2014 compensation.

➳ **MOGUL BURN:** "Every device and every wire is really a dumb pipe," says the longtime Discovery boss, referring to possible threats posed by relative TV newcomers such as Netflix and YouTube. "None of those come to life without great content. We have that." The value of Discovery's portfolio—which includes Discovery Channel, TLC, Oprah Winfrey's OWN, and the rights to carry the Olympics through 2024 in Europe—has climbed from about $6 billion in 2007, when Zaslav took over, to around $30 billion today.

12 KANYE WEST & KIM KARDASHIAN



MUSICIAN; REALITY-TV STAR
AGES: 38, 34. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$28 MILLION Kim Kardashian's estimated 2014 earnings.

➳ **STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST:** The West-Kardashian coupling represents a strong argument in favor of corporate synergy. West gives Kardashian artistic legitimacy, and the reality star and spokesperson offers her acclaimed yet famously difficult rapper husband something bordering on broad appeal. Kardashian's new book, *Selfish,* earned what seemed like genuine praise—at least in a Warholian way—from some book critics. West is currently recording his next album, under the working title *Swish,* which reportedly includes collaborations with Paul McCartney and Bruno Mars. It promises to be even more Spotify-friendly than his critically beloved *Yeezus.* ➳ **CAN'T STOP THE HUSTLE:** Kardashian and West also demonstrated a well-honed alacrity for entering new industries. Kardashian authorized her likeness to an app developer in a deal that could pay her up to $85 million. West, who is moving further into the fashion business, recently released his latest collaboration with Adidas, the Yeezy Boost 350, a limited edition that fetched up to $10,000 on eBay from eager sneakerheads.

THE COAST OF DYSTOPIA

Assessing the existential threats of Silicon Valley's emerging technologies



1 TECHNOLOGY: Artificial intelligence.
BIG-SHOT PROPONENTS: Marc Andreessen, Larry Page.
PERCEIVED THREAT TO HUMANITY: Robots take over the world and kill us all!
LIKELY REALITY: An R2-D2 fetches your laundry.

2 TECHNOLOGY: Drones.
BIG-SHOT PROPONENTS: Jeff Bezos, Nick Woodman.
PERCEIVED THREAT: Incessant snooping; midair collisions.
LIKELY REALITY: High-tech pizza boys.

3 TECHNOLOGY: Electromagnetic pulse.
BIG-SHOT PROPONENT: The Chinese People's Liberation Army.
PERCEIVED THREAT: Frying all electronic devices in a 15-mile radius.
LIKELY REALITY: 2017 summer tentpole fodder.

4 TECHNOLOGY: Driverless cars.
BIG-SHOT PROPONENTS: Sergey Brin, Travis Kalanick.
PERCEIVED THREAT: Hacker-induced mass murder on the 101.
LIKELY REALITY: Better parallel parking.

5 TECHNOLOGY: Virtual reality.
BIG-SHOT PROPONENTS: Mark Zuckerberg, Palmer Luckey.
PERCEIVED THREAT: Mass video-game addiction; mind control.
LIKELY REALITY: *Avengers V.R.*

ILLUSTRATION BY RAMI NIEMI. PHOTOGRAPHS BY GONZALO/BAUER-GRIFFIN/GC IMAGES (12, RIGHT); MICHAEL KOVAC/GETTY IMAGES (11); DANNY MARTINDALE/WIREIMAGE (12, LEFT)

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13 ROGER GOODELL



NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE
AGE: 56. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 8**)**

$105 MILLION **Gross compensation during one five-year period as commissioner.**

➳ **MAN IN THE ARENA:** Despite the endless saga of Deflategate, football games sell advertisements like nothing else. This spring, Goodell got Yahoo to pay a reported $20 million for the right to live-stream a 9:30 A.M. E.S.T. game between the lowly Buffalo Bills and the Jacksonville Jaguars, to be played in London.

14 D. B. WEISS & DAVID BENIOFF



GAME OF THRONES
AGES: 44. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

2.2 MILLION **Number of times a single episode of *Thrones* was illegally downloaded in 12 hours during last season.**

➳ **LATEST SIGN OF INVINCIBILITY:** On-screen violence—especially the rape of perpetually tormented Sansa Stark—led to a public outcry. (Senator Claire McCaskill called for a boycott.) But none of that stopped the most popular show in HBO's history, which has earned 24 Emmy nominations, from breaking its own ratings records and wooing fans to HBO Now. The network has invited creators Benioff and Weiss to make three more seasons—and perhaps even a prequel.

15 MARC BENIOFF



SALESFORCE
AGE: 50. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 23**)**

$40 MILLION **Compensation for fiscal year 2015.**

➳ **MAKING IT RAIN:** Benioff, the billionaire founder of Salesforce, has positioned himself as the tech world's moral conscience. In March, after Indiana's governor signed the anti-gay Religious Freedom Restoration Act, Benioff tweeted that he was pulling all Salesforce business from the state. (The law was subsequently changed, and Salesforce dropped its boycott.) The following month, he announced that Salesforce was reviewing the salaries of its female employees to ensure that they were being fairly compensated. He's been able to push for all the do-gooder stuff, perhaps, because he continues to line his shareholders' pockets. "He's the closest thing the Bay Area has to Mike Bloomberg," says one notable tech investor.

16 MICHAEL RAPINO



LIVE NATION
AGE: 50. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: 21**)**

25 MILLION **Total number of tickets sold in 2014.**

➳ **SPHERE OF INFLUENCE:** In the Internet Age, concerts are the main way musicians make money, and Rapino dominates that business. Live Nation represented more than 2,700 shows last year. He also signed a long-term contract with Yahoo to stream concerts and struck similar deals with Snapchat and Vice. ➳ **COURTING THE UNWASHED MASSES:** During the past year, Live Nation has acquired controlling stakes in Bonnaroo and Lollapalooza.

17 LEE JAE-YONG



SAMSUNG
AGE: 47. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 11**)**

83 MILLION **Number of smartphones Samsung reportedly shipped in the first quarter of 2015.**

➳ **REAL-LIFE *GAME OF THRONES*:** Samsung's longtime dauphin has consolidated power at the family-controlled conglomerate in the wake of the hospitalization of his father, Lee Kun-hee. Samsung, which makes far less money per phone than Apple, could use a little youthful vigor. The company's market share is falling, squeezed by growing demand for Xiaomi's ultra-affordable handsets in China and Apple's ultra-premium ones everywhere else.

18 BRADLEY COOPER



ACTOR
AGE: 40. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$547 MILLION **Worldwide box-office gross of *American Sniper*.**

➳ **SECRET AMBITION:** While Cooper has been busy on Broadway (*The Elephant Man*) and on-camera (this month's drama/comedy *Burnt,* and *Joy,* in December, which will re-unite him with David O. Russell and Jennifer Lawrence), he's also been building an impressive portfolio as a producer. He and business partner Todd Phillips have a first-look deal with Warner Bros. Pictures, and are serving as executive producers for the CBS thriller *Limitless* and Syfy's forthcoming *Hyperion.* (He also pulled off a hysterical turn as a zoot-suit-wearing theater-loving counselor in Netflix's new prequel to *Wet Hot American Summer.*) But insiders speculate that the actor would like to follow the model of his *Sniper* director, Clint Eastwood, and make his own debut behind the camera with the studio. He's in talks to remake *A Star Is Born.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF KRAVITZ/FILMMAGIC (14, LEFT); BY NOAH BERGER/BLOOMBERG (15); ANDREW BURTON (13); SEONGJOON CHO/BLOOMBERG (17); C. FLANIGAN (14, RIGHT); ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES; BY DANIEL HAMBURY/*EVENING STANDARD*/EYEVINE/REDUX (16); BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES (18)

HALL OF FAME

2015

- **Herb Allen III,** Allen & Co.
- **Michael Bloomberg,** Bloomberg L.P.
- **Lee Kun-hee,** Samsung
- **Walt Mossberg and Kara Swisher,** Re/code
- **Tyler Perry,** filmmaker
- ***The New York Times***
- ***The Wall Street Journal***

2014

- **Matt Drudge,** Drudge Report
- **Jon Feltheimer,** Lionsgate
- **Scott Rudin,** Scott Rudin Productions
- **Jon Stewart,** *The Daily Show*
- **Peter Thiel,** Founders Fund
- **Harvey and Bob Weinstein,** Weinstein Company
- **Fred Wilson,** Union Square Ventures

2013

- **Jeff Bewkes,** Time Warner
- **John Lasseter,** Walt Disney/Pixar
- **Natalie Massenet,** Net-a-Porter

2012

- **Bernard Arnault,** LVMH
- **David Boies,** attorney
- **Jim Breyer,** Breyer Capital
- **Diego Della Valle,** Tod's
- **Mickey Drexler,** J. Crew
- **Larry Gagosian,** Gagosian Gallery
- **Marc Jacobs,** designer
- **Lorne Michaels,** *Saturday Night Live*
- **Michael Moritz,** Sequoia Capital
- **Vivi Nevo,** NV Investments
- **Jean Pigozzi,** investor
- **François-Henri Pinault,** PPR

2011

- **Edgar Bronfman Jr.,** Warner Music Group
- **Warren Buffett,** Berkshire Hathaway
- **Ron Conway,** angel investor
- **Philippe Dauman,** Viacom
- **Barry Diller,** IAC
- **John Doerr,** Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers
- **Larry Ellison,** Oracle Corporation
- **Tom Ford,** designer, filmmaker
- **Ted Forstmann,** IMG Worldwide
- **Tom Freston,** Firefly3
- **Brian Grazer and Ron Howard,** Imagine Entertainment
- **Tom Hanks,** actor
- **Jeffrey Katzenberg,** DreamWorks Animation
- **Vinod Khosla,** Khosla Ventures
- **Karl Lagerfeld,** Chanel
- **Ralph Lauren,** Polo Ralph Lauren
- **John Malone,** Liberty Media
- **Ron Meyer,** NBCUniversal
- **Leslie Moonves,** CBS
- **Ronald Perelman,** MacAndrews & Forbes
- **Miuccia Prada,** Prada
- **Charlie Rose,** talk-show host
- **Eric Schmidt,** Google
- **Terry Semel,** investor
- **Diane von Furstenberg,** DVF
- **Oprah Winfrey,** OWN

2010

- **Bill Clinton,** Clinton Foundation
- **Robert De Niro,** actor
- **Doug Morris,** Sony Music Entertainment
- **Steven Spielberg,** director
- **Creative Artists Agency**
- **ICM Partners**
- **United Talent Agency**
- **William Morris Endeavor Entertainment**

2009

- **Herb Allen,** Allen & Company
- **Paul Allen,** Vulcan Capital
- **Giorgio Armani,** Armani Group
- **Jimmy Buffett,** Margaritaville
- **Oscar de la Renta,** designer, **and Annette de la Renta,** philanthropist
- **David Geffen,** impresario
- **Mick Jagger,** Rolling Stones
- **George Lucas,** Lucasfilm
- **Mike Nichols,** director
- **Sumner Redstone,** Viacom
- **Jacob Rothschild,** RIT Capital Partners
- **Diane Sawyer,** news anchor
- **Jerry Weintraub,** Jerry Weintraub Productions

2008

- **Chris Blackwell,** Island Outpost
- **Gordon Crawford,** Capital Group
- **Bill and Melinda Gates,** Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation
- **Frank Gehry,** Gehry Partners
- **Andy Grove,** Intel
- **Charles Gwathmey,** Gwathmey Siegel Kaufman Architects
- **Kirk Kerkorian,** Tracinda
- **Leonard Lauder and Ronald Lauder,** Estée Lauder Companies
- **Richard Meier,** Richard Meier & Partners Architects
- **Richard Parsons,** former chairman, Time Warner
- **Charles Saatchi,** Saatchi Gallery
- **George Soros,** Soros Fund Management
- **Ted Turner,** Turner Foundation
- **Barbara Walters,** *The View*
- **Jack Welch,** former chairman, General Electric

19 REID HOFFMAN & JEFF WEINER



LINKEDIN

AGES: 48, 45. YEAR AHEAD: →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 16)

380 MILLION **Approximate worldwide users.**

C-SUITE TURNAROUND: While Hoffman has remained ensconced in his main role as a savvy investor at Greylock Partners, the V.C. firm, Weiner has drawn criticism for a falling stock price. But LinkedIn has other tricks up its sleeve, such as its $1.5 billion purchase of online education company Lynda.com. "We have a very clear road map," Weiner told *Fortune*. **WHAT TECHNOLOGY DO YOU EXPECT TO SEE IN FIVE YEARS?** "Sensors," says Weiner. "In your clothes, on your wrist, in your car, in your home."

20 LOWELL McADAM



VERIZON

AGE: 61. YEAR AHEAD: →
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW)

$4.4 BILLION **The price Verizon paid to buy AOL.**

EMPIRE BUILDING: The longtime telecom executive with

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAMI NIEMI. PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOAH BERGER/BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES (19, LEFT), MICHAEL LOCCISANO/GETTY IMAGES (19, RIGHT), RICK WILKING/REUTERS/LANDOV (20)

a reliable cell-phone network, and a public persona as dynamic as a phone book, seems poised to turn Verizon into an unlikely media giant. His AOL acquisition gives the company control over fast-growing advertising technologies and the Huffington Post. And thanks to a renewed contract, he'll also have the services of its founder, Arianna Huffington. (As *The New York Times* noted this summer, Huffington rebuffed an attempt to relegate her to a ceremonial role—an effort dubbed "the popemobile.") Meanwhile, McAdam is said to be building a wireless pay-TV service. ➤➤ **PUBLIC FEUD:** McAdam picked a fight with Disney by launching a low-cost version of Verizon's FiOS TV service that left ESPN out of its "skinny bundle" base package. If Verizon prevails in the resulting lawsuit, it could help permanently dent ESPN's power while spelling the end of traditional cable bundles.

21 JAY Z & BEYONCÉ



MUSICIANS
AGES: 45, 34. **YEAR AHEAD:** →
(PREVIOUS RANK: 5**)**

$115 MILLION, $60 MILLION **Beyoncé's and Jay Z's 2014 earnings, respectively.**

➤➤ **HAVING IT ALL?** After a year filled with rumors about their marriage, and in which Beyoncé earned nearly double her husband's income, Jay Z has struggled of late to pull his share in this dynastic power couple. His would-be Spotify competitor, Tidal, which he helped purchase for $56 million and then relaunched with Beyoncé and a bevy of famous partners, has been beset by turmoil, including two departed C.E.O.'s and a $50 million lawsuit. ➤➤ **TOKEN VANITY PROJECT:** In February, the couple helped introduce 22 Days Nutrition, a vegan-diet meal-delivery service that will compete in the same space as Plated, Hello Fresh, and even the newly minted unicorn Blue Apron.

22 BILL ACKMAN



PERSHING SQUARE CAPITAL MANAGEMENT
AGE: 49. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$20 BILLION **Pershing's capital under management.**

➤➤ **BIG BOLD MOVE:** Last year—and try to stay with us here—Ackman teamed up with Valeant, a highly acquisitive drug company, while also buying stakes in Allergan, the maker of Botox; then Valeant (and Ackman) made a bid for . . . Allergan, whose shares had since skyrocketed and made a fortune for, yes, Ackman. The best part is that, in the end, even though the deal fell through, Ackman still walked away with around $2.6 billion in profit. More recently, he has turned his scrutiny on Mondelēz International, the maker of Oreos and Ritz Crackers. ➤➤ **TENNIS, ANYONE?** The longtime enthusiast is reportedly planning to build a private court atop his new office on the far West Side of Manhattan.

23 MARGRETHE VESTAGER



E.U. COMPETITION COMMISSIONER
AGE: 47. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

116,000 **Number of Twitter followers, an unofficial record for a Danish economics minister.**

➤➤ **EVIDENCE OF EUROPEAN SCOURGE-DOM:** Vestager, who inspired a character on *Borgen,* the Nordic *West Wing,* has taken on a number of corporate giants. None was bigger than Google, against which she leveled formal anti-trust charges in April, for trying to boost its other, less dominant businesses. ➤➤ **HOLLYWOOD, YOU'RE UP NEXT:** In July, she opened an anti-trust case against six major studios over their exclusive licensing deals with Sky UK.

24 IRVING AZOFF



AZOFF MSG ENTERTAINMENT
AGE: 67. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↗
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

$145 MILLION **Ticket sales by the Eagles, Azoff's longtime client, during the first year of their current tour.**

➤➤ **LATEST DUSTUP:** Azoff, who resigned abruptly from Live Nation in 2012, made news in late 2014 when his company threatened to sue YouTube for $1 billion on behalf of his clients—Pharrell Williams and Bruno Mars, among others—unless the online-video giant agrees to directly negotiate with artists for streaming rights. "We've changed the fucking business," he says. "It's about being disruptive in a positive way."

25 MEGYN KELLY



BROADCASTER
AGE: 44. **YEAR AHEAD:** ↑
(PREVIOUS RANK: NEW**)**

3.1 MILLION **Viewers for Kelly's interview with the Duggar family, the fallen reality-TV stars.**

➤➤ **STAGE OF RIGHT-WING DISRUPTION:** The former litigator scolded Senator Rand Paul for arguing with female reporters and told Dick Cheney he "got it wrong" on Iraq. And many pundits agree that it was Kelly—not the candidates—who won the first G.O.P. primary debate. Donald Trump's subsequent vexation with her tough questions only underscored her success. "If everybody is talking about you, there's something to it," said one rival news executive. Kelly's contract reportedly expires in 2017.

REPORTING BY *Nick Bilton, Max Chafkin, Sarah Ellison, Peter Kafka, Kevin Roose, and Bee Shapiro.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LLOYD BISHOP/NBC/GETTY IMAGES (25), WIKTOR DABKOWSKI/PICTURE-ALLIANCE/DPA/A.P. IMAGES (23), JON KOPALOFF/FILMMAGIC (21, RIGHT), CHRIS RATCLIFFE/BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES (22), ALBERTO E. RODRIGUEZ/WIREIMAGE (21, LEFT), JIM SMEAL/BEIMAGES (24)


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It's All in

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



VIRTUAL BOYS Mark Zuckerberg and Palmer Luckey, at Oculus headquarters, on the Facebook campus, in Menlo Park, California.

Another geek. Another garage. Another world-changing technology? That's the $2 billion bet that Mark Zuckerberg is making on a virtual-reality headset called the Oculus Rift, brainchild of 22-year-old Palmer Luckey, who sold his Kickstarter-funded breakthrough to Facebook this spring. With the Rift about to hit the market, and the competition (from Sony, Microsoft, Google, Magic Leap, et al.) heating up, MAX CHAFKIN reports on what lies ahead

the Eyes

The first time Mark Zuckerberg put on the awkward headset he knew. *This is ready,* he thought. *This is the future.*

On the outside, the Oculus Rift didn't look like much: a matte-black box, roughly the size of a brick, that hung from his face like giant ski goggles, a tangle of cords running from the back of his head to the back of a small desktop computer. It looked futuristic, but not pretty—the kind of thing a teenager might create to approximate his vision of the future, which, in fact, is exactly how this particular device had come into being. The Rift's creator, Palmer Luckey, was a 17-year-old sci-fi geek when he started building the prototype in his parents' garage, in Long Beach, California. He took it to the crowd-funding platform Kickstarter, where he raised an astonishing $2.4 million, and then to Silicon Valley, and now, just four years later, here it was sitting on the face of the most powerful man in the technology world.

Zuckerberg was in the Menlo Park Facebook headquarters, in the office of C.O.O. Sheryl Sandberg, with his deputies, chief product officer Chris Cox and chief technology officer Mike Schroepfer. They'd picked Sandberg's office because it had blinds, unlike the glass rectangle where Zuckerberg works. Zuckerberg's fishbowl office makes sense for a man who has dedicated his career to helping people share aspects of their lives, but the sight of the Facebook C.E.O. with a screen on his face was at that point best kept a secret.

In a sense Zuckerberg was not in Sandberg's office anyway. He was in another universe entirely. His attention was on a ruined mountainside castle as gleaming snowflakes fell all around him. Wherever he looked, the scene moved as his head did. Suddenly he was standing face-to-face with a giant stone gargoyle spouting lava.

"Wow," Zuckerberg said, removing the headset. "That was pretty awesome."

It was January 2014, and the Facebook C.E.O. was preparing to celebrate two milestones: Facebook's 10-year anniversary and his own 30th birthday. For years, Zuckerberg had pushed, almost single-mindedly, for growth. With Sandberg's help he had transformed Facebook into a communications platform that hundreds of millions of people essentially keep open on their phones all the time. "When you get started as a college student you limit your scope," he says. At first, "it's like, 'I'm going to build this thing for the community around me.' Then it's 'I'm going to build this service for people on the Internet.' But at some point you get to a scale where you decide we can actually solve these bigger problems that will shape the world over the next decade."

Lately he'd been thinking about what should come next. What, he'd been asking, is the next great computation platform? What comes after the smartphone? Zuckerberg believed that the answer was headsets that provide "immersive 3-D experiences"—movies and television, naturally, but also games, lectures, and business meetings. These headsets would eventually scan our brains, then transmit our thoughts to our friends the way we share baby pictures on Facebook today. "Eventually I think we're going to have technology where we can communicate our full sensory experience and emotions to someone through thought," he told me in an interview in his office. Then he added, helpfully, "There's a lot of interesting research into that, where people have some band on their head. . . . You can look into it if you're interested."

It sounded a little bit insane, but Zuckerberg wasn't joking. "There are certain things in the future that you know will happen," he continued. "The real challenge is figuring out what's possible now and how exactly do you make it."

And now here it was: the Oculus Rift, which Facebook will begin shipping to customers early next year. It isn't the first virtual-reality (V.R.) headset to hit the market, but at around $1,500 for the device and the computer you need to run it, it will be the first that is both sophisticated and relatively inexpensive. (Oculus helped create a much cruder $200 face mask to be used with Samsung cell phones.) It's also the first headset that doesn't give users motion sickness.

In March 2014, Zuckerberg announced that he would buy Oculus VR for more than $2 billion, and suddenly the question of what is possible now was not so hard to predict. The top two manufacturers of video-game consoles—Sony and Microsoft—are both preparing to release their own headsets in the next year. And just months after the Oculus acquisition was announced, Facebook's chief competitor, Google, unveiled a virtual-reality-on-the-cheap offering, Google Cardboard, which involves slipping a smartphone into a headset made of a few dollars' worth of corrugated paper. The press called it "Oculus Thrift."

Perhaps most significantly, Google and others have made a $542 million investment in Magic Leap, a secretive South Florida–based company run by Rony Abovitz, a 44-year-old eccentric genius. The company is likely years away from releasing a product but it seems in some ways more exciting than the Oculus Rift because it promises to employ "augmented reality" (A.R.)—creating realistic holograms superimposed on your field of vision—instead of virtual reality. "A frenzy" is how Thomas Tull, the C.E.O. of Legendary Entertainment, describes the enthusiasm on the part of Magic Leap's investors, who include, in addition to Google and himself, such heavyweight technology investors as Andreessen Horowitz. "Those [Magic Leap] guys have, like, alien technology," says Tull.

Tull is also a proud investor in Oculus and believes that the impact of virtual reality, no matter who wins, will be much more significant than past breakthroughs such as HDTV and 3-D movies. "Once you see virtual reality done well," he says, "you take off the headset and say, 'There's really a chance here to do something completely different.'" Will consumers, who just a year ago failed to embrace Google Glass, buy these new face-mounted displays? Hollywood and Silicon Valley seem to think it isn't even a question anymore. The race is on.

It was a few days before Independence Day, and I was inside Palmer Luckey's video game, standing in a sparsely furnished room at a table covered with slingshots, balls, remote-control cars, and Ping-Pong paddles. On the other side of the table was Luckey—or rather a bluish head and a pair of hands that floated in space, and from which his boyish voice emanated. "Have you seen *The Matrix*?" he asked, referring

to the 1999 science-fiction movie. He snapped his blue video-game fingers, making several dozen M-80 firecrackers appear on the table. "We call this Roman Candle Space Party."

The prototype he was showing me was called Toybox, the name being a nod to the slingshots and firecrackers and maybe also to the fact that virtual reality itself, despite the hype and the billions of dollars at stake, is still in a juvenile state. "The goal is to have two people [in different locales] feel—really feel—like they're in the same place together," said Luckey. How does it work? A sensor is trained on each player, who wears a headset with a microphone, and two handheld controllers to sense the arm movements. All of this is transmitted as a ghostly blue avatar into the other player's headset.



LOOKING GLASS
The virtual-reality headset Oculus Rift, which will ship to consumers in early 2016.

Call to mind a realistic computer-animated movie and most people will imagine an absurd degree of verisimilitude: for instance, the flowing, wild locks of the main character in Disney's *Brave,* where every strand of red hair seems distinct. By this standard, Toybox doesn't even rate. The firecrackers Luckey conjured looked geometric; the table was not wood or metal or glass—it was simply gray. And yet there was something about seeing even this crude animation all around me, no matter where I looked, that made it feel more real than any animation I'd ever seen.

I forgot, in a matter of seconds, that Luckey and I were standing in separate soundproofed rooms in Oculus's new headquarters on the Facebook campus. I forgot that the Luckey I saw was but a computer-generated avatar, not the man himself, who was lining up M-80 firecrackers and instructing me to pick up the cigarette lighter on the table. "Now light as many as fast as you can," he said, laughing maniacally. It was fake, and yet as the fuses burned down and the explosions started, I actually did flinch. V.R. enthusiasts call this sensation "presence," and it is a kind of realism that wasn't really possible until Luckey started putting the Rift together, six years ago.

Red Pill, Blue Pill

Before I met them, I'd assumed that Zuckerberg and Luckey would have much in common. They're both hackers who started valuable companies before they turned 20, but the similarities pretty much end there. Whereas Zuckerberg has long since shed the flip-flops and the roguish persona, Luckey, now 22, still looks and acts his age. He's worth more than $500 million, according to *Forbes,* and yet he still wears flip-flops, lives in a party house with six roommates, and becomes most animated when the conversation turns to fast food. ("I love Pei Wei," he told me at one point, referring to a chain of fast-food noodle shops. "It's the best Asian-inspired diner in the world!")

Luckey does not come from money, nor did he have access to the prep-school, Ivy League fast track that Zuckerberg and so many of Silicon Valley's young masters started on. Luckey grew up the oldest of four children, in a small duplex in Long Beach, where he was home-schooled by his mother. His father, a car salesman and an amateur mechanic, taught him to tinker in a garage full of tools. Luckey started small, building his own computers, and then moved on to wilder pursuits. For a time, he got really into lasers and accidentally burned a small blind spot into one of his retinas. "It's not a huge deal," Luckey says. "We have blind spots all over the place in our eyes, but our brains compensate for them."

Luckey funded his hobbies by buying broken iPhones on eBay and repairing and reselling them, and he sought out fellow tinkerers on Internet forums. "Even if you only have a couple of people per town who are interested in something, in aggregate over the entire world you can create a community of hundreds or thousands of people who are interested in this tiny hobby," he says. Luckey got into V.R. by way of computer games, which he was obsessed with for a time. After building what he recalls as a "beautiful six-monitor setup," for extreme visual saturation, he wondered, Why not just put a small screen directly on your face? He wrote about his ambitions on a forum and then updated his

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF OCULUS



REALITY BITES
Brendan Iribe and Nate Mitchell, at Oculus's hardware-engineering desk.

virtual friends as he made progress.

In April 2012, at the age of 19, he announced that he'd finished his first V.R. device and that he planned to offer it as a do-it-yourself kit on Kickstarter, so that anyone could make his or her own rudimentary system. "I won't make a penny of profit off this project," he wrote. "The goal is to pay for the costs of parts, manufacturing, shipping, and credit card/Kickstarter fees with about $10 left over for a celebratory pizza and beer." He planned to call the device Oculus (Latin for *eye,* a "supercool word") Rift (a reference to the way that virtual reality "creates a rift between the real world and the virtual world").

Luckey sent his prototype to a rock-star video-game developer, John Carmack, who showed it to journalists at E3 (Electronic Entertainment Expo), the annual video-game conference in Los Angeles, declaring it "the best VR demo probably the world has ever seen." Luckey was suddenly beset by requests from excited video-game reporters. Sony offered to hire him to run a virtual-reality lab in Santa Monica, which sounded like a huge improvement over his parents' garage. "It was pretty crazy," he says, recalling that time. "It was just me."

As Luckey cast about for advice, a forum acquaintance introduced him to Brendan Iribe, a gaming entrepreneur who, at 32, was a relative veteran. Iribe had trouble tracking Luckey down—at the time Luckey was worried about government surveillance and he refused to use a cell phone—but they eventually connected and arranged for a dinner at STK, a steak house in Westwood. Luckey showed up late, wearing sandals and an Atari T-shirt, and began talking at a full sprint. "O.K.," Iribe recalls thinking, "this is going to be fun."

Iribe and three of his friends who had worked with him at two video-game software companies—Nate Mitchell, Michael Antonov, and Andrew Reisse (who died a year later in a hit-and-run accident)—offered to help. Iribe told Luckey he would lend Oculus a few hundred thousand dollars and help him create a promotional video for a Kickstarter campaign. As an act of good faith he wrote a $5,000 check, no strings attached. Luckey moved out of his parents' house and hired another teenage techie, and the two boys set up shop in a two-star flophouse motel in Long Beach. They pushed the beds to the corners and used every available electrical outlet, turning the room into a crash pad and a laboratory. "It was a little bit shady," Luckey admits with a devilish grin.

Luckey and Iribe had initially planned on asking backers for a total of $500,000 to complete the prototype, but at the last minute Luckey got spooked and cut the goal in half. Multi-million-dollar Kickstarter projects were a rarity at the time, and Luckey worried that if the campaign failed to attract sufficient support that would be it for his idea.

Instead, they hit their goal in a matter of hours; by the time the campaign ended, the following month, Luckey had raised $2.4 million from nearly 10,000 people. He moved out of the motel.

The Kickstarter campaign got the attention of Chris Dixon, in Silicon Valley. "It always seemed inevitable to me that we'll all just put on headsets and plug directly into our brains," says Dixon, a serial entrepreneur who had just joined Andreessen Horowitz. One of his first meetings was with Oculus. Dixon was skeptical. Microsoft was supposedly working on its own headset, the HoloLens, that was, as he heard it, way ahead of anything Luckey had done. ("It turned out that was bad intel," Dixon now says.) In addition, though the Rift responded to head movements accurately, showing you a picture of the sky if you looked up, or a steep drop if you shifted your gaze downward, there was a noticeable time lag that made most people—including Iribe himself—seasick. Conventional wisdom among scientists was that feelings of nausea would persist unless the lag could be reduced to 20 milliseconds or less. "This thing was duct-taped together, and it was 80 milliseconds with the duct tape," Dixon recalls. He was impressed but not enough to invest.

Iribe finally landed a $16 million funding round led by two Boston-based venture capitalists, allowing Luckey to hire Carmack, who became chief technology officer. By the fall of 2013, the time lag had been cut in half, and Iribe could use the device without getting motion sickness, which he announced triumphantly at a conference in October. Shortly after, he received an e-mail from Marc Andreessen. "We are fully converted believers," Andreessen wrote. "We sometimes take a while but we tend to get there!"

Andreessen and Dixon traveled to Oculus's headquarters, in Irvine, California, where Iribe and Luckey showed off a version of the Rift that is similar to the one that is about to go on sale. "You realize, Wow, this is it," Dixon says. "You feel like you've teleported." They began hammering out the terms of a $75 million deal. Andreessen, who is also a Facebook board member, had previously been skeptical of funding a virtual-reality company; now he was so hot for the deal that he suggested Iribe talk to Mark Zuckerberg, as a reference.

The first call between Zuckerberg and Iribe lasted 10 minutes. Zuckerberg sang the praises of Andreessen, and then he turned the discussion to Oculus. "What do you see as the biggest market for this?" Zuckerberg asked. "Is it just about gaming?"

When Iribe said, Yeah, it's pretty much just about gaming, at least for now, Zuckerberg seemed to lose interest. Facebook was not a video-game company and over the years had moved to make games a smaller part of what users saw when they logged on. But a few weeks after the Andreessen investment closed, Iribe wrote Zuckerberg an e-mail suggesting that the Facebook founder see Luckey's headset for himself.

Zuckerberg may not have cared much about Oculus's video-game ambitions, but his company's recent billion-user milestone had put him in a reflective mood. "A billion people," Zuckerberg mused to me. "That's crazy. But then, when you get there, you realize a billion is sort of an arbitrary number. Our mission isn't to connect a billion people, it's to connect everyone in the world." Facebook had missed out on the chance to control mobile phones, which went mainstream at about the same time Zuckerberg was hacking away in his Harvard dorm. V.R., he decided, was about to have a similar moment. "These big computing platforms come around every 10 years," he says. "I think it's time to start working on the next one." He invited Iribe to show him a prototype at Facebook's headquarters.

The demo in Sandberg's office went spectacularly well. "We were running around high-fiving," says Cory Ondrejka, a Facebook engineer who was helping to lead Zuckerberg's V.R. search.

Iribe told Zuckerberg that if he thought that was cool he'd better come to Irvine and see a more advanced version. When Zuckerberg arrived, Luckey introduced himself and then quickly walked away. "I'm a big fan," he said, "but I actually have to get back to work." Luckey figured he had more than $90 million in the bank already. "If Mark had been like, This is stupid, I don't get it at all, we would have said, Yeah, well, screw Mark anyway. What does he know?"

Zuckerberg seemed taken aback by Luckey's brusqueness but also charmed. "They definitely have the hacker culture that we have," he says. "Those shared values were what attracted us to each other and made us comfortable." Discussions ensued over the next

few weeks, during which Facebook offered roughly $1 billion, which Iribe considered low. The deal seemed to peter out until late February, after news of the WhatsApp deal hit: Facebook had agreed to pay $19 billion for the messaging service. That got Iribe's attention. "Hey Mark," he wrote in an e-mail, "we should talk."

They agreed to meet. "Come up and see me," Zuckerberg said, according to Iribe. "I'm not going to waste your time."

Iribe met with Zuckerberg for brunch on the patio at Zuckerberg's Palo Alto home on a Sunday, in March. They ordered pizza, and Zuckerberg made a new offer: more than $2 billion in cash and stock. It was rich, considering that Oculus had not yet released a consumer product. Zuckerberg promised that Oculus would operate independently within Facebook, just as Instagram did and WhatsApp would. There would be games, sure, but eventually much more: news, sports, movies and TV, cat videos—everything. "I want to do this, and I want this to be the future of Facebook, long-term," Zuckerberg said, but Iribe would have to act quickly and promise not to shop the deal.

Oculus, by this point, had a board of directors that included four venture capitalists, one of whom was Andreessen. The board would have to approve the deal. Andreessen hated the idea of selling so quickly, without talking to Facebook's competitors. "Don't do this! Don't do this! Don't do this!" Iribe recalls Andreessen saying during a late-night meeting at his house after Zuckerberg's initial offer. (In light of his role on Facebook's board, Andreessen recused himself after Oculus's founders began negotiations with Zuckerberg in earnest.) But the board approved the deal.

It was sealed at Zuckerberg's house just three days after his and Iribe's Sunday meeting, over a dinner featuring mushroom risotto and scallops. The meal, Luckey recalls, was "*so* good." And Facebook was the right fit. "I knew I was going to want to work in V.R. for the rest of my life. Anything that can make the industry big and successful . . . that's a supercool world that I want to live in." Luckey is on a roll now, rhapsodizing about the future: "Being able to do anything, experience anything, be anyone. What would be a better entertainment technology than perfect virtual reality? There isn't any."

Less than a week after shaking hands on the deal, Zuckerberg announced the acquisition on his Facebook page. He sketched a vision of vast possibilities. "Imagine enjoying a court side seat at a game, studying in a classroom of students and teachers all over the world or consulting with a doctor face-to-face—just by putting on goggles in your home," he wrote. "Virtual reality was once the dream of science fiction. But the internet was also once a dream, and so were computers and smartphones."

Even with its release imminent, the Rift remains imperfect. Despite Iribe's boasts to the contrary, the device can still make you feel queasy if you play for a very long time. Moreover, most techies, including Zuckerberg, see the current Rift as an intermediate technology at best. "I do think it's pretty clear that at some point in the future we're going to have glasses or contact lenses . . . that can give you some more sense of context of what's going on around you in the world," he says. Zuckerberg believes that Oculus—and its competitors—will eventually build ever smaller headsets until we're all wearing V.R. glasses that can also project virtual objects into the real world. "The stuff that A.R. will be pretty amazing for in the future is like 'All right, let's play chess,'" he says, snapping his fingers and gesturing to the midcentury coffee table in his office. "Here's a chessboard."

One Giant Leap

That won't happen for perhaps 5 or 10 years, according to Zuckerberg, but some are more optimistic. "We are doing some really breakthrough stuff that's not just taking a cell-phone screen and putting it in front of your face," said Rony Abovitz, the founder of Magic Leap, earlier this year at a conference organized by *M.I.T. Technology Review.* It was a clear dig at designs such as Luckey's. When exactly Magic Leap's product might go on sale is a closely guarded secret, and few outside the company have seen the headset in person. "I'm sure we'll be opening the veil shortly," a spokesman, Andy Fouché, promised me in an e-mail. He declined to explain further, so I e-mailed Abovitz directly. An hour later Fouché wrote me back coldly, "Please don't reach out directly to Rony." But patent filings suggest that Magic Leap's product will be a pair of glasses that uses a digital projector to shine images into your eyes, allowing you to see monsters running around your office or ballerinas dancing on your bed.

Abovitz, whose previous company, Mako Surgical, created robotic devices for knee-replacement surgeries and was sold for nearly $1.7 billion, is a bit on the unconventional side. He writes stream-of-consciousness blog posts, plays in a "wonky pop rock" band called Sparkydog & Friends, and in 2012 gave a talk at a TEDx event in Sarasota, Florida, for which he dressed as an astronaut and reenacted the 1969 moon landing. Behind him, two furry mascots performed a version of the celebrated monolith-stroking scene from Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* and then gyrated wildly to punk-rock music while throwing around placards labeled FUDGE. Abovitz

"OUR MISSION IS TO CONNECT EVERYONE IN THE WORLD," SAYS ZUCKERBERG.

was expected to discuss Magic Leap at TED's main event last March, but he canceled the talk without explanation the day before, leading some to ask if Magic Leap will really be able to deliver on its grand promises. "What Magic Leap has built is spectacular," says Legendary Entertainment's Tull. "But you've got to execute on it."

On the other hand, Abovitz is widely believed to be a genius, which means that even his wildest proclamations are taken seriously. Crucially, he has implied that virtual-reality systems, such as the Oculus Rift, could do more to a person's brain than cause seasickness. "The brain is very neuroplastic," Abovitz claimed during a Reddit Ask Me Anything interview. "And there is no doubt that near-eye stereoscopic 3D systems [like the Rift] have the potential to cause neurologic change." What he means is that Oculus's full-screen immersion might cause brain damage, unlike his projections onto the real world. This is partly gamesmanship—there's no independent evidence to suggest that Abovitz's version of a virtual reality will be any better for your brain than Luckey's—and yet his claim may also contain more than a little truth. Some research suggests that both television and the Internet may hamper brain development, and it seems reasonable to think that a more intense, more immediate communications technology would be even worse.

Virtual-reality proponents dismiss these fears. "I've watched more V.R. than most people, and I don't feel like I have brain damage," says Chris Milk, a former music-video director whose company produces and distributes short, 360-degree movies watched on a headset. Milk believes that whatever health risks the Rift and its competitors might pose will be vastly outweighed by the opportunities for artistry and empathy. "When you let someone try virtual reality for the first time, it's a transformative experience," he says.

The name of Milk's company, Vrse.works, is a reference to a science-fiction concept known as "the metaverse." The idea, formulated by the writer Neal Stephenson (who now works for Rony Abovitz as Magic Leap's "chief futurist"), is of a nearly limitless virtual world populated by billions of plugged-in people. They will exchange ideas, buy and sell goods, such as virtual real estate or a new avatar, and have incredibly realistic cybersex. (If nothing else, it seems certain that virtual reality will change porn, and possibly sports, forever.) Luckey and Zuckerberg are also firm believers in the potential of the metaverse. This, Luckey says, is why he sold the company to Facebook. "If you were to look at all the companies in the world and ask which one of them is most likely, 20 years from now, to be running the metaverse? Probably Facebook."

As the V.R. pioneer turned cultural critic Jaron Lanier says, "The most amazing moment of virtual reality is when you leave it, not when you're in it"—the appreciation of life's small moments that one experiences after battling make-believe dinosaurs or flying like Superman. "You have really never seen reality until you've just come out of virtual reality," Lanier has said.

In Luckey's mind—as well as Zuckerberg's—the idea that we'll all one day plug in is so certain it's banal. "There could be a world where V.R. replaces most real-world interactions," Luckey told me between bites of peach pie at an outdoor café on Facebook's campus. "What will happen is for many low-value interactions"—*like this one?,* I can't help but think—"V.R. will replace a lot of those."

As the Oculus Rift is about to hit the market, Zuckerberg is cautious. "It'll ramp up slowly," he says. "The first smartphones . . . I don't know if they sold a million units in the first year. But it kind of doubles and triples each year, and you end up with something that tens of millions of people have. And now it's a real thing." □

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Spotlight

PRIMARY COLORATURA



Sondra Radvanovsky, photographed at Casa Loma, in Toronto.

RADVANOVSKY WEARS A GOWN BY ROBERT DANES.

The Tudors are back, in all their scheming glory. First up was Hilary Mantel's wildly successful *Wolf Hall* novels—two so far, with a third eagerly anticipated—about Henry VIII and his sly counselor Thomas Cromwell. Then the BBC and the Royal Shakespeare Company both adapted them to acclaim. Now, for the first time in its 132-year history, the Metropolitan Opera is mounting its own fortuitously timed Tudor trilogy, starring the commanding American soprano Sondra Radvanovsky. On September 26, Radvanovsky, 46, begins a run in the title role of *Anna Bolena,* the first of three "queen" operas by Gaetano Donizetti, alongside Ildar Abdrazakov as Henry VIII. She'll continue in January as Mary, Queen of Scots, in *Maria Stuarda* and, in March, as Elizabeth I in *Roberto Devereux.* To sing all three operas in one season is rare, a feat famously achieved in the 1970s by bel canto superstar Beverly Sills.

"It's like Verdi on steroids," says Radvanovsky of Donizetti's scores. But she is undaunted. An upbeat midwesterner and winner, in 1995, of the Met's National Council Auditions, Radvanovsky has matured into a dramatic coloratura soprano in the Callas tradition. Her voice is dark and expressive in the lower register, brilliant and agile in the upper. And like Callas—"Her vocal pyrotechnics were astonishing," says Radvanovsky—she, too, can electrify a stage. She particularly loves the role of Anne Boleyn, who hurtled into history with such profound consequences. "Every moment is chockablock full of drama and gorgeous music until the last scene, when she goes crazy," Radvanovsky says. "I love the tragic side. I don't do happy onstage. I like the dark, the disturbed." —ANNALYN SWAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW ECCLES

Sonny Mehta

As Knopf turns 100, the venerable publishing house's editor in chief, Sonny Mehta, is himself an institution. DAVE EGGERS identifies one key to Mehta's 28-year reign: call it his "Wow" factor. Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

His father was a diplomat, representing the newly independent nation of India, and Sonny Mehta grew up all over the world. When he was six, the family moved to Prague. When he was eight, they lived in New York. When he was nine, it was Nepal. A few years later, Geneva. For a peripatetic child, it would make sense that books became his most constant and reliable companions.

"It's really a cliché, isn't it?," Mehta says.

After Cambridge, he settled in London, eventually creating two small publishing houses, Paladin, then Picador, both focusing on paperbacks. When Robert Gottlieb, the editor of Knopf, the celebrated American publishing house, was leaving to edit *The New Yorker,* he recommended that Mehta succeed him.

"I was the least likely choice," Mehta says. "I was from somewhere else. Then all of a sudden I was here, in New York. With one suitcase."

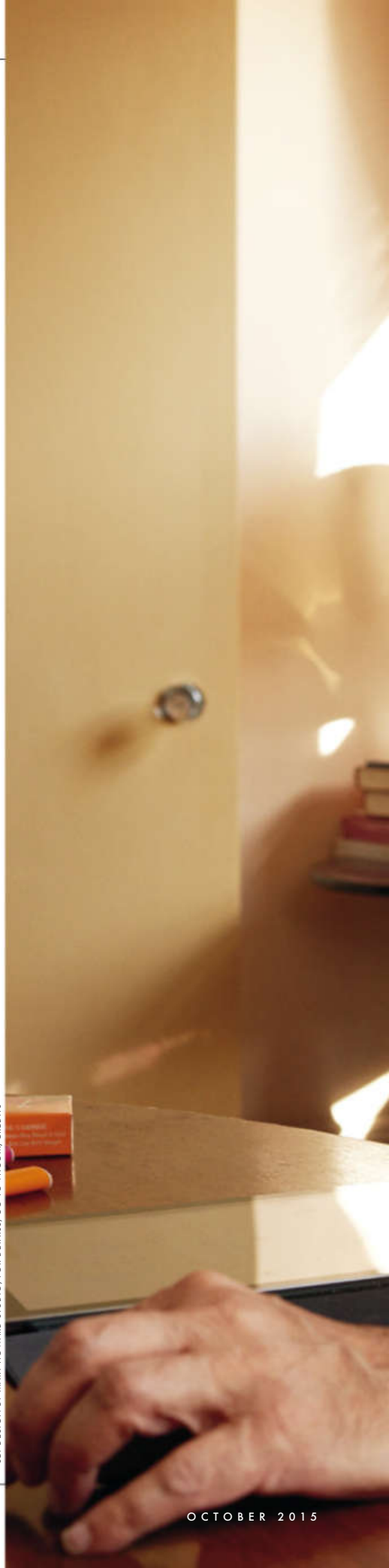
The transition wasn't smooth. Gottlieb had had a brilliant run—he'd edited Toni Morrison and Joseph Heller and John Cheever, to name a few. Replacing him would have been difficult for anyone. "I was walking into a storm," Mehta says. "If you had taken bets on how long I'd survive, it wouldn't have been very long. To be here 28 years later—I'm as surprised as anyone."

He arrived shortly before Knopf's 75th anniversary. This year marks the company's 100th. Between then and now there have been a series of existential threats to the publishing business: radio, film, television, the Internet, the rise and fall of the big chains, Amazon. Knopf has survived them all and weathered an almost comical series of acquisitions and mergers: Random House bought the company in 1960; 20 years later, Random House was sold to Advance Publications (owner of Condé Nast, which publishes *Vanity Fair*), which, in 1998, sold it to Bertelsmann, which, in 2013, merged it with Pearson, creating Penguin Random House.

Through it all Knopf has seemed uniquely immune to the tumult. "We're part of something that is very large," Mehta says, "but we concentrate on our way of doing things. It may be illusory to insulate oneself from it all, but we try."

Mehta's Manhattan office is a manifestation of that sense of apartness. There are book-stuffed mahogany shelves, a pair of leather chairs, uncountable first editions, and the distinctly ahistorical smell of cigarette smoke. Situated in similarly paper-strewn offices all around him are Knopf's team of editors, to whom Mehta gives all credit, and who work much as editors did in 1915. They read proposals and manuscripts, advocate for them, and then hope the numbers work. If they do, and even if, occasionally, the economics require some suspension of disbelief—this is Knopf, after all—they go about bringing that book into the world.

"On a good day," Mehta says, "I am still convinced I have the best job in the world." Even after all these years, the unique delight in discovering a great unpublished work hasn't diminished. He recently read a submission, a novella by Graham Swift, that knocked him off his feet. "I opened it and didn't know what to expect, and I read it in one sitting right here in the office, utterly mesmerized. Sometimes you find something new and you just say *Wow.*" □



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CENTURY CLUB
Knopf editor in chief Sonny Mehta, in his apartment on New York City's Upper East Side.



FAULT LINES
The outer perfection of Mr. Jefferson's university conceals deeper tensions—between black and white, men and women, aristocracy and democracy.

ANDREW SHURTLEFF

Shadows o



Founded by Thomas Jefferson in 1819, the University of Virginia has just been through a horrific year: murder, racial tension, and *Rolling Stone*'s now discredited report about a fraternity gang rape. Returning to her traumatized alma mater, SARAH ELLISON explores how U.Va. embodies sunnier aspects of the South—but how one student's false account of sexual assault exposed some darker corners

n the Lawn

I like the dreams of the future better than the history of the past. —Thomas Jefferson

I. The First Layer



Any story about the University of Virginia must begin with its founder, Thomas Jefferson, who is often referred to locally as "Mr. Jefferson"; with an invocation of the Rotunda and the surrounding "academical village"; and with a discussion of the venerable Honor Code and the exclusive secret societies. There must be a reference to the university as a "Public Ivy" or perhaps a "Southern Ivy," and to the act of being physically on campus as being "on grounds." There must be a nod to "girls in pearls and guys in ties" attending football games and horse races but paying attention to neither.

More recently, there's another thing that any story about the University of Virginia must mention: the horrific period the institution has just come through. The school year started in September 2014 with the disappearance and murder of Hannah Graham, an undergraduate in her second year. Then came the publication, in November 2014, of an explosive *Rolling Stone* story about the alleged gang rape of a young woman named Jackie at a U.Va. fraternity—an investigative report that was quickly discredited and has now been retracted but that has left lasting divisions. In late November, a second-year U.Va. student and heir to the D'Agostino supermarket chain committed suicide, one of three students to do so last fall. The following March there occurred an incident involving a 20-year-old African-American honor student, Martese Johnson, who presented his driver's license at a bar near the school and was turned away. Shortly afterward, after questioning the validity of his ID, two white state Alcoholic Beverage Control (A.B.C.) agents had him pinned to the ground. With rivulets of blood lining his face, he was heard to scream, "I go to U.Va.! I go to U.Va., you fucking racists!" Any one of these events would have been enough to puncture the idyllic façade of Mr. Jefferson's university. Taken together, the impact has been profound. The entire school seems to be suffering an institutional form of PTSD.

I recently returned to my alma mater on a glorious day in May. Final exams were under way, amid radiant bursts of azaleas, tulips, and dogwoods. I walked the serpentine gardens that surround the Lawn with an old friend who has settled in Charlottesville, and we talked about how hard and strange the year had been. I felt the familiar pull of the loveliness of the place—eliciting a desire, built into the mortar of the undulating brick walls, not to dwell too much on the negative.

When I arrived at U.Va., in 1992, Bill Clinton was on the presidential campaign trail for the first time. We were already hearing stories about his alleged longtime mistress, Gennifer Flowers. We took it for granted that Clinton was the Horndog President. He was a recognizable archetype—the roguish, charming, bad-boy southerner, though far too plebeian for the University of Virginia's tastes, which run to a Regency-rake version of the same basic character. But Clinton's election spurred a revived discussion of a New South, one that was modern and attractive to the rest of the country. It was this part of Clinton that appealed to students at U.Va., who are always engaged in an exercise of trying on the variety of southern raiment that the university has to offer.

Many people love their alma mater, but the University of Virginia invites a special loyalty. Part of this, I think, has to do with the care Jefferson took when he conceived the place. He designed the campus personally and regarded the creation of the university as more significant than his presidency. U.Va. has been at the forefront of defining what an American university should be ever since its founding, in 1819. The ranks of its alumni range from Edgar Allan Poe and Woodrow Wilson to Tina Fey and Katie Couric to Tiki Barber and Ralph Sampson. This year, *U.S. News & World Report* ranked it as the second-best public university in the country (behind Berkeley and tied with U.C.L.A.). About 70 percent of the school's 16,000 undergraduates come from Virginia and pay $13,000 a year to attend, one of the great bargains in higher education; the 30 percent from out of state pay $42,000, still a relative bargain. Poet laureate Rita Dove, civil-rights leader Julian Bond, and philosopher Richard Rorty have all taught at U.Va. William Faulkner was a writer-in-residence. Graduates of U.Va. see the place as particularly distinctive. Whenever my husband wants to get a rise out of me, he tells me that U.Va. is a great school, just like Michigan or Wisconsin. And like any place that is particularly distinctive, the flaws are distinctive as well.

If the Deep South is determined to position itself deliberately as "Other," something that is separate and apart from the rest of the country, U.Va. provides a southern buffet, a place where one can dabble as a Virginia gentleman or a southern belle—trying on a lifestyle if not fully committing to a life. In her book, *Bossypants,* alumna Tina Fey wrote, "At the University of Virginia in 1990, I was Mexican. I looked Mexican, that is, next to my fifteen thousand blond and blue-eyed classmates, most of whom owned horses, or at least resembled them." One friend recently described U.Va. to me as the "first layer" of the South—the safe version. U.Va. sets itself apart from its coarser cousins in the Deep South, the region that elites up North reject and that revels in this rejection. Even so, it embodies the South in all its inconsistencies and contradictions. The university is a defining institution in a state that, perhaps more than any other, has a rooted aristocracy. Wealthy donors, many of whom sit on the university's Board of Visitors, are hugely influential. In the past, U.Va. students looked at Ole Miss, with its Confederate flags hanging in fraternity-house windows, and felt superior. Sure, you might have come across the occasional Confederate flag at U.Va. too, but they were hardly ubiquitous and were usually met with a roll of the eyes. In the Deep South, the shadowy side is actually out in the sunlight. Thomas Jefferson's U.Va. prefers the shadows to be in the shadows.

Over the past few months, I've spoken to students and administrators at U.Va., and to many of the school's alumni. They described a feeling of deep exhaustion. I have also spoken to people who were close to Jackie, the woman at the heart of the *Rolling Stone* story, and who were willing to address on the record for the first time how the story came together, now that the official police investigation has concluded. These young women are exhausted, too, as well as confused and angry. Visiting U.Va., you can't escape a beleaguered defensiveness. When I walked onto the front porch of Phi Kappa Psi, the fraternity at the heart of the *Rolling Stone* story, one of the brothers politely gave me the name of the fraternity's public-relations representative and said that he and others had been instructed not to talk to anyone. The notion of college kids' being fluent in the art

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELANIE LYRA BARTELL (2), FROM THE CHARLOTTESVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT/*THE NEW YORK TIMES*/REDUX (3), BY BILL CRAMER/WONDERFUL MACHINE (7), ANDREW SHURTLEFF/*THE DAILY PROGRESS*/A.P. IMAGES (1, 4), JENNA TROUNG/*THE CAVALIER DAILY* (5)







A VERY BAD YEAR

(1) U.Va. honor student Martese Johnson (left) with his lawyer, Daniel Watkins, after his arrest in Charlottesville, March 2015. **(2)** Sara Surface and Alex Pinkleton, friends of Jackie, the young woman whose story about her alleged gang rape at a fraternity formed the heart of a now retracted 2014 *Rolling Stone* article. **(3)** Hannah Graham, the second-year student who was abducted and murdered at the start of the fall 2014 semester. **(4)** A student-led vigil for Graham, September 2014. **(5)** U.Va.'s Nicole Eramo, associate dean and a counselor to sexual-assault survivors. **(6)** The opening pages of the *Rolling Stone* story. **(7)** The article's author, Sabrina Rubin Erdely.











RENDA REGARDED ERDELY'S FOCUS ON ONE EXTREME EPISODE AS MISLEADING.

of public-relations deflection saddened me. But it seemed fitting, given the horrors of the year that had just ended.

II. Jackie's Story

At the end of the third week of classes, in the early-morning hours of Saturday, September 13, 2014, an 18-year-old student at the university, Hannah Graham, texted her friends: "I'm coming to a party . . . but I'm lost." It was the last anyone heard from her that night, or the next day—or ever. On Sunday, the police were notified. On Monday, the university's president, Teresa Sullivan, issued a statement expressing "deep concern." On Thursday, the police released a surveillance video of Graham and a black man walking separately on Charlottesville's downtown pedestrian mall, and that night students held a vigil. Graham was freckled and blue-eyed. She had studied abroad and was on U.Va.'s alpine-ski and snowboard team. Many people I spoke to about the episode followed it like a grim soap opera, relating emotionally to Hannah and her parents.

Students felt unsafe. No one wanted to walk alone from the libraries. The case became even more emotionally charged when, on September 23, an African-American man who worked at the U.Va. medical center, Jesse Matthew Jr., 32, was identified as a suspect in Graham's disappearance. The next day, Matthew was arrested and charged with abduction with "intent to defile" in the Graham case. In early October, with Hannah still missing, Hannah's parents delivered a tearful, televised plea for her safe return. The divide between Jefferson's privileged university and the neighborhoods that surround it moved from the back of students' minds to the front. "We saw Charlottesville breaking into the world of U.Va.," one student told me.

On October 18, five weeks after Graham had disappeared, Kevin Spacey was in Charlottesville to give a speech on the arts, the second in a series inaugurated a year earlier by Tina Fey. The much-anticipated Spacey event was to start at six P.M., in the John Paul Jones Arena, named for the father of hedge-fund manager and U.Va. alumnus Paul Tudor Jones II. Spacey took the stage, but members of the audience were distracted by something else: the police had found remains that would turn out to be those of Hannah Graham. Jesse Matthew Jr. was charged with her murder and will face the death penalty when he goes on trial next July. (In June of this year, Matthew was found guilty of attempted murder and sexual assault of a young woman in Fairfax, Virginia, in 2005. He faces up to three life sentences. And forensic evidence links him to the 2009 slaying of 20-year-old Virginia Tech student Morgan Harrington.)

The search for Hannah Graham was still in full swing when another series of events began to roil the campus. Emily Renda, who had graduated from U.Va. in the spring of 2014 and taken a job at the university as the project coordinator for sexual-misconduct prevention, would find herself in the middle of them. Renda had arrived at U.Va. in August 2010, planning to major in religious or environmental studies. "I thought I was going to be a pastor or a park ranger," she recalls. Her path was deflected by a sexual assault six weeks into her first year. Those first three months of college are a period that some experts refer to as the Red Zone, when new students are most vulnerable to sexual assault as well as accidents due to alcohol abuse. Renda told me she had let her perpetrator walk her home after a party, and he suggested they go back to his room until she sobered up. She agreed, and what happened next shaped the rest of her college experience.

Renda's assault involved "pushing, hitting, and punching," elements that, she explained, later helped her realize that the incident was not her fault. She didn't report the assault initially, and listed for me the reasons why not: "I didn't want to ruin someone else's life. It was a mistake. This person had parents, too. It wasn't worth it." She became an intern at the university Women's Center and an advocate for sexual-assault survivors. She also became involved in the school's annual Take Back the Night events, whose centerpiece is a candlelight vigil during which sexual-assault survivors can speak out about their experiences. By the time Renda was ready to report to the university what had happened, her alleged attacker had transferred to a different school and the issue was moot. Under federal Title IX legislation, colleges and universities are required to have procedures in place to adjudicate all such complaints. According to the U.S. Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights, in 2015 U.Va. was one of 106 colleges and universities across the country with open Title IX sexual-violence investigations. Renda never considered going to the police or the courts, believing that she didn't have the kind of evidence she needed for a successful prosecution.

In the spring of her final year, 2014, Renda was nearly finished with her major in sociology and had been accepted to a joint law-school and master's-in-public-health program at the University of Maryland and Johns Hopkins. That was when, through her work with the sexual-assault-prevention community, she met a young woman at the university named Jackie. It was a fateful encounter. Jackie told Renda that she had been raped during her first year at U.Va., in 2012, by multiple assailants. Renda says that the conversation between the two women focused primarily on the unsupportive reactions that Jackie said she had received from friends and family, not on the alleged assault itself. Renda elected to stay at U.Va. as an intern in the Office of Student Affairs. In June 2014, Renda testified before a hearing of the Senate

Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions Committee, and used Jackie's story to underscore the need for increased reporting of sexual assault. She referred to Jackie anonymously and told lawmakers that Jackie didn't report her assault until almost a year after it happened "because immediately after the attack she confided in peers who did not believe her," a reaction that meant that the young men she claimed had attacked her "went unpunished and remained a threat to the other students throughout that year."

Another young woman drawn into Jackie's orbit was Alex Pinkleton, who had come to the university in 2012. Pinkleton sailed through the Red Zone with no problem, but in November of her second year, she says, she was sexually assaulted at a party. She had been drinking, and all she remembers is eventually coming to, naked, with a friend's friend on top of her, and asking him what had happened. She put on her clothes and walked out. Afterward, she tried to joke about it but grew increasingly uncomfortable. She says the young man she had had sex with later told her, via a private Facebook message, that she had been so drunk she had forgotten his name four times in the course of the evening. The two ran into each other at parties and were, in Pinkleton's telling, hostile to each other. Eventually, she says, she talked about the incident with Nicole Eramo, U.Va.'s associate dean of students and the school administrator responsible for handling sexual-assault complaints. Eramo asked Pinkleton if she felt safe, how she was doing emotionally, and if she wanted to pursue a formal or informal complaint through the university system, or instead wished to report the incident to the police. Pinkleton told Eramo she didn't know what she wanted to do and deferred any decision.

In February 2014, as Pinkleton was walking out of the bathroom in New Cabell Hall, a 1950s-era brick building with classrooms and faculty offices, a young woman stopped her. It was Jackie. Because of her role in One Less, a student sexual-assault-education group, Pinkleton was well known as a victims' advocate. Jackie told Pinkleton her story—which allegedly involved being raped by multiple perpetrators—and asked Pinkleton about her own history. The discussion, again, focused not on the details of any assault on Jackie but on the reaction from friends and family afterward; on how to feel safe; and on what action she might take to help the healing process, such as an adjudication through U.Va. The two women ultimately agreed to make their accounts public at the next Take Back the Night rally. "We decided, 'If you do it, I'll do it,'" Pinkleton remembers. They did speak at the event, but Pinkleton says Jackie offered few details about the assault itself—it was very much in the background.

That was the state of affairs when, on July 8, 2014, after most of her fellow class-of-2014 graduates had left Charlottesville, Emily Renda received a phone call from a woman named Sabrina Rubin Erdely, a writer for *Rolling Stone* magazine. According to her notes—as laid out in a report by the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, which *Rolling Stone* asked to investigate its article after serious questions about it arose—Erdely was intending to write about rape at colleges and universities and was looking for an emblematic case that would show what it is like to be on a college campus today—where, in her view, sexual harassment and assault were so prevalent as to constitute a "rape culture." Renda was soon to begin a new job at the university. "She was talking broadly about rape culture, and we talked about whether it was even an appropriate term," Renda recalled, adding, "I think it is divisive"—her argument being that it makes the conversation immediately contentious when it doesn't need to be, and therefore makes finding a response all the harder. The conversation ranged from psychology and advocacy to policy and law. Renda remembers speaking to Erdely for "four very unpleasant hours about my own experience." In the end, Renda directed Erdely to five women, all of whom had very different stories to tell. Jackie's was meant to represent the invalidating responses women often get from their friends and family. Another woman had successfully prosecuted her rapist through the criminal-justice system. Yet another had received protective orders through the school. She also put Erdely in touch with another woman, who had gone through the school process.

Erdely contacted multiple women but evidently came to view Jackie's story as the most dramatic. (Erdely, through a *Rolling Stone* spokeswoman, has declined to comment for this story.) The next time Renda spoke with Erdely, in August, Renda learned that the writer was focusing her article narrowly on the alleged gang rape of Jackie. Renda says she regarded Erdely's journalistic focus on a single extreme episode as misleading—an outlier, even if true. She told Erdely that Jackie's story "wasn't representative of campus rape as a whole." Much of Renda's work involved speaking to students whose cases do not include explicit violence, that occur in the context of a lot of drinking and between people who already know each other. Even though Renda didn't have the details of Jackie's story, she was aware that it allegedly included multiple assailants, and she worried that it could make the experience of other victims, whose stories weren't nearly as dramatic and yet were personally devastating, seem almost trivial by comparison.

Erdely, meanwhile, had been in touch with Jackie by e-mail, and on July 14 they spoke on the phone. According to Erdely's notes, Jackie seems to have shared her rape story with Erdely in a way she never had with Renda or Pinkleton. A fellow lifeguard, given the name "Drew," had invited her to her first fraternity party, and after midnight he led her upstairs. As reported in *Rolling Stone:*

"My eyes were adjusting to the dark. And I said his name and turned around. . . . I heard voices and I started to scream and someone pummeled into me and told me to shut up. And that's when I tripped and fell against the coffee table and it smashed underneath me and this other boy, who was throwing his weight on top of me. Then one of them grabbed my shoulders. . . . One of them put his hand over my mouth and I bit him—and he straight-up punched me in the face. . . . One of them said, 'Grab its motherfucking leg.' As soon as they said it, I knew they were going to rape me."

Jackie's account was graphic. She described the lifeguard's coaching seven other young men as they raped her, seemingly as part of a fraternity pledge ritual. "Don't you want to be a brother?" one of the young men asked another who had hesitated. Erdely told the Columbia investigators that she had been "sickened and shaken" after the call, even though she was also "a bit incredulous" about some of the details, such as a glass table shattering under Jackie as the first rapist assaulted her. The article, published in the fall, described U.Va. as an institution so defined by rape culture that women had taken to calling it "UVrApe." Erdely portrayed U.Va. as a place that discouraged the reporting of sexual assault and infantilized survivors by telling them to focus on healing rather than justice. In the article, Nicole Eramo, the associate dean of students who served as a counselor to sexual-assault survivors, was quoted as responding this way to a question posed by Jackie about why U.Va. statistics on rape were hard to find: "Because nobody wants to send their daughter to the rape school."

In the fall of 2014, Pinkleton felt she had somehow become a main pillar of support for Jackie as she navigated the process of telling her story publicly to a reporter for a national magazine. In Pinkleton's recollection, Jackie appeared increasingly distressed. "She would message me at four A.M.," Pinkleton told me. To give Jackie someone else to talk to, Pinkleton introduced her to Sara Surface, a fellow U.Va. student and a co–selection chair for One Less. The three women met in September at Para Coffee, on the Corner, the commercial strip of



THE TARGET Protesters demonstrate at U.Va.'s Phi Kappa Psi fraternity in November 2014, soon after the *Rolling Stone* article appeared.

shops and bars where U.Va. students regularly socialize. They sat outside, and, Pinkleton says, Jackie shared certain general elements of her story with Surface, though not in anything like as much detail as she had with Sabrina Rubin Erdely. Jackie was talkative and friendly but appeared anxious about the upcoming *Rolling Stone* article. "I don't think she fully grasped how big the article would become, but she was worried about it," Pinkleton recalled. Pinkleton was worried, too. "The extra stress on someone who had been gang-raped by tons of people would be a reason someone might do something dramatic," Pinkleton told me. "I was worried she would kill herself."

Erdely arrived in Charlottesville for interviews two days before Hannah Graham went missing. Pinkleton told me Jackie met with Erdely alone, and then the three of them had dinner the night Graham disappeared. By that time Erdely had been reaching out to various administrators and students at U.Va. but making little headway. The administration seemed to be media-shy—a consequence, possibly, of ugly events in 2012, when some high-profile members of the Board of Visitors had led a failed coup against the university's president, Teresa Sullivan. But it was also preoccupied: Around this time, Erdely "called to complain that no one was talking to her," Renda told me. President Sullivan had postponed phone interviews with Erdely. Renda thought at the time, Do you know we have a student missing and an all-out manhunt for her?

There was another reason the U.Va. administration may have seemed guarded. Word was getting around—based on the nature of Erdely's questioning and her apparent disdain for university officials—that the article was likely to be deeply critical of the administration's handling of sexual-assault cases. "People thought it was best not to talk to her, because anything you told her was not going to be fairly represented," Renda told me. This made Erdely's reporting all the more difficult. At that point, Renda felt hesitant about continuing to speak to Erdely, and told me she emphasized to the reporter that anything she said reflected nothing more than her own personal experience—that she didn't have access to case files from Jackie's discussions with Dean Eramo or any other U.Va. administrators, could not have shared them even if she did, and knew only what Jackie was telling her. "I knew so little about the actual story," Renda explained—meaning the specific details of the alleged gang rape.

Skeptical of U.Va. officials, Erdely appears to have relied increasingly on Jackie and her circle of supporters, but her friends knew only what they had been told, which was relatively little and not always the same thing. Although Jackie had told Erdely her story in graphic detail, she wasn't always eager to maintain contact with the reporter. Jackie seems to have cut off contact with Erdely, or tried to. At one point, Renda says, she received an e-mail from Erdely asking if she had heard from Jackie lately, because Erdely hadn't. After getting Erdely's message, Renda contacted Jackie directly and told her that if the story was becoming too much she could drop out of participation at any time. Jackie told Renda that she

PHOTOGRAPH BY RYAN M. KELLY/*THE DAILY PROGRESS*/A.P. IMAGES

was fine—just stressed out by school. Jackie wavered on whether she should name the fraternity explicitly. Pinkleton felt that Erdely was trying to manipulate Jackie into cooperating, though Pinkleton's view of the dynamics would gradually become more complicated. Pinkleton remembers contacting Erdely on one occasion to tell her that Jackie didn't want her name in the story. Erdely called back, confused, saying she had just spoken to Jackie, who *did* want her name in the story. "At first I thought Sabrina was manipulating us," Pinkleton told me. Later, after everything unraveled, she came to a different conclusion: "Jackie was manipulating us as well."

In October, according to Pinkleton, arguments and tensions mounted among Jackie, Surface, Pinkleton, and Erdely. Surface and Pinkleton were trying to shield Jackie, or help Jackie shield herself. For her part, Jackie seemed uncertain about how she wanted to be represented in the story. She went from not wanting to be named at all to agreeing to the use of just her first name. Pinkleton said, "She started evading questions from us and confessing more to Sabrina." And Pinkleton went on: "I just feel like she really started telling us things that didn't make sense. We offered her help in standing up to Sabrina, but she didn't want it." Pinkleton noted a few worrying signs as the story was closing and *Rolling Stone* was calling to confirm various pieces of information: "I remember telling the fact-checkers that 'UVrApe' was nothing I had ever heard of." Other rape-prevention advocates at the school had never heard the term, either.

III. The Unraveling

The week the *Rolling Stone* story came out, the four women—Renda, Surface, Pinkleton, and Jackie—were scrambling to prepare for what they suspected would be a bombshell. On Tuesday, November 18, a friend of Sara Surface's found a copy of the magazine on a newsstand. The friend took pictures of the pages with her cell phone and sent them to Surface, who downloaded them onto a laptop. All four women had been anticipating the story for months. Some of them had come to distrust Erdely. Nobody wanted to read it alone. They wanted to see one another's reactions and talk about it afterward. "Everybody come to my apartment now," texted Renda. She lived off campus, far enough away from most student housing to feel truly removed. Everyone arrived right away. "We were really nervous, and we knew it was going to be really bad," Pinkleton told me. Bad for U.Va. and bad for Dean Eramo, whom the women, save perhaps Jackie, regarded as a mentor.

Once the women had gathered, Renda read the story aloud, detail by harrowing detail. Jackie was identified by her first name only, and the leader of her alleged rapists, as noted, was given the pseudonym "Drew." Three allegedly unsympathetic friends whom Jackie had sought out in the aftermath of the attack were also given pseudonyms—"Cindy," "Randall," and "Andy." Renda read aloud the story of Jackie's brutal gang rape at the hands of seven men at the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house. She read aloud how, after the attack, her friends and U.Va. officials had discouraged Jackie from reporting the incident to the police or the university. As some of the women had feared, Dean Eramo became the face of an administration that was depicted as unsympathetic and indifferent to a pervasive rape culture.

As Pinkleton listened to the horrific details, she said, she thought, Oh, I didn't hear that, and Oh, I didn't know that. While they were aware of the outlines of the story, much of the specific information was being imparted to them for the first time. Looking back on it now, Pinkleton remembers that Jackie seemed upset as Renda read the story but did not break down. At one point, Pinkleton reached over to pat Jackie's back to comfort her. Renda told me that hearing the story read aloud was "like being hit over the head with a baseball bat," because the details of Jackie's rape were so shocking and because the dean had been treated so unfairly. After Renda finished reading, Jackie's boyfriend, who had driven her to Renda's apartment, took her home. Once Jackie had departed, the three women left behind looked at one another, realizing that there was a lot they didn't know about what had happened to Jackie. And maybe a lot they didn't know about Jackie.

The next day, "A Rape on Campus" was on nearly every laptop before, during, and after classes at U.Va. There were countless "I stand with Jackie" messages on Facebook, Yik Yak, and other social media. There was a lot of anger at Jackie's friends—"Cindy," "Randall," and "Andy"—who were portrayed as unsupportive in *Rolling Stone.* Renda described to me the protests that followed the story. Vandals painted UVA CENTER FOR RAPE STUDIES on the side of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house. They threw rocks through the windows. The Phi Kappa Psi brothers moved out. Especially distressing to Renda was a sign she saw at a protest march: PROTECT OUR WOMEN. The sign seemed to epitomize all the "damsel in distress" tropes that women like Renda had been trying to dispel—a difficult task anywhere but particularly at a place like U.Va., with its ethic, in some quarters, of chivalrous paternalism. "I remember feeling really overwhelmed and like this was going to set back all the positive work that had been done," Renda told me. There were only two types of women in Erdely's story, she explained: bimbos and victims. "There were no women of agency," she said. One key issue from Renda's perspective was that much of her work had been trying to help women who had suffered a much less violent, much less dramatic version of Jackie's story—the so-called gray area of rape, one that, Renda says, is all too common at U.Va. and other college campuses. For her part, Pinkleton was annoyed that she and Surface weren't identified as working to prevent sexual assault at U.Va., nor was anyone else. Erdely "acted like there were no feminists or anyone supporting survivors," Pinkleton told me. Pinkleton was also upset that Erdely "had destroyed the administration's credibility and said"—falsely—"that there is no one at this school who will listen to your story and believe you."

Jackie's circle of supporters were in an unenviable situation. They ostensibly knew more than anyone about what had happened to Jackie—but began to appreciate that they really didn't know what they knew, or whether what they thought they knew was true. At some point during the two weeks that followed the story's publication, Jackie told Pinkleton and Surface what she claimed to be the real name of "Drew," the alleged ringleader of her rape. Pinkleton says that, when she and Surface looked him up, they realized he didn't fit the story. There was no one by his name who was a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. Then it began to get worse: a *Washington Post* reporter, T. Rees Shapiro—one of the many reporters who had descended on U.Va.—was attempting to speak to the student Jackie identified as "Drew." "We realized the chances of it happening at Phi Kappa Psi at that point were slim to none," said Pinkleton. And they realized that they had, in Pinkleton's words, a "moral obligation" to tell Shapiro about discrepancies in Jackie's story. Sara Surface added, "At a certain point Alex and I had to start making decisions about Jackie versus every other survivor in our cause. It wasn't a distinction that we as advocates ever thought we would need to make."

On Tuesday, December 2, two weeks after the *Rolling Stone* story's release, Surface and Pinkleton had dinner with Jackie and told her they were concerned that the person Jackie had identified to them didn't match the description of the Drew character named in the story. Pinkleton says that Jackie avoided answering their questions. She began to cry and told them she was stressed and tired and overwhelmed. On Thursday, December 4, Surface and Pinkleton met with Shapiro, the *Post* reporter, and essentially compared notes. They had all identified what seemed like discrepancies in Jackie's CONTINUED ON PAGE 296



INVIGORATED
Stephen Colbert, Conan O'Brien, Trevor Noah, James Corden, Jimmy Kimmel, John Oliver, Seth Meyers, Larry Wilmore, Jimmy Fallon, and Bill Maher.

Host-*to*-Host

Late-night television has seen a disorienting—some feared fragmenting—
Jon Stewart gave up their chairs. But, writes DAVID KAMP, a mix of new faces, shows,
the top 10 reasons (all men, but that's about to



Sensation

shuffle over the last two years as Jay Leno, David Letterman, and and platforms has only revitalized the format. SAM JONES photographs change, too) to tune in at the end of the day

Three successive generations grew up without ever having known a time when, respectively, Johnny Carson, David Letterman, and Jon Stewart were *not* on late-night television. And when these men stepped down from their jobs, their departures were the cause of grieving and anxiety, a sense of "Who else could possibly see me through the end of my day? How will life go on?"

But life does go on, and these transitions have a way of working to everyone's benefit. As Stewart himself said in February, *The Daily Show* "doesn't deserve an even slightly restless host, and neither do you." And, though hardly anyone remembers this today, Carson, before he announced in 1991 that he would retire the following year—prompting a renewed appreciation of his silvery cool and perfect comic instincts—was not the unassailable King of Late-Night that we now hold him to be. A *Saturday Night Live* sketch from the period found Dana Carvey playing Johnny as "Carsenio," his white hair buzzed into an Arsenio Hall flattop fade, fighting off obsolescence by boogying down in a boxy red suit and telling Phil Hartman's Ed McMahon, "It's not called a band anymore—it's called a posse. Weird, wild stuff." The real Carson was canny enough to get out just before things got that grotesque.

So, given the circumstances, change is good, even if it comes at a disorienting pace. To recap: Jay Leno hung it up at NBC in February 2014, yielding *The Tonight Show* to Jimmy Fallon, who in turn yielded *Late Night* to Seth Meyers. In the spring of this year, Letterman gave up his roost at CBS's *Late Show,* providing an opening for Stephen Colbert, whose departure from Comedy Central in turn provided an opening for Larry Wilmore. Last year, Stewart saw his most obvious heir apparent, John Oliver, establish his own beachhead at HBO with *Last Week Tonight,* and instead handed off *The Daily Show* this year to the relatively unknown Trevor Noah. And in March, James Corden replaced Craig Ferguson on CBS's *Late Late Show,* out in L.A., where the three relative grandpas of late-night, 59-year-old Bill Maher, 47-year-old Jimmy Kimmel, and 52-year-old Conan O'Brien, have been holding steady at HBO, ABC, and TBS.

Far from signaling the fading cultural import of the late-night talk show, which is what everyone feared the market-share-cannibalizing Leno-Letterman wars augured in the 1990s, this fragmented landscape has invigorated the format—nearly every weeknight brings some rich moment that goes viral: Wilmore's *Nightly Show* getting interrupted and ticketed by a "Ferguson officer," say, or Fallon's simultaneously moving and silly "Two James Taylors on a Seesaw" duet with the real Taylor, both of them costumed as the long-haired, mustachioed J.T. of 1971 and "You've Got a Friend."

Nevertheless, not everyone is psyched. In April, a writer for O'Brien's show, Andrés du Bouchet, caused a kerfuffle over some tweets lamenting the rise of "Prom King Comedy." He demanded of the genre, "No celebrities,

PAGES 248–49, FROM LEFT: SUIT AND SHIRT BY GUCCI; SHOES BY ANTHONY CLEVERLEY. CLOTHING BY PRADA; SHOES BY TOD'S. SUIT AND SHIRT BY ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA; TIE BY ALEXANDER OLCH; SHOES BY GEORGE CLEVERLEY. SUIT BY BURBERRY LONDON; SHIRT BY HAMILTON; SHOES BY SALVATORE FERRAGAMO. CLOTHING BY GUCCI; SHOES BY JOHN LOBB. CLOTHING BY BOSS; SHOES BY CROCKETT & JONES.



no parodies, no pranks, no mash-ups or hashtag wars." This was a shot at the Jimmys, who do pranks and parodies, and use their A-list status to rope in stars to perform comic bits, e.g., Fallon's recurring "History of Rap" numbers with Justin Timberlake, and Kimmel's "Handsome Men's Club" sketch with Matthew McConaughey, Ben Affleck, and Matt Damon. "You've let the popular kids appropriate the very art form that helped you deal," du Bouchet wrote.

O'Brien duly upbraided his employee, but, impolitic as du Bouchet's words were, they're helpful in differentiating the programs. And the point is: we, the viewers, are freer than ever to choose what we like, either à la carte or, thanks to streaming and DVR-ing, in combo-platter form. *Conan* is indeed the purist's choice, where you go for absurdist, smart comedy in the lo-fi tradition of NBC-era Letterman, back when Dave and crew MacGyver'd a funny show out of little more than subversive writing, the host's awkward interplay with guests, and a hot band. Fallon's and Corden's shows might be considered post-Letterman or even pre-Carson, more sunny, wholesome variety shows than smoky *Playboy After Dark*–style debauches. Kimmel's and Maher's shows are naughtier, a little more insouciant, a little more Dean Martin. Meyers goes for a sort of updated Dick Cavett feel, carrying himself with buttoned-down restraint and actually allowing literary authors (Marlon James, Hanya Yanagihara) onto his soundstage.

And Oliver and Wilmore have developed their own, bespoke versions of the righteous, reportorial humor of Stewart—who, given his expanding sphere of influence (there is a "Jon Stewart of Egypt," Bassem Youssef, and a "Jon Stewart of Italy," Beppe Grillo), must be considered as major a pillar of late-night comedy as Carson and Letterman. The launches of programs by two more protégés, Colbert and Noah, only strengthen this position.

What's conspicuously missing from late-night, still, is women. How gobsmackingly insane is it that no TV network has had the common sense—and that's all we're talking about in 2015, not courage, bravery, or even decency—to hand over the reins of an existing late-night comedy program to a female person? While Amy Schumer has acknowledged that she turned down *The Daily Show,* happy where she is at Comedy Central, that doesn't mitigate the fact that Chelsea Peretti, Megan Amram, and Jen Kirkman, to name but three contenders, are alive, sentient, funny, and presumably open to taking a meeting. (And how great would Lea DeLaria be as an M.C., going places Ed McMahon never dared to go? It'd be weird, wild stuff.)

Fortunately, comedic redress is on its way, in the form of two new shows created from scratch, Samantha Bee's for TBS and Chelsea Handler's for Netflix. (Both shows are due in 2016.) Two female hosts plus the 10 men featured here is still a long way from a late-night that truly looks like America. But the next version of this story's opening picture will be that much brighter. □

CLOTHING BY HERMÈS; SHOES BY GEORGE CLEVERLEY. CLOTHING BY PAUL STUART; SHOES BY CROCKETT & JONES. SUIT BY RALPH LAUREN; SHIRT AND TIE BY LANVIN; SHOES BY TOM FORD. CLOTHING BY ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA. PHOTOGRAPHED AT MILK STUDIOS, IN N.Y.C., AND OLYMPIC LIGHT & SOUND, IN SANTA MONICA. FOR CREDITS, TURN TO PAGE 75. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



LATE KNIGHTS
Clockwise from top left: Oliver, Meyers, Wilmore, Fallon, Maher, Noah, Corden, Colbert, Kimmel, and O'Brien. Nearly every weeknight produces some comic moment that will go viral by morning.

The LONGES

Since his 2014 inauguration, New York mayor Bill de Blasio has alienated the Park Avenue elite, earned the hatred of his Police Department, and clashed with the governor. And despite his progressive agenda, his relationship with the city's black leaders has steadily deteriorated. So why does the smart money say he's almost guaranteed a second term? BRYAN BURROUGH reports



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONAS FREDWALL KARLSSON

T SUMMER



SITTING MAYOR New York mayor Bill de Blasio on the back porch of Gracie Mansion, official residence of the city's mayors.

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

Fog hovered over Jamaica Bay that morning, November 12, as dozens of grieving families gathered for the memorial service in Rockaway Park, along the water in a far precinct of Queens. They had come to mark the 13th anniversary of the crash of American Airlines Flight 587, a flight headed to the Dominican Republic that instead ended up in flames in Far Rockaway, killing 260 people on board, as well as 5 on the ground.

Mayor Bill de Blasio was scheduled to arrive at 9:05, 11 minutes before a uniformed officer was to ring a silver bell noting the exact time of the crash. But at 9:05 there was no sign of the mayor, who was on a police launch en route. For several minutes family members stared in disbelief, some shaking their heads; the previous mayor, Michael Bloomberg, had always come early and taken his time speaking with them. When 9:16 came with still no sign of the mayor, the police officer with the bell stood motionless, unsure what to do.

Finally one of the mourners, Miriam Estrella, stepped to the podium. "I'm sorry, everyone," she said. "Sorry our mayor's not here." The officer rang the bell. Nine minutes later de Blasio arrived, strode to the podium, and made a speech that did little to calm the furious families.

The mayor's staff blamed the fog. But confronted by reporters later that day, de Blasio admitted he simply hadn't gotten out of bed in time. "I had a very rough night, woke up sluggish, and I should have gotten myself moving quicker," he explained. "I just woke up in the middle of the night, couldn't get back to sleep, and felt really sluggish and off-kilter this morning."

It wasn't the first—or the last—time de Blasio was late for an official function. In December he showed up two hours late to a murdered police officer's wake, arriving as it ended. During Saint Patrick's Day festivities he achieved the trifecta of being late for three events in a row: a celebratory breakfast and reception at Gracie Mansion—"*his own house,*" *The New York Times* noted in italics; a Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, which Cardinal Timothy Dolan started without him ("Mayor de Blasio, we're happy you're here," Dolan said when the mayor finally arrived); and a parade in the Rockaways, which the mayor missed half of. The crowd booed when he arrived. A few chanted, "Worst mayor ever." "I'm not hired by the people to go to parades," de Blasio said grumpily afterward.

Chronic tardiness is just one of the complaints New Yorkers have voiced about their mayor of not quite 21 months. On the Upper West Side the gripes are about potholes; on the Upper East Side, uncollected garbage; in Greenwich Village the talk is of abandoned storefronts occupied by the homeless. After 20 years of plunging crime rates, crime is again part of the New York conversation. After de Blasio criticized "stop-and-frisk"—detaining and searching people without probable cause—the N.Y.P.D. rose in open revolt against him last winter when two officers were murdered. At the funerals the policemen turned their backs on the mayor en masse.

Bill de Blasio is unlike any New York mayor in recent memory, a staunch progressive, a crusader against income inequality and for affordable housing, a man who has as little use for Park Avenue elites as they do for him. In terms of the national political scene, that makes him a far more significant figure on the left than any New York mayor in years. In fact, if you believe that the popularity of politicians such as Massachusetts senator Elizabeth Warren and Vermont senator Bernie Sanders represents a new "progressive moment" in American politics, it's de Blasio who is the one who bears watching. He is the only progressive governing anything of note, and while mayor of New York has historically been a dead-end job for those seeking higher office, it's clear his ambitions aren't confined to the city limits.

How far left is de Blasio? This is a man who cut his teeth during the 1980s raising money and distributing food for Nicaragua's Communist Sandinista government, who later married an African-American woman who once identified as a radical lesbian, and who honeymooned in Cuba. A speaker at his inauguration memorably called New York a "plantation," referring to inequality in the city.

This kind of talk scares a lot of New Yorkers, especially those who had warmed to the safer, sparkling city that emerged after 12 years of Mayor Michael Bloomberg, a Wall Street–trained management professional, who disdained partisan politics. Asked whom de Blasio can be compared to, one of his three deputy mayors, Alicia Glen, 48, says, "I don't know. No doubt there is some hippie mayor somewhere who is focused on these issues. Maybe Jerry Brown when he was mayor of Oakland."



What appears to incense many New Yorkers I spoke with is not only de Blasio's personal style but also a sense that he, unlike Bloomberg, cares far more about politics and his pet projects than actually managing the city. "Most whites I know are left of center, and virtually every one of them can't stand the guy—and these are all Obama-walks-on-water types," says a journalist who has covered the city for 40 years. "This sanctimonious arrogance [he has] just irritates people. But it's more than that. There's no sense this man has any interest, unlike Bloomberg, in the nuts and bolts of how the city works. He's lazy. He shows up late. He insults people by keeping them waiting, and he shrugs it off—'Oh, it's not important I'm here on time; it matters what happens when I show up.' But it does matter. Part of me wonders if he really wants to be mayor. I wonder if the whole idea bores him, if all he really cares about is being a national figure on progressive issues."

"I don't know whether he's lazy," says Mitchell Moss, a onetime Bloomberg adviser who now teaches urban policy and planning at NYU Wagner. "I do know he's the first mayor in recent history to call in sick. O.K.? He

doesn't have any of that natural comfort with the details of government. People want him to reflect the tone of the city, but his agenda is one agenda and nothing else: income inequality and affordable housing. He doesn't care about parks or potholes or anything else. He has two issues [income inequality and affordable housing] and two issues only."

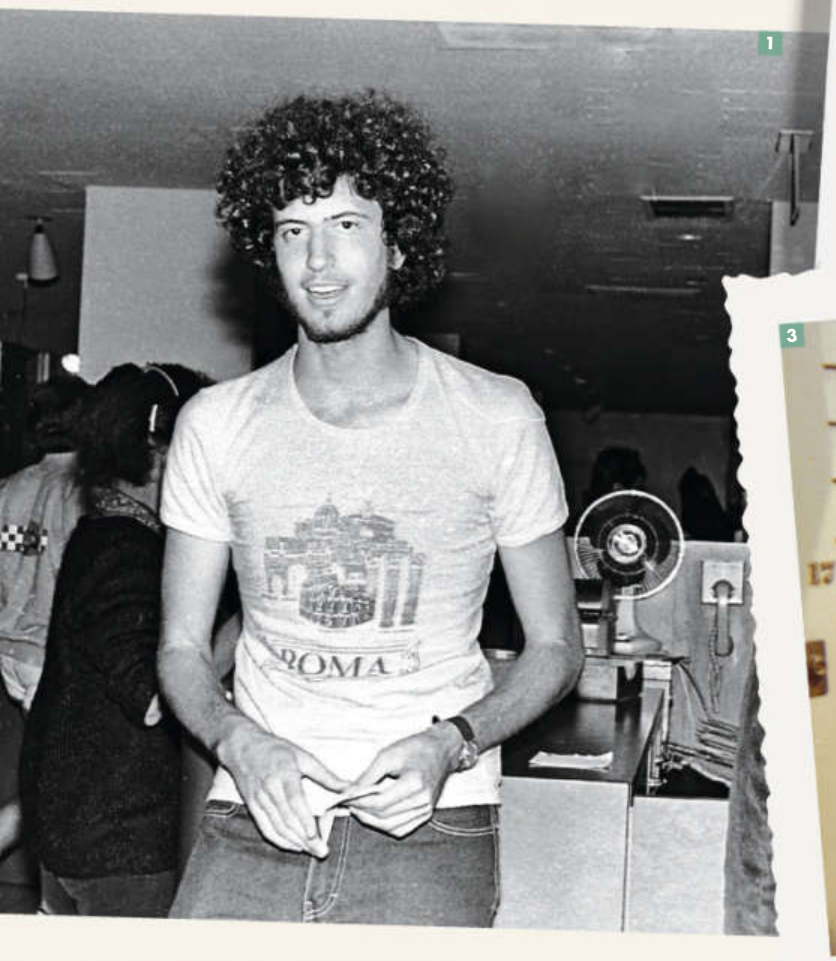
"I think people feel that it's not a mayor's prime responsibility to try to lower income inequality," says Heather Mac Donald, of the conservative Manhattan Institute. "Managing New York is enough. If you can keep the streets fixed and maintain discipline in the schools, that is a challenge enough. If you can prove you have the management mettle to do that, then maybe you take on income inequality. To declare [that issue] as your primary mission as mayor strikes people as grandiose. There is a certain messianic quality that he actually thinks he can solve income inequality. I would argue that that is at the very least a premature goal, but most likely a preposterous one. To the extent that income inequality can be addressed by public policy, which is a real question, it certainly can't be done at a local level."

In late July, I followed the mayor through a working day and sat with him for two lengthy discussions, one off the record, over bottles of Brooklyn Lager on the porch at Gracie Mansion (the Colonial mansion that is the official residence of New York mayors), the second, on the record, at his City Hall office. When I asked him if he's aware of the perception that he has little interest in the details of city management, de Blasio's eyes flashed. "Sure," he said. "And it's wrong. But I hear it all the time." He pursed his lips. "It wouldn't be hard to research the truth," he added, "and a lot of people don't bother. I came in saying I was going to change things and acted on it, and I think there are some people who don't like the changes, so they fill in the blanks any way they want. It's inconvenient to their critique of me if I'm handling the budget well, or handling labor relations well, or making the trains run on time. So it doesn't shock me."

"I do believe [the elites] all think we're raving Communists," says Alicia Glen, who joined de Blasio's team in 2013, after working at Goldman Sachs. "That's an easy, cocktail-party throwaway line. People are lazy. People love the familiar. Most of the people in [City Hall now] are not familiar to [our critics]. In the past 12 years they've been hanging out at [East Hampton's posh private golf course] the Maidstone Club with [Bloomberg's people] and it's been really nice and easy. . . . But at the end of the day . . . paid child care, building rental housing, creating a ferry system—these are things any smart person running a city would be doing. The fact that these people

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY TODD MAISEL/POLARIS; TOP RIGHT, BY DONALD TRAILL/INVISION/A.P. IMAGES

BILL BECOMES LAW
(1) De Blasio (then Bill Wilhelm) at New York University's Loeb Student Center, 1980. **(2)** The mayor and the Reverend Al Sharpton attend Sharpton's 60th-birthday celebration at the Four Seasons restaurant, October 1, 2014. **(3)** A young de Blasio with his mother, Maria Wilhelm, in the late 1960s.









FIRST FAMILY
De Blasio with, from left, New York City First Lady Chirlane McCray, son Dante, and daughter Chiara, on the back porch of Gracie Mansion.

don't go to the same golf club as Bill de Blasio? O.K., whatever. That's all this is about."

De Blasio's people are quick to point out the initiatives he has introduced that are having a tangible impact on the lives of thousands of poor people and undocumented immigrant New Yorkers, whom they feel Bloomberg ignored. The mayor's centerpiece achievement has brought free pre-kindergarten education to every New York family and free after-school programs for most—a boon for working parents. He has also introduced mandatory paid sick leave and an ambitious program for city identification cards for undocumented residents, allowing them access to city services and facilities.

Such achievements have earned de Blasio praise from unexpected quarters. "I understand why people are concerned, because some of what he says is a little scary," says Hamilton James, president of Blackstone, the big Wall Street investment firm. "But can they object to universal pre-K? Of course not. [His deals with] the unions? He's actually cut deals that are better than most of us thought he could get. He's gotten an awful lot done in a short time."

"A lot of people, white people, really want to hate this guy," says a veteran City Hall reporter who knows the mayor well. "You know, helping all these poor people? It's not pretty politics. No one wants to watch this get done. But it's what he promised. And it's what he's doing."

Nevertheless many New Yorkers—and not just the Manhattan elites—appear unconvinced, and de Blasio's poll numbers reflect it. A Quinnipiac University Poll in early August found that only 33 percent of New York City voters rated life in the city "very good" or "good"—the lowest number ever measured by the university, and 47 percent believed de Blasio does not deserve re-election.

His critics would have you believe de Blasio is New York's most reviled mayor ever. Does he deserve it?

Notes from the Underground

I first catch up with the mayor happily on schedule as he lopes through the bowels of the American Museum of Natural History on his way into the subway. On the platform, flanked by his security detail, he greets a pair of uniformed cops as the B train roars into the station. At first, no one inside the half-empty car recognizes the familiar figure in their midst. "There's two types of rides," de Blasio tells me, grasping a center pole. "One, when no one notices me. Two, when the whole car presses forward and everyone wants selfies. It's a little surreal. Sometimes I miss my old life."

Sitting to one side, a middle-aged African-American woman makes eye contact. "You're a handsome guy!" she exclaims.

De Blasio steps over for a hug. As if on cue, a pair of city workers step up for handshakes and selfies. De Blasio smiles and accommodates. We talk about his past role models in the job. "La Guardia was a big part of it," he says, mentioning Fiorello La Guardia, the popular mayor of New York in the 1930s and 40s. "He was the first true progressive mayor and was beloved in a way none of us will ever achieve. New York is a very emotional place, a lot of big emotions, and everyone is pressed together so tightly. And La Guardia brought this real sense of caring, of a personal give-and-take with every New Yorker. After that, people had this new vision of the mayor."

At West Fourth Street, de Blasio strides up a flight of stairs and boards the A train, which takes him toward City Hall. This time he is noticed and consents to a dozen more selfies. "How you doing,

STYLED BY ANN CARUSO; HAIR BY TED GIBSON; MAKEUP BY KIM BOWER; GROOMING BY BIRGITTE; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

brother?" he asks one young African-American man who hangs back. The man beams. Of the 25 or so people who approach during our ride, at least three-quarters are black, perhaps unsurprisingly, since de Blasio has a black wife and his Yale-bound son has an enormous Afro. "And then Ed Koch," de Blasio continues, "he borrowed the template from La Guardia, a real expectation of how the mayor has to be." I remark that, political philosophies aside, de Blasio's style bears little resemblance to that of La Guardia (a publicity-hungry dynamo obsessed with infrastructure) or Koch (a publicity-hungry lovable obnoxious-uncle type).

De Blasio, by comparison, can come off as a wallflower. There is no sense of alpha male about him. "There is a heavy-ego, solitary model of being an elected leader," he tells me. "We've certainly seen that in some other mayors of this city. . . . I have much more of a Movement mentality. It's much more of what I'm steeped in. I don't think it is first and foremost about me. It's about the ideas and the agenda. . . . What I think it is about me is I'm not afraid to try these new things."

In person, the first thing you notice is de Blasio's height; he is six feet five inches and looks taller. Like some tall people, he can seem awkward in public situations. He is not a natural orator, nor does he possess either charisma or gravitas. At the American Museum of Natural History, where he oversees a press conference, he relies on an uneasy smile, chuckles, and lame wisecracks. Asking for questions and getting no more, he says, "Going once . . . going twice." His style is that of a nervous suburban dad trying to be cool in front of his teenager's pals, an updated version of Clark Griswold from *National Lampoon's Vacation.*

He is much better in small groups, holding eye contact, smiling easily, and speaking in complete sentences. "I think the most amazing thing is, when I introduce him to people, I'd say almost 90 percent of the time I get a phone call or an e-mail the next day saying, 'Wow, I can't believe how smart he is,'" says Glen. "No, it's true. I think there's some weird perception out there that he's not very smart."

De Blasio is by nature and training a coalition builder, who easily draws input from everyone in a room, even skeptics. At a meeting with African-American executives seeking greater access to city contracts, he makes sure every last attendee, all 25 of them, gets a chance to speak. It's an approach that offsets the stridency of some of his campaign rhetoric. "I had been a little bit skeptical about his reaching out to the business community, because obviously, from the get-go, there was a bit of a schism," says Jerry Speyer, a founding partner of the real-estate colossus Tishman Speyer, whose holdings include such New York properties as Rockefeller Center and the Chrysler Building. "But I can tell you, and I've known every mayor since John Lindsay, I've been extremely impressed. The one thing I appreciate is he really solicits candor and open discussion. He is enormously respectful. We don't agree on a lot of things, but from the first time we spoke, I came away and felt, Gee, I can talk to this man."

By the time the meeting with African-American executives is over he is running 45 minutes behind schedule. Referring to his chronic tardiness, de Blasio admits, "People in that meeting had valid complaints. . . . I could have said, 'O.K., only five people get to speak, and we're out of here.' Presidential-style. . . . I do feel it's my obligation to listen, sometimes to a fault. . . . I don't want to have a meeting and leave the room without resolution. . . . I understand why it's something I have to do better on."

I ask de Blasio how he sleeps. "Physiologically, my perfect day would be to stay up until two and get up at nine. . . . I've had to adapt. Now I get up at six. I do think [my] body is adjusting to that. Too many days I'm up at three or four and I can't get back to sleep."

A different de Blasio emerges when he is tired, as at a late-afternoon meeting with staff implementing the pre-K program. In the middle of City Hall's cavernous Blue Room, beneath the gaze of an immense portrait of founding father Alexander Hamilton, the mayor sits alone on one side of a hollowed rectangle of adjoining tables, tie removed, sleeves rolled above the elbow; the others sit across from him, servile and subordinate. He has heard this all many times; he swallows at least three yawns. He sprawls, his arms enveloping adjacent chairs, then grows fidgety, his hands roaming his face, rubbing his neck and forehead, fingers picking at some unseen blemish. He talks with his hands, with a lot of pointed index fingers. With staff he has no problem brandishing authority. "All right, what else?" he says several times.

De Blasio's management style is a work in progress—the City of New York, after all, is the first organization of any size he has ever managed, an observation that draws scoffs from his advisers. "Name me five mayors who ran anything at all before they ran a city," snaps Glen. "Name five that ran anything bigger than a hair salon. What did [former Obama White House chief of staff and current Chicago mayor] Rahm Emanuel run before he was mayor? What did [former academic and current Los Angeles mayor] Eric Garcetti run? That's crazy."

A person who deals regularly with the mayor's office on behalf of an organization he runs compares de Blasio's management style with those of two previous New York mayors. "[Rudy] Giuliani's people were thugs," he says. "Bloomberg was pretty great because even if he didn't care about an initiative personally, if his people liked it, he let them run with it. The problem with de Blasio is that he's a micromanager. *Everything* has to go up to the top, to him. And his people, though they all seem well meaning, are often not as efficient as they might be or as qualified for their posts as you might wish."

Says a longtime political operative who admires the mayor, "I've known Bill a long time, and he is really more like a liberal professor or political activist than he is actually a mayor. If you look at mayors around the country, look at Rahm in Chicago, Garcetti in L.A., they tend to be more nonpartisan than not. They tend to be problem solvers: 'What's the problem? What's the solution?' Bill comes from a very different perspective. When Bill is presented with a problem, I always imagine him musing, 'Hmm, what's my political philosophy on this?' He's not a natural manager—I mean, that's an understatement."

"Every mayor has a troubled transition, but eventually he learns," says a longtime Democratic consultant who worked in the Koch and Dinkins administrations. "I wish I could see some progress toward that. I wish I could see better people around him. There is no steady hand behind the wheel in City Hall. I wish I could see more attention to governance issues. And I don't see it. I'm not alone. It's a common view among people I talk to."

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Another common criticism is that de Blasio is prone to shooting from the hip, which can inflame situations that with time might be handled more diplomatically. A prominent figure in the New York media world cites the flap during the 2013 mayoral campaign that de Blasio waded into over the horse-drawn carriages in Central Park. The carriages, driven by men and women in top hats, are, for visitors and natives alike, the picture-perfect New York postcard scene, capturing the romance and timelessness of the city. But to the surprise of veteran New York politicians the carriages became a major wedge issue in the race. Citing cruelty to the horses, a coalition of horse-lovers helped unseat the frontrunner for the Democratic nomination, CONTINUED ON PAGE 290



SHOWSTOPPERS Jennifer Holliday, Sheryl Lee Ralph, and Loretta Devine in *Dreamgirls,* 1981; *opposite,* Raul Julia with the Pink Ladies in *Nine,* 1982.

Ballots *over*





BOTH FROM PHOTOFEST; DIGITAL COLORIZATION BY LORNA CLARK

It was perhaps the greatest face-off in the history of the Tony Awards: Michael Bennett's *Dreamgirls,* backed by the powerful Shubert theater empire, versus up-and-coming director Tommy Tune's *Nine,* thrown together on a shoestring. In an adaptation from his new book, *Razzle Dazzle,* MICHAEL RIEDEL revisits 1982, when two musical-theater legends made Broadway their personal battlefield

Broadway

In October of 1975, New York City went bust. After years of mismanagement and overspending the greatest city in the world needed $477 million that month to meet its debt obligations. But it only had $34 million on hand. Mayor Abe Beame was minutes from declaring the city in default. And Hugh Carey, the governor, cabled President Gerald Ford for immediate assistance. The president's response? FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD was how the New York *Daily News* famously put it.

The situation was bleak, and it would take New York more than a decade to recover. Yet amid the chaos of insolvency, the town had one thing going for it—Broadway. In 1975, Broadway, after years of dark theaters and cultural irrelevancy, was beginning to stir. A musical called *A Chorus Line* opened that year and brought a dose of glamour to a decaying, crime-ridden, smut-filled Times Square. Every night, 1,500 theatergoers braved drug dealers, prostitutes, and pickpockets to see a show about the "gypsies" who danced in the chorus of a Broadway musical.

The opening of *A Chorus Line* at the Shubert Theatre that July revitalized not only Broadway but also the Shubert theatrical empire, which itself had almost gone under. Now the Shuberts were minting money with a production that would eventually run for 15 years—a record at the time. *A Chorus Line* also made its creator, Michael Bennett, the richest and most sought-after director in the world. Bennett, aged 32, followed up that show with a musical called *Ballroom.* It was a flop, and a bruising experience for Bennett. But after a short and frustrating stint in Hollywood, he headed back East to look for a new show to direct. At the same time, one of his closest friends, Tommy Tune—the lanky six-foot-six-inch dancer, choreographer, and up-and-coming director—was making his mark as a theatrical force. The men had been friends since 1965, when they'd met in the elevator of the Variety Arts rehearsal studios, on West 46th Street.

Tune, though four years older than Bennett, was in awe of him and considered him his mentor. But in the early 80s their friendship began to turn into a bitter rivalry, with repercussions for everyone on Broadway. And their clash—pitting Bennett's *Dreamgirls* against Tune's *Nine*—would eventually lead to what many consider the greatest face-off in the history of the Tony Awards.

Adapted from *Razzle Dazzle: The Battle for Broadway,* by Michael Riedel, to be published in October by Simon & Schuster, Inc.; © 2015 by the author.

"I Want to Direct Your Show"

Hoping to revitalize his standing on Broadway after his *Ballroom* drubbing, Michael Bennett shed many of his impresario trappings in the early 80s. Out went the fur coat he used to wear to opening nights, replaced by jeans, a T-shirt, and a baseball cap. Out went his chauffeur-driven Rolls, replaced by a van with a high-tech sound system. Out went Bennett's wife, Donna McKechnie, his Tony-winning leading lady in *A Chorus Line.* (Bennett, despite his love for her, was gay, and their marriage lasted only a few months. They would remain friends, though estranged for long periods.)

Bennett continued his prodigious vodka intake as well as his drug use, favoring pot, quaaludes, and cocaine. Coke increased his already heightened paranoia and mood swings. But he was certain of one thing: if he was serious about getting back on track, he had to have a hit show, and quickly.

It just so happened that Tom Eyen, a writer and director, and Henry Krieger, a composer, were developing a musical they'd dreamed up over a lunch at a Greenwich Village coffee shop. It centered on three black singers from Chicago, the Dreamettes, who go to Harlem to compete on Amateur Night at the Apollo. Eyen's working title was *One Night Only.* He scribbled a lyric on a napkin. Krieger sketched out a melody. Hoping to get some Broadway muscle behind the show, they auditioned 10 songs for Bennett and his producing partner, choreographer Bob Avian. The pair liked what they heard and gave them rehearsal space, with the understanding that Eyen would direct and, if the show turned out to be any good, Bennett and Avian would come on as producers.

Eyen and Krieger cast Jennifer Holliday as Effie—the overweight lead singer of the Dreamettes. Holliday had impressed them in *Your Arms Are Too Short to Box with God.* And when she arrived for her audition she had big rouge circles on her cheeks, reminding Krieger of Pagliacci. After their second workshop, Bennett surprised Eyen and Krieger, telling them, "I'm going to make you rich. I want to direct your show." Eyen was hurt, but this was the great Michael Bennett, so he relented.

The production—now called *Dreamgirls*—went into high gear. Eyen had played ping-pong with the actors, taking their ideas and refining them. That was not Bennett's way. The musical unfolded in his mind and he dictated it to the cast. He wanted it to move like a movie—swiftly, and barely pausing for the audience to catch its breath. And with its tale of show-business success and excess, friendship and betrayal, he wanted theatergoers to feel its brutality. Rehearsals could be hair-raising. In a key scene, Effie walks into her dressing room and comes face-to-face with her replacement. "Who is she?," Effie demands. Sheryl Lee Ralph, as Deena, was not responding to the dramatic situation to Bennett's satisfaction. Bennett erupted, "Get the fuck out of rehearsals! Get out of the room! You have no fucking feelings! Get out of my life!" Ralph burst into tears. Bennett went over to her, put his arm around her, and said, "That's what I want, honey. And I want it every night."

A turning point came when Bennett prodded Eyen and Krieger to come up with a strong first-act ending. Eyen dashed off a lyric; Krieger went over to a piano in a small studio. Krieger diddled around for an hour but came up cold. He thought the phrase "And I am telling you I'm not goin'" was awkward. "There was a knock



CENTER STAGE
Michael Bennett (right) helps Tommy Tune stage a number at a rehearsal for the 1980 Tony Awards telecast.

COURTESY OF TOMMY TUNE

at the door," Krieger recalled, "and it was Ray Stark, the producer. He was working on the early stages of the movie *Annie* [down the hall]. He said he was sorry to bother me, but he needed to use the phone. He made his phone call, thanked me, [and left]." The interlude proved to be the perfect change of pace. "I went back to work. At which point the song wrote itself." Krieger returned to the rehearsal room to try out his handiwork on Eyen, Bennett, and Avian. He taught Holliday the number while she was performing it, the two of them singing back and forth. It brought down the house at the impromptu run-through—with Bennett leading the applause.

"A Seismic Jolt"

The producer of *Dreamgirls* was the Shubert Organization, led by theatrical titans Gerald Schoenfeld and Bernard Jacobs, who was a father figure to Bennett. Their partner in the show was David Geffen, at the time one of the giants in the music business—and a close friend of Bennett's. Yet, for all its promise, *Dreamgirls* was unsteady as it headed into rehearsals in Boston in October 1981. Eyen, resentful he'd been muscled aside as director, fought Bennett over changes to the script. Bennett was issuing his usual demands for better scenes and songs, but Eyen resisted, insisting, "I'm the writer, not him!"

Often paranoid, Bennett—the son of an inveterate gambler from Buffalo who for years had been in hock to local mobsters—was convinced that the Mafia was out to get a cut of his success. Eyen, meanwhile, "was a wild, hotheaded Arab-American. He gave Michael the hives, literally," said Krieger. "They were both explosive types." When Eyen saw the original poster for the show—which read, MICHAEL BENNETT'S *DREAMGIRLS*—he went berserk. "He thought it suggested Michael had written it," said John Breglio, Bennett's lawyer, "so we changed it to 'Michael Bennett's Production of *Dreamgirls*'—which was a huge concession, considering Michael's stature."

There also had been tension between Bennett and Holliday. At one point, he fired her because she wasn't acting the role to his satisfaction. But when he realized he couldn't find anyone who sang "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going" as powerfully as she did, he took her to see Lena Horne in *The Lady and Her Music,* then the hottest show on Broadway. He bought Holliday dinner and rehired her. And then she fell in love with him. He helped her buy a condominium. Some in the company believed they were sleeping together, but Krieger knew better. She was large—*and* a woman.

Despite the strains, *Dreamgirls,* with its fluid, rapid staging, began to feel like a hit, drawing early upbeat reviews in Boston. Soon, Broadway was humming with the news that Michael Bennett had another winner. Ticket sales started to take off.

Dreamgirls opened at New York's Imperial Theatre on December 20, 1981. The first-night audience stood and cheered after "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going," then stood and cheered again at the curtain. At the opening-night party, Bennett worried about













PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTY REICHENTHAL/A.P. IMAGES (BOTTOM LEFT), PETER CUNNINGHAM (ALL OTHERS); ILLUSTRATION © THE AL HIRSCHFELD FOUNDATION/ALHIRSCHFELDFOUNDATION.ORG

***NINE* SHINES**

Clockwise from top left: Julia with Shelly Burch, 1982; Stephanie Cotsirilos and Liliane Montevecchi go glam; Anita Morris, as Carla, shows off William Ivey Long's black lace catsuit; Al Hirschfeld's illustration of Julia and the all-female ensemble, 1982; a high-spirited Tune in front of a poster for Bennett's *A Chorus Line*, 1980.











DREAMGIRLS DREAM TEAM *Clockwise from top left:* a 1981 illustration by Hirschfeld; Holliday and Bennett at the show's opening-night after-party, December 1981; producers David Geffen and Bernie Jacobs collaborate with director Bennett; Deborah Burrell, Ralph, and Devine wear white Dreamettes gowns, 1981.

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT, FROM PHOTOFEST BY PETER CUNNINGHAM, MARTHA SWOPE/© THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. ILLUSTRATION © THE AL HIRSCHFELD FOUNDATION/ALHIRSCHFELDFOUNDATION.ORG

SMASH! THE TELEVISION SCREEN SHATTERED. MICHAEL BENNETT HAD HURLED A TUMBLER OF VODKA AT DENNIS CUNNINGHAM.

the reviews. He knocked back vodka to calm his nerves. All that really mattered, in the end, was the endorsement of *The New York Times.* At 9:45 P.M., someone handed him a copy of Frank Rich's review. "When Broadway history is being made, you can feel it," Rich wrote. "What you feel is a seismic emotional jolt that sends the audience, as one, right out of its wits. While such moments are uncommonly rare these days, I'm here to report that one popped up at the Imperial last night. Broadway history was made at the end of the first act of Michael Bennett's beautiful and heartbreaking new musical, 'Dreamgirls.'" Rich then described, in detail, Holliday's performance, before concluding, "Mr. Bennett has long been [Jerome] Robbins's Broadway heir apparent, as he had demonstrated in two previous 'Gypsy'-like backstage musicals, 'Follies' and 'A Chorus Line.' But last night the torch was passed, firmly, unquestionably, once and for all."

Bennett was back with a vengeance, and *Dreamgirls* looked poised to sweep the Tonys. But there were clouds on the horizon. The mighty Shubert Organization—its coffers swelling from hits such as *A Chorus Line* and, now, *Dreamgirls*—was "starting to be seen as the Evil Empire," as Breglio put it. Moreover, Schoenfeld and Jacobs were maneuvering—against popular sentiment in the theater community—to have the Morosco Theatre torn down to accommodate the Marriott Marquis, a hotel perfectly situated for funneling out-of-towners to Shubert shows. By March, both the Morosco and the cherished Helen Hayes Theatre would fall to the wrecking ball—to the dismay of scores of actors and directors who were arrested in unsuccessful protests to save the performance spaces. And now many on Broadway were looking to get back at the Evil Empire.

Tale of the Tape

Tommy Tune was probably the only person in the theater world not preoccupied with the fight to spare the doomed Times Square landmarks. Tune had a show to put on.

The show: an adaptation of Federico Fellini's classic film *8½,* about an Italian movie director on the verge of a nervous breakdown. It had come to Tune's attention in the form of a cassette tape pushed through his mail slot. He was living on West 55th Street, in Michael Bennett's old apartment, when he found the tape and a handwritten note: "I'm your upstairs neighbor, and I'm working on my musical version of *8½.* I call it *Nine.*"

The package had been dropped off by Mario Fratti, who was writing the script. The score was by Maury Yeston, a Yale music professor. Tune threw the cassette into his weekend bag and headed out to Fire Island. The next morning he went for a walk on the beach, put on his Walkman headphones, and listened. The first thing he heard was the sweeping, gorgeous "Overture Delle Donne," played on the piano. Tune envisioned a bathhouse in an elegant European spa—somewhere in Italy. He'd been looking for a show to direct. He had found it. "I had to do it," he recalled.

To produce *Nine,* Tune turned to his boyfriend, Michel Stuart, one of the original cast members of *A Chorus Line.* Thommie Walsh was conscripted to assist with the choreography. Writer Arthur Kopit was brought in to rework Fratti's script. Kopit was represented by ICM, headed by the brash and formidable agent Sam Cohn, who persuaded Paramount Pictures to put up $150,000 for a workshop.

In addition to Stuart's producing responsibilities, he would design the costumes. Walsh thought Stuart needed an assistant and suggested a friend, William Ivey Long, a young master's graduate from the Yale School of Drama. But Long turned down the job "with tears in my eyes," as he recalled, "because I didn't want to be anybody's assistant." A few weeks later, however, he received a phone call. "Can you measure all the girls today, and also do a shoe tracing?" the caller wanted to know.

"Excuse me?," Long asked. "What show is this?"

"This is for *Nine* the musical," said the caller, who identified himself as the stage manager. "We're rehearsing on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre. You're the costume designer."

Nine was being thrown together like a high-school play.

"A 'Fuck You' to *Dreamgirls*"

The New Amsterdam Theatre, an Art Nouveau palace that was once the home of the storied Ziegfeld *Follies,* had been in disrepair for years. The roof garden, where rehearsals were held, had holes in the walls and ceilings, and snow would occasionally flutter in. On certain days, the actors performed in winter coats.

The first thing William Ivey Long saw when he arrived there were several women sitting on the stage—a tall, angular Karen Akers; a buxom Anita Morris, distinguished by her fiery red tresses; a raven-haired beauty named Shelly Burch; and Liliane Montevecchi, a rail-thin and temperamental performer who had danced in the Folies Bergère. The only man in the cast was the rising star Raul Julia.

Initial drafts of *Nine* had several male characters (as there are in the 2009 movie), but Tune hit on a daring idea. The show was about Guido Contini and all the women in his life—his mother, his wife, his lovers, his producer, the whore who seduced him as a boy. There would be four boys playing young Guido and his friends, but Raul Julia would be the only adult male in the cast. He would be surrounded by 21 women.

Long was immediately put off by Tune and his team. "I thought they were preposterous and pretentious," he said. "They held hands and talked about Karma, and Michel Stuart carried around a bag of crystals that, he said, had magic powers. Somebody would blow up a balloon before rehearsals, and they'd pass it around because it contained the 'soul' of the show. Really? Tommy had his head in the clouds, but of course he is taller than everybody else. I definitely had no idea what was going on." Long continued to be baffled during rehearsals. Yeston, a bundle of energy, would write songs to or-

der. Beautiful, elegant melodies poured out of him; if you needed one song, he'd give you three—take your pick. But the script was all over the place, and there was barely a second act.

Long spent weeks researching Italian fashion designers. Post-rehearsal production meetings were usually held at Charlies', a pub on West 45th Street. The creators were putting *Nine* together over beer and hamburgers. Long would often explain his ideas for costumes: the actresses, for most of the show, would wear black, which would look striking against the white tiles of the spa. But several weeks into rehearsals, he still hadn't drawn anything. Then one night his assistant said, "We're not leaving here until you draw every single black dress you've been talking about." The napkins at Charlies' were long and thin, perfect for illustrating costumes for the tall women Tune had cast. By three in the morning, Long had sketched more than 30 outfits on the napkins.

In February 1982, Tune staged a workshop for the show's backers, including Barry Diller, who was running Paramount. A few days later, Paramount gave word that it was dropping out of the project. As Tune recalled and *The New York Times* reported, Diller didn't think Raul Julia was a big enough star to carry the show.

Without Paramount's backing, rehearsals were suspended, and Michel Stuart and another producer, Harvey Klaris, along with Sam Cohn, scrambled to find new funding. The Shuberts passed. But along came willing partners, among them two young producers—Francine LeFrak, the real-estate scion, and garment-business tycoon Kenneth Greenblatt—as well as James M. Nederlander, a Shubert rival, who owned several Broadway theaters. He offered one of his best, the 46th Street, which shared a back wall with the Imperial, where *Dreamgirls* was playing to sold-out houses. *Nine* was back on.

There was no money, however, for an out-of-town tryout. So the show would have to open cold on Broadway. The cutoff date for Tony Award eligibility was May 9. Judy Jacksina, the show's press agent, had an idea: why not open *Nine* on the ninth? She knew the show had to make an eleventh-hour splash in a field dominated by *Dreamgirls.*

Jacksina had other stunts up her sleeve. Her greatest weapons were the show's 21 striking women. Why not cover the front of the theater with life-size photos of them in their black costumes? "I wanted to seductively represent what was going on inside the theater," she said. "I didn't want cute little tap-dancing photos. I wanted sex." There was one hitch, though. The costumes had yet to be made. All that existed were Long's sketches on the napkins. "I had to make 27 costumes in two weeks," Long recalled. "I've never worked under such pressure in my entire career." Long brought two dozen dresses to the photo shoot, which lasted 23 hours. Two days later, at 7:30 A.M., workmen started covering the theater's façade with huge blowups of the women. By 11, traffic was tied up on 46th Street. Drivers were stopping to gawk. Local news crews descended on the scene. *Nine* had yet to play a performance and already it was news. "You know what those photographs were?," Long said. "They were a 'Fuck you!' to *Dreamgirls.*"

A few nights later, Tune, exhausted from a marathon rehearsal, was about to climb into bed when the phone rang. "Darling!," Michael Bennett said. "You have to go out of town with your show. That's what we do!"

"I know. But, Michael, we don't have any money. We can't afford to go out of town," Tune replied.

"But, darling, you must go out of town," Bennett insisted. "You will go out of town, and I will help you, and you'll come in in the fall."

"It's not possible, Michael," Tune said. "We have no money. We have to open now."

"You will go out of town—do you hear me?," Bennett hissed. "You will go out of town."

Bennett's tone frightened Tune. Years later he would remember it as "black, the Devil—it was Mafia-like. He had become the thing he feared."

Tune hung up the phone and stood in his kitchen, shaking.

A Canal, a Catsuit—and Bird Poop

As the wrecking crane's claw tore into the Helen Hayes that March, Tommy Tune was racing to finish *Nine* next door. Previews were to begin April 22, and the second act was still a shambles. There were "12 different endings," Jacksina said, as well as an interminable homage to rococo opéra bouffe—"The Grand Canal"—in the middle of the second act. "Oh God," Jacksina said, "it was longer than *Aida*!"

There were other hurdles. During an advertising meeting, one of the producers announced he had to go to Rome—two weeks before previews were set to start. "Why are you going to Rome?," Jacksina asked.

"I have to go talk to Mr. Fellini," the producer responded. "We don't have the rights." (He would return a few days later with the blessings of the director and of *8½* producer Angelo Rizzoli.)

The race was on to haul *Nine* across the May 9 finish line. Long was still completing the costumes. Tune wanted doves released over the audience during the final scene. (The first time the birds were let loose in rehearsal they relieved themselves on actress Taina Elg's white hat.) The painting of the set was completed an hour or so before the curtain rose.

That first preview was rocky. There was no intermission, and some baffled audience members walked out in the middle. Those who remained could hear the roar that went up next door at the Imperial when Jennifer Holliday sang "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going." A similar exodus occurred on day two, causing Jacksina to demand of Tune, "If you don't put an intermission in this show, I am going to die. Do you hear me?"

An intermission went in the next day. Then Tune began to cut, mercilessly. Out went most of "The Grand Canal," and with it many of Long's costumes. The ending still wasn't working. One night writer Arthur Kopit said, "Let's cut the finale"—in which the cast wore white. "Nobody understands it. It looks like they're all getting married." Long had had enough. "Fuck you, Arthur!" he screamed. "It's about rebirth. It's about hope!" Tune, who never lost his temper amid the chaos, listened impassively. Then he said, "The finale stays."

Despite its problems, *Nine* was generating strong word of mouth. People were struck by Tune's elegant cinematic staging, Yeston's gorgeous melodies, and Anita Morris, wearing a provocative black lace catsuit. There was great buzz on the evening of May 8 when the critics came to review the show the day before the premiere.

The night *Nine* opened, Michael Bennett threw a party at his Central Park South penthouse for a few close friends. And at precisely 11:20 he turned on the local news to see what the critics had to say about his protégé's musical. "*Nine* is an extraordinary show," said Dennis Cunningham on the local CBS affiliate. "A show to treasure. Tommy Tune has done masterful work. A startling act of imagination, independence, and daring, *Nine*—"

Smash! The television screen shattered. Bennett had hurled a tumbler of vodka at Dennis Cunningham. The room fell silent. Then Bennett went to the kitchen and returned with two bottles of Cristal. He poured out champagne for everyone and said, "I want to toast my friend Tommy Tune tonight on his success. Here's to Tommy. And here's to *Nine.*"

At the opening-night party, the cast and crew of *Nine* nervously awaited the reviews. The Associated Press CONTINUED ON PAGE 294

The SORORITY *from* HELL

From Alicia Silverstone's charismatic Cher Horowitz in *Clueless* to Winona Ryder's regular-girl-turned-murderess Veronica in *Heathers,* to all the Regina Georges and Blair Waldorfs in between, there is an almost regal tradition of Queen Bees on-screen who have provided audiences with some of the most actualized (and most entertaining) representations of what it's like to be a modern teenager. And whether you love them or love to hate them, there's a new gang of girls in town, courtesy of prolific show-runner Ryan Murphy and his new series *Scream Queens,* premiering on Fox this month.

The premise has been kept tightly under wraps, but here's what we know: It's set at a fictional, picturesque university somewhere in the United States. The campus is shaken by a series of murders—revenge for an ill-fated sorority pledge 20 years before. Actresses Emma Roberts, Billie Lourd, Abigail Breslin, and Ariana Grande star as "the Chanels," a clique of don't-mess-with-us-or-we'll-blacklist-you sorority girls. They are popular, they are beautiful, and they are literally dressed to kill.

Unsurprisingly (this is Ryan Murphy, after all), the show is whip-smart and wickedly funny, sprinkled with layered characters and top-tier talent (*Glee* alum Lea Michele plays nerdy, neck-brace-wearing Hester, and one of the original scream queens, Jamie Lee Curtis, plays dean of students Cathy Munsch). And though they may be venomous toward one another on-screen, this newly formed—dare we say it?—girl squad has nothing but love for one another in real life. (Jamie Lee brought Emma a green juice when she was sick! Ariana and Billie went camping together!) "Working with the girls has been so fun," says Breslin, the youngest of the crew. "I'm not in college right now, so it kind of feels like this is my experience. The other girls have really taken care of me. They're like my big sisters."

—ANDREA CUTTLER



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMMA SUMMERTON

STYLED BY PATRICK MACKIE; HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY CHANEL; NAIL ENAMEL BY DIOR; HAIR BY BEN SKERVIN; MAKEUP BY FULVIA FAROLFI; MANICURES BY CHRISTINE MARSHALL; PHOTOGRAPHED AT HIGHLINE STAGES; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



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To watch **VIDEO** with the cast of *Scream Queens*, go to VF.COM/OCT2015.

Scream Queens co-stars Ariana Grande, Abigail Breslin, Billie Lourd, and Emma Roberts, photographed in New York City.

GRANDE WEARS CLOTHING, SHOES, AND A BROOCH BY CHANEL; EARRINGS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS. BAG BY CHANEL. BRESLIN WEARS CLOTHING BY KATE SPADE; SHOES BY GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN; JEWELRY BY CHANEL FINE JEWELRY. LOURD WEARS A TOP BY GUCCI; SKIRT BY KATE SPADE; SHOES BY ROGER VIVIER; BROOCH AND NECKLACE BY CHANEL. ROBERTS WEARS CLOTHING AND A BAG BY FENDI; SHOES BY FENDI FROM ALBRIGHT FASHION LIBRARY; EARRINGS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.



Our Man in

He doesn't behave like any Pontiff in history. He challenges centuries-old
And, in less than three years, he has made people ask: Why weren't recent Popes
visit Ground Zero, and address the U.N.—his inner circle talks to



PHOTOGRAPH BY TIZIANA FABI/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

THE HOLY SEE Francis greeted the faithful (and the shutterbugs) in St. Peter's Square last year.

the Vatican

Catholic certainties, and reaches out to those once shunned by the Church.
more like him? As Pope Francis arrives in the U.S.—to speak before Congress,
PAUL ELIE about why he is so different, so compelling, and so beloved

Two summers ago my friend Agustín, an Argentinean graduate student on pilgrimage in Rome, filed into the papal-audience hall near St. Peter's Basilica for a group photograph with Pope Francis. The pilgrims, a hundred in all, were put in four rows; those in the front row would meet the Pope. Then Francis strode in, smiling broadly. Scrapping protocol, he insisted on greeting all the pilgrims, one by one, the way Agustín had seen him do back when he was Archbishop Jorge Mario Bergoglio of Buenos Aires. Finally, Agustín's turn came. "Buenos días," Francis said, looking him in the eye, and Agustín explained that he was about to get married. "Congratulations," said the Pope, "and look, if some dishes fly in your house, don't worry about it."

"And I said to myself, What? The Pope?," Agustín recalls. Instead of a papal blessing, here was some man-to-man advice—the Pope, of all people, telling him not to worry if there was some everyday strife in his marriage.

Unexpected, and yet utterly in character for the man we have come to know simply as Francis—the frank and unaffected Jesuit who has become one of the most famous and most beloved people on the planet.

In the months after his March 2013 election, following the sudden resignation of Benedict XVI, he was regarded as a surprising Pope: the Pope who refused to move into the 16th-century Apostolic Palace, had his old black shoes replaced by the cobbler instead of buying fancy new papal slippers, and opened his door to three homeless men and a dog named Marley (after Bob Marley). In his second year he was thought to be a revolutionary Pope—a change agent bent on re-starting long-stifled conversations on contraception, divorce and re-marriage, and sexual orientation: as the Pope of "Who am I to judge?"

Now he is just the Pope, and he is so at ease in his white cloak that it seems he was meant to be Pope all along. Now he has gotten many of us wondering what might have been if he—who was said to be second in the balloting—had been elected after John Paul II's death, in 2005, instead of Joseph Ratzinger, who became Benedict. Now, making sense of Francis isn't a matter of figuring out what he thinks or whether he is for real. It's a matter of seeing him for what he is.

And what is he? He is a free man, that's what he is. Somehow he has stayed true to himself and to the core Catholic message and has kept free of the pomp of the papacy, the crush of celebrity, and the expectations of the global Church. "He doesn't 'play' the Pope," says Archbishop Claudio Maria Celli, head of the Pontifical Council for Social Communications. "He is who he is." He'll ride in the Popemobile with the protective glass down, no matter the security risk. He'll establish a shelter for homeless people near St. Peter's Square. He won't stop speaking off the cuff and he won't insist that all the cardinals agree about everything. With 1.2 billion members, the Church is a tumultuous household, and he isn't going to worry about a few flying dishes.

This month, Francis comes to North America. He will make an overnight stop in Cuba before a six-day trip to Washington (where he will meet with President Obama and address a joint session of Congress), New York (where he will address the United Nations and visit Ground Zero), and Philadelphia (where a papal Mass is expected to draw a million or more faithful). The visit will be his first to this country in his life, and it will take place as he faces unruly opposition from staunchly conservative cardinals and their powerful local backers on a range of Church-wide initiatives: overhaul of the long-corrupt Vatican Bank; a synod of bishops on the Church's approach to family matters (among them, sexual matters); and calls for concerted action on climate change and "sustainable" economics.

Francis gets six or seven significant interview requests a day, the head of the Holy See Press Office says wearily—or more than 2,000 a year. But he rarely grants interviews, and then on impulse (to some Belgian Catholic students here, to the in-flight traveling press corps there). In fact, a request for a formal *Vanity Fair* portrait session elicits a message of spontaneous regret conveyed by a close associate: "His answer was that 'due to his neurosis' (and here he laughed) he is 'allergic' to these kinds of things" and so must decline. "He's one for action shots, not portraits," his confidant Antonio Spadaro, an Italian Jesuit priest, tells me, showing me the home screen on his iPhone: Francis drinking his favorite tea (maté, from Argentina) through a silver straw.

In Rome not long ago, I saw Francis from a half-dozen different vantage points—saw him from as close up as you can get. I also met with some of the people who know him best and work with him most directly—to get a sense of the man in full and to learn how he stays free.

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, FROM AFP/BERGOGLIO FAMILY, BY JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ/REUTERS/LANDOV, © PRENSA INTERNACIONAL/ZUMA WIRE, © REALYEASYSTAR/FOTOGRAFIA FELICI/ALAMY

The Pope's B&B

On Sundays, pilgrims gather in the vast ovoid piazza in front of St. Peter's Basilica, and at noon the Pope appears in an open window of the Apostolic Palace and leads them in an ancient rite of prayer called the Angelus. So it has gone for hundreds of Sundays since Pope John XXIII first led the prayer from the window, in the early 60s. But with Francis the weekly Angelus—like so many other things—is different. Francis is the first Pope in 110 years who hasn't lived in the palace, and he has shaken off many monarchical trappings. Up in that window, he isn't a ruler condescending to look down on his subjects. The window isn't a portal to the divine; it's just an ornate window in a city full of them.

This Sunday, after several days of rain, the sun is out, and close to 100,000 people are in the piazza—more than twice as many as typically came under Benedict XVI. Some Romans roll mountain bikes over the rough







NEW FACE OF THE CHURCH
Clockwise from top left: a young Pope-to-be (standing) with brother Oscar Bergoglio at their First Communion, in Argentina, in the 1940s; in July, Francis arrived for Mass in Ecuador; Angelina Jolie at a papal audience in January; a red-nosed Pope and Italian newlyweds who volunteer at a children's charity, 2013.





stones. Tour groups cluster beneath their pennants. Street vendors push this year's souvenir: the selfie stick.

Francis comes to the window and waves, and we see him. Sure, we're seeing the Pope, on high, an icon in extremest white. But in the mind's eye we also see the ordinary pastor who embraced a man with boils in St. Peter's Square; who put on a clown nose without worrying that it might diminish the dignity of the papal office. In spirit, Francis isn't up there in the palace. He is down in the square with everybody else.

His decision not to live in the palace is still the most telling thing he has done. He said the decision was simple: "Inside myself I distinctly heard a 'no.'" But the symbolism was and is powerful. He is the Pope, but he's living at street level, in a residence akin to an Extended Stay Vaticano.

He's living the way he was living the week the other cardinals elected him. That week, he had Room 207 in the Vatican guesthouse, called the Casa Santa Marta, where all of the cardinal-electors were sequestered during the conclave—and kept from distractions, worldly communications, and press leaks. Cardinal Walter Kasper, a prominent German theologian, had a room across the hall. Kasper, who ran a crucial Vatican office under both John Paul II and Benedict, was the rare cardinal who dared to speak out frankly against the harshness of their approach. He is 82 now, but the features that earned him the nickname Kasper the Friendly Cardinal are still there: eyes bright behind rimless glasses, and a ready smile.

"My book *Mercy* had just come out in Spanish translation," he tells me one afternoon at his apartment off of St. Peter's, "and it had reached me a few days before—three copies. So when I greeted Cardinal Bergoglio, I said, 'Here, would you like to see this?' And he looked at it and said, '*Mercy*—that's the name of our God.' Apparently he then read it during the conclave."

Sure enough, at the Angelus one Sunday shortly after he was elected, Francis told the crowd about the book and the "clever theologian" who had written it. "But don't think I am promoting my cardinals' books! Not at all!" he said, in Italian, and went on: "Cardinal Kasper said that feeling mercy changes everything. . . . A little mercy makes the world less cold and more just."

Mercy is the theme of the Francis era. Francis even came up with a verb for it: *misericordiando,* or mercy-ing. Where his predecessors John Paul II and Benedict XVI saw the Church as the bulwark of a "culture of life"—set squarely against a "culture of death"—Francis sees the Church as the voice and the face of mercy. The difference is profound. "It's as if what's happening is a sex change," one monsignor said.

"There's no one who isn't in need of mercy, and that's why people are touched by Francis's words," Kasper tells me. But Catholic traditionalists think Francis's stress on mercy is all wrong. They see mercy as a stalking horse for relativism. For instance, if you move an inch on the definition of marriage, they say, you'll soon be all the way down the slippery slope to polymorphous perversity. They see Francis as so dangerously prone to relativism that he risks selling out the papacy, and the Catholic magisterium, for the sake of a soggy, Berkeley-style tolerance. ("Hey, man, like, who am I to judge?") They see Kasper as a fallen angel speaking sotto voce in the Pope's ear.

Kasper meets with Francis every few weeks, and their conversations are casual and straight to the point. "It was once a rule that when you went to see the Pope you had to be vested up in your cassock and sash," he recalls. "It's more normal now. He picks up the phone and asks, 'Please, can you come over?,' and then he says, 'Please, no cassock—come as a clergyman.'" So Kasper walks across the square, cuts behind the basilica to the Casa Santa Marta, and joins the Pope in the sitting room of Suite 201, where Francis now lives. They talk about many things, such as what they saw and heard of marriage and divorce when they were bishops back home—when they were shepherds who smelled of the sheep, as Francis likes to put it.

Francis with His Flock

A blue Ford Focus pulls up in front of a low, plain church an hour's drive east of Rome. Out steps the Pope, all in white, on a pastoral visit: Sunday on the Outskirts with Francis. He goes directly to the barricades. A couple of hundred people are there, a mix of native Italians and immigrants from three continents, many of them children and teenagers in jeans and hoodies. Cameras and phones are out, and Francis leans into one selfie after another. Here he is out in the open, plump but light of step and plainly glad to be walking.

Tor Bella Monaca, on Rome's *periferia,* is one of the poorest areas in the city: a zone of unemployment, drugs, and petty crime. Battered housing projects rise to rival the mountains on the horizon.

So it is Francis's kind of place. When he was an archbishop he spent as much time at outlying churches like this one as in the cathedral. "In Buenos Aires, I was a rover. I moved between parishes," Francis has said. All that roving back then made him the Pope he is now: at once shy, streetwise, and camera-friendly.

On this Sunday, Francis celebrates evening Mass at Santa Maria Madre del Redentore, an angular modern church in Tor Bella Monaca. With every pew of the church full, the Mass is shown on TV to an overflow crowd in the church basement, like a pay-per-view boxing match. On the flat-screens, Francis, now wearing purple liturgical vestments, looks like a typical priest of Italian heritage: the bulk, the wire-rim glasses, the five-o'clock shadow. He gives the homily, whose theme—no surprise—is mercy: "*Misericordia . . . misericordia . . .* " The blue Ford Focus is parked in the basement for his return to Rome, as plain as a rental car at the airport. The white papal garb is in the trunk.

Monday morning he is at his desk, reading, writing—and talking on the phone. Up at four A.M. to pray—after making his bed—he is known to call people as early as six. A woman who was raped in Argentina; a young man whose brother was killed in a car crash; a woman who had married a divorced man and wished for them both to receive Communion: these are the people he calls. He telephones the founder of the Roman daily *La Repubblica,* Eugenio Scalfari, an avowed atheist, and sets up a meeting, marking it in a pocket appointment book. ("You asked me for a meeting, and I want to do that. Let's fix a date. . . . Wednesday I can't. Maybe Monday? Is that O.K. for you?")

He also makes time for a friend of many years, Abraham Skorka, the rector of a rabbinical seminary in Buenos Aires, with whom he published a book-length conversation in 2010. Skorka tells of the time the Pope recorded a message for the staff of the old-folks' home in Buenos Aires where Skorka's mother and mother-in-law live and thanked them all for their efforts. Another time, says Skorka, Francis called and spoke to the rabbi's wife, Silvia, a physical therapist. Said the Pope, "I've been having pains in my lumbar, so I got a physical therapist—who's making me feel much better!"

On Francis's desk is a well-worn breviary (a prayer book) with a letter his grandmother sent to him on the occasion of his ordination, in 1969, folded into it. His black leather satchel is nearby. Traveling, in 2013, Francis carried the bag himself, holding it in his left hand while he shook the hands of foreign dignitaries with his right, and when this caught the attention of some reporters, he scoffed: "It wasn't the key for the atom bomb [in there]! There was a razor, a breviary, an appointment book, a book to read. . . . I have always taken a bag with me

when travelling—it's normal. . . . We must get used to being normal."

Shortly after his election he named a group of eight cardinal advisers from around the world, reversing centuries of precedent that the Pope, as Christ's vicar on earth, acts alone—and creating a model for a more collegial approach to Church governance. He has likened the "group of eight" to a working group, and their meetings—several times a year—are held in the guesthouse conference room rather than an august Vatican chamber. The point is clear: those cardinals aren't princes of the Church; they're heads of households—a Kitchen Cabinet.

At his desk—a small one in the guesthouse, a larger one in the palace—Francis makes key decisions about the life of the Church. He streamlines the org chart of the Curia, the Vatican's clotted bureaucracy. He sets in motion a diplomatic opening to the Palestinian Authority. He helps end a half-century standoff between the U.S. and Cuba. He establishes a Vatican tribunal on priestly sexual abuse, finally giving teeth to papal promises that the Church will call negligent bishops to account. He issues an encyclical letter on the climate challenge, sharpening the argument that the human community has a religious obligation to care for the earth. "What we're seeing in Francis is a fearless attitude toward change," says Kenneth Hackett, the U.S. ambassador to the Holy See.

Tribunals and Tweets

What about e-mail and Twitter? "He says, 'I'm a dinosaur—I don't know how a computer works,'" says Antonio Spadaro, the Italian Jesuit, who published a much-talked-about conversation with Francis in 2013. The conversation—dubbed the "extemporaneous encyclical"—is the clearest account of who Francis is and how he sees things. Spadaro, also a contributor to *Wired* in Italy, savors the paradox that this gadget-averse Pope has become a social-media phenomenon. "He doesn't have a tablet. He doesn't use a mobile—he refused to carry one when he was in Buenos Aires. But he instinctively grasps that if the Church is going to meet people where they are—and one of the places where people are in our time is in the digital space—then you have to go there." So he goes there: through the papal Twitter feed, @pontifex, started under Benedict, which now has more than 21 million followers in nine languages; through a Google Hangout he did with young people; and through all those selfies in St. Peter's Square.

One of the paradoxes of this Pope is that he has set in motion a decentralizing of authority in the Church but insists on being involved in most of the important decisions personally, rather than delegating. And yet the image of Francis as a "C.E.O." who practices "disruptive innovation" from his desk CONTINUED ON PAGE 293

STYLED BY CHRISTINE HAHN; HAIR PRODUCTS BY RENE FURTERER; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY LAURA MERCIER; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY BIRGITTE; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

SOCIAL LANDSCAPES



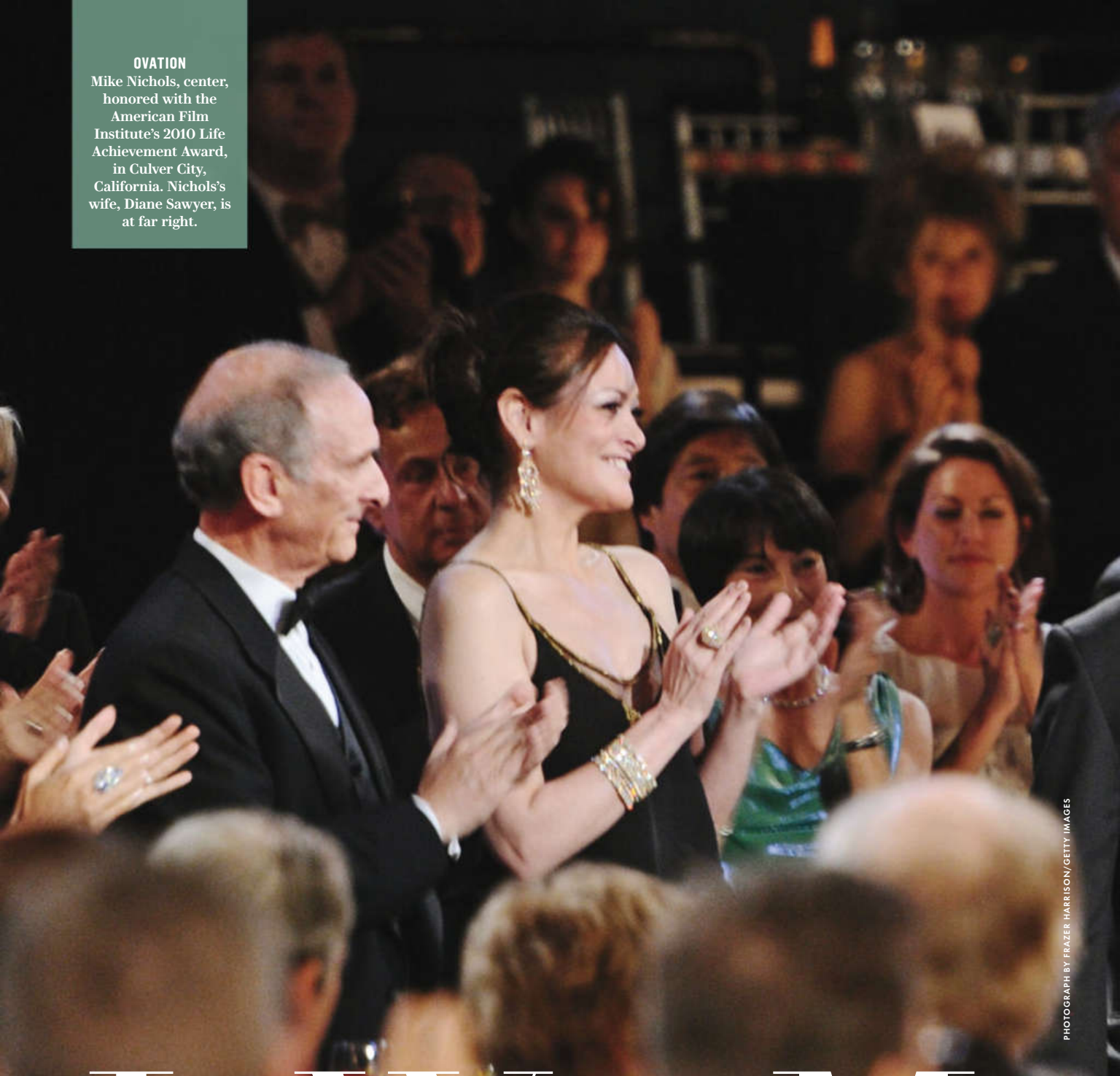
Julia Wachtel, photographed with works in progress at her studio in Bridgewater, Connecticut.

WACHTEL WEARS A SHIRT BY BANANA REPUBLIC.

Julia Wachtel's pictures are the stuff of serious play—a poetic simulation of everything wonderful and horrible all at once, part pop culture, part formal, abstract construction. Wachtel—who oversaw production of the U.K. edition of *Vanity Fair* for more than a decade—mounted recent solo exhibitions at the Cleveland Museum of Art and New York's Elizabeth Dee Gallery, and this fall will be part of "Champagne Life," a group show opening at London's Saatchi Gallery. "Julia is whip-smart and funny, exactly like her paintings," says Chelsea gallerist Elizabeth Dee. "She's a deep thinker on a political and social level. Her paintings predicted key cultural shifts: the end of television in its 20th-century form, the beginning of reality/confessional pop culture, the emergence and dominance of celebrity culture." "The biggest challenge is to compete, in the best sense of the word, to grab someone's attention," Wachtel says.

Working with source material, she explores the idea that images accrue meaning through repetition: "It exposes the act of painting—what I'm doing is mimicking myself." Wachtel's *Stripe* features North Korea's Kim Jong Un juxtaposed with South Korean Internet sensation Psy (of "Gangnam Style" fame), in a Warholian collision of world domination and celebrity. And in *Spirit,* a screen-printed Hillary Clinton poses beside two paintings of a prehistoric Venus fertility sculpture. The two images of the same sculpture are almost identical, but not exactly—the presence of the human in the mechanical interests Wachtel. "We know the monumental human suffering that takes place, and the question is how we morally, ethically reconcile that," she says. "The message is: Holy shit—let's figure out what is going on here." —A. M. HOMES

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUSTIN BISHOP



OVATION
Mike Nichols, center, honored with the American Film Institute's 2010 Life Achievement Award, in Culver City, California. Nichols's wife, Diane Sawyer, is at far right.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRAZER HARRISON/GETTY IMAGES

It Was Ma

When Mike Nichols died last November, at 83, it was a loss that
genius, of a groundbreaking director (one Oscar, four Emmys, and nine
he was, not least for having married Diane Sawyer. A glittering
CHARLES MASLOW-FREEN their stories of a refugee from Hitler's



gic, Mike

reverberated across the cultural landscape—of a comic
Tonys), of a true bon vivant, and of a man who appreciated exactly how lucky
cast of Nichols's friends share with SAM KASHNER and
Germany who lived his own inimitable version of the American Dream

Mike Nichols, who died at home in New York last November 19, 13 days past his 83rd birthday, left a crater-size hole in the cultural landscape and in the life of the city he loved. He was that rare thing—a success in entertainment for six decades, beginning in the late 1950s with the classic comedy albums he made with the brilliant Elaine May (which had first been developed into a Broadway stage show, *An Evening with Nichols and May*, directed by Arthur Penn), then becoming one of the leading theater and motion-picture directors of the second half of the last century. He directed such landmark films as *The Graduate*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *Carnal Knowledge*, and *Silkwood*, as well as 22 Broadway plays, including the 2012 revival of *Death of a Salesman*, starring the late Philip Seymour Hoffman. Nichols is one of only 12 people to have won an Emmy (for best director of a television play and mini-series, for *Wit* and *Angels in America*), a Grammy (for best comedy album, with Elaine May, in 1962), an Oscar (for best director, for *The Graduate*), and a Tony (nine in all). Colloquially, this achievement is called an E.G.O.T.

Nichols was born Mikhail Igor Peschkowsky in 1931 to Jewish parents living in Berlin. His father was a physician, who fled to America to escape the growing menace of the Nazis. In 1939 he sent for seven-year-old Mikhail and his three-year-old brother, and in 1940 his wife escaped through Italy and joined the family, who settled in New York City.

ERIC FISCHL *(painter):*

The last time I saw Mike [in the spring of 2014] was particularly sad. There was a show, "Degenerate Art" [featuring paintings condemned by the Nazis and the propagandistic artwork they celebrated], up at the Neue Galerie, so I said, Hey, do you want to go and check it out? As I'm walking across the park to meet him I get a call from [his wife,] Diane [Sawyer], who says, Don't say that I called you, but could you please come and pick him up? It was closed that day, but we arranged to get a tour from the curator, so it was incredibly quiet—it was just us. And we start going through and the curator's talking, and pretty soon Mike is moving ahead. He's moving into the next room and the next, and I'm thinking he's probably looking for a place to sit down, but he wasn't. When he came back, you could see he was devastated. But then he started to talk to me about how he was in Berlin at the time [the Nazis were arresting Jews and vilifying nonconformist artists] and his father had left for America. The mother stayed behind—she wasn't strong enough to travel. He was left with a kindergarten teacher who took care of him while his mom was in the hospital, and she watched out for him and hid him as the [Nazi] stuff was beginning to really unfold. And then when he and his mother finally left, the schoolteacher was arrested. That was the end of her. All these memories were flooding back to him. I was apologizing profusely—the last thing I wanted was to bring him back to that place—and he was like, No, no, no. It's good to remember.

TAKE A BOW Nichols in 1978, photographed by Richard Avedon.

ERIC IDLE *(writer, comedian, who wrote the book and lyrics for the 2005 Broadway musical* Spamalot, *which Nichols directed):*

He was the best thing that ever came out of Nazi Germany.

EMMA THOMPSON *(actress, who worked with Nichols on* Primary Colors, Wit, *and* Angels in America*):*

It's difficult to imagine, because he was such an emperor of New York, but in fact Mike was always an outsider, and that was terribly important to me.

CANDICE BERGEN *(actress, who starred in Nichols's* Carnal Knowledge*):*

At what age did he become "Mike"? Because it couldn't have been easy being Igor in New York at that time.

ART GARFUNKEL *(musician, actor, who worked with Nichols on* The Graduate, Catch-22, *and* Carnal Knowledge*):*

Let's face it: Mike Nichols is a construction of a human being. He is busy leaving this guy who left Germany behind and becoming a very appealing American guy named Mike Nichols. What a choice [for a name]: Mike Nichols.

HANNAH ROTH SORKIN *(Nichols's assistant, whose mother, Ann, was the costume designer for many of his movies, including* Working Girl, The Birdcage, Wit, *and* Heartburn*):*

He would never ever, ever touch anything vaguely Holocaust-related. He had tremendous survivor guilt.

BOB BALABAN *(actor, who was in* Catch-22*):*

Mike was a real observer, which probably had something to do with being such an outsider—the fact that he came when he was seven, didn't speak the language, was a complete stranger to everything in America.

The irony is that with *The Graduate* he

MIKE NICHOLS, NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1978 © THE RICHARD AVEDON FOUNDATION



became the great interpreter and satirist of quintessential American behavior.

In 1950, Nichols enrolled at the University of Chicago, with the aim of becoming a doctor. Instead he met Elaine May, a raven-haired beauty with a devastating wit. The two began exploring improv comedy at Chicago's Compass Players, the original incarnation of the famed Second City comedy troupe, before breaking off to form their own nightclub act, which established them as a celebrated comedy duo.

CANDICE BERGEN: He was talking the year before he died about being at the University of Chicago, because it was so idyllic for him there, meeting [writer and cultural critic] Susan Sontag in line, registering for classes. Finally he had a home.

ERIC IDLE: He and Elaine [May] met on the bench in the subway. I love that. He sat down next to her and says, "The speckled hen lays at midnight," and she went straight in: "Beware the four feathers at dawn." [In an interview Nichols and May did with Sam Kashner in *Vanity Fair* in January 2013, Nichols recalled them meeting at the subway. Pretending to be a Russian spy, he sidled up to Elaine and said in a thick Russian accent, "May I seeet down, plis?" Elaine said, "If you veesh." Mike then continued, "Do you haff a light?," and May said, "Yes, zertainly . . . "]

LOUISE GRUNWALD *(widow of* Time*-magazine managing editor Henry Grunwald and a former* Vogue *editor):*

My stepbrother is [songwriter-satirist] Tom Lehrer. He did a couple of nightclub performances at the Hungry I, in San Francisco, and then at the Blue Angel, in New York. Tom was the lead act, and Nichols and May were second, and I went every night.

JULES FEIFFER *(cartoonist, who wrote the screenplay for* Carnal Knowledge*):*

I was working at a schlock cartoon studio called Terrytoons. I came home one night and had my usual dinner, tuna noodle casserole, and I had [the live television show] *Omnibus* on, and Alistair Cooke, the M.C., introduced this new young couple, Mike Nichols and Elaine May. I mean, it was as if I had thought this up, except it was funnier and better.

I didn't know there was anybody working this vein except me. At the end of it, I said, I have to meet these guys.

STEVE MARTIN *(comedian, actor, who appeared in the 1988 Off Broadway revival of* Waiting for Godot*, which Nichols directed):*

I used to fall asleep at night as a teenager listening to Nichols and May—his rhythms and her rhythms—I just absorbed it. I loved it. My favorite record that they did was one they did without an audience called *Improvisations to Music.*

LORNE MICHAELS *(producer of* Gilda Live*, which Nichols directed):*

I was in high school in Canada. When [the British comedy team] Beyond the Fringe arrived, then Nichols and May, and later [Monty] Python, we went, Oh, these are writer-performers. The same thing was happening in music—Neil Young and Joni Mitchell and Gordon Lightfoot. Something turned in the culture, and it's never been the same since.

PAUL SIMON *(musician, who wrote songs for* The Graduate*):*

I think [the Nichols and May] records really hold up. Surprisingly for me, [celebrated comedian] Lenny Bruce doesn't hold up, and he was my idol.

Artie [Garfunkel] was a big fan of Mike's, too. We used to do Nichols and May lines all the time right before we went on.

MARTIN SHORT *(actor, comedian):*

What's fascinating about the Nichols and May stuff, if you play it right now, is that it could have been done yesterday, because it's not tied to references—it's tied to human behavior.


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STEVE MARTIN: When those two got talking—Mike and Elaine—[at dinner] it was just like watching a well-prepared show, even though you know they're ad-libbing. They weren't monopolizing the table; they were just having a conversation that you just wanted to listen to and preserve forever.

TOM HANKS *(actor, who co-starred in Nichols's 2007 film,* Charlie Wilson's War*):*

Because I'm an idiot and I never learned not to censor stupid questions, I said, Hey, Mike, how come you and Elaine never got roped into doing bad TV? And he said that they got all the way up to the point where they were meeting at CBS, and at some point Elaine just said, Well, maybe we just shouldn't do this at all, and he said, Yeah, let's not. And I thought, Man, who does that?

Nichols established his directing career in the theater, with such Broadway comedy hits as Barefoot in the Park, Luv, *and* The Odd Couple. *In 1966 he went to Hollywood to direct Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in the film version of Edward Albee's controversial, profanity-laced play,* Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? *The movie, like the play, became a huge critical and financial success. Nichols followed this in quick succession with three more classics:* The Graduate, Catch-22, *and* Carnal Knowledge.

FRANK RICH *(cultural critic, former* New York Times *drama critic):*

The Odd Couple [Neil Simon's 1965 Broadway comedy hit, directed by Nichols] was one of my great learning experiences. I was a ticket taker at the National Theatre in Washington, so I got to see it for free repeatedly during the two- or three-week [pre-Broadway] run. The first act, to this day, is the funniest staging of anything I've ever seen in the theater.

CANDICE BERGEN: We became friends when he came to L.A. He was the quintessential New Yorker in L.A., which, in those days at least, was just defined by dopey. The first house he rented was [film producer] David Selznick's, and it was the most glamorous old Spanish house, way up at the top of the canyon. And I remember him saying, "[People in L.A.] don't know what houses are supposed to look like or how you're supposed to lead your life because nobody's told them."

DAVID GEFFEN *(entertainment executive):*

Mike was complaining to me about how when he was first in Hollywood he didn't know anybody and never got invited anywhere, blah blah blah.

Anyway, a friend of mine says, Oh, did you see these movies on YouTube of sum-

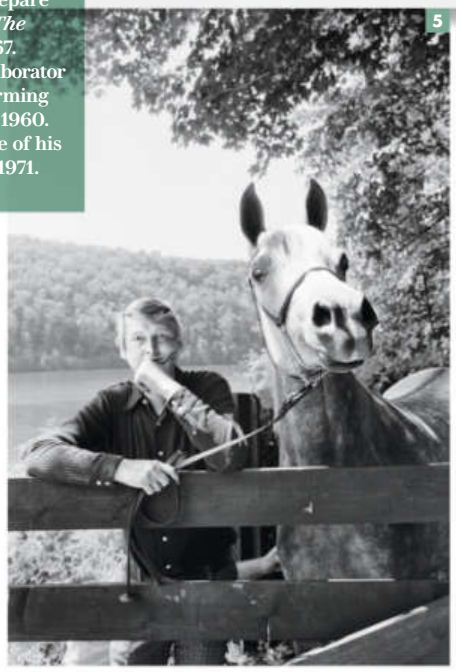
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ACTOR'S DIRECTOR
(1) Nichols and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, 1980. **(2)** Eric Idle and Nichols, at the Shubert Theatre in New York City, 2005. **(3)** Dustin Hoffman and Anne Bancroft prepare for a scene in *The Graduate*, 1967. **(4)** Nichols with collaborator Elaine May performing on *On the Radio*, 1960. **(5)** Nichols with one of his Arabian horses, 1971.



mers at [actor] Roddy McDowall's house at the beach? So I'm watching these movies, and there's Mike Nichols! I called Mike and said, What are you talking about? There you are with Natalie Wood! He said, I was never there. I said, I'm looking at you.

TOM FONTANA *(writer, producer):*

I asked him, How did you get to direct *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* as your first movie? He said, "I sucked up to Elizabeth Taylor."

HANNAH ROTH SORKIN: He tells that story about borrowing the suite in Cannes to impress the Burtons. There's constant fronting, no matter how rich he is.

ERIC IDLE: He went to see [film director] Billy Wilder, and he said, Tomorrow I am directing my first film, with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. What shall I wear?

TOM HANKS: They were fighting the censors. The Catholic Church was going to ban the movie. And so he brought Jackie [Kennedy] along for the screening with the monsignor or the bishop—whoever was going to pass judgment. And as soon as it was over, Jackie leaned forward with her head in between the monsignor and Mike and said, "Oh, Jack would have so loved your film."

LIZ SMITH *(columnist):*

Liz [Taylor] used to say to me, You've seen a lot of women play *Virginia Woolf*—and I have, Elaine Stritch among them—and she'd say, Tell me the truth: was I the greatest? And I'd say, Well, you had Mike Nichols.

MARLO THOMAS *(actress, who appeared in Nichols's 1965 London staging of* Barefoot in the Park *and his 1986 Broadway staging of* Social Security*):*



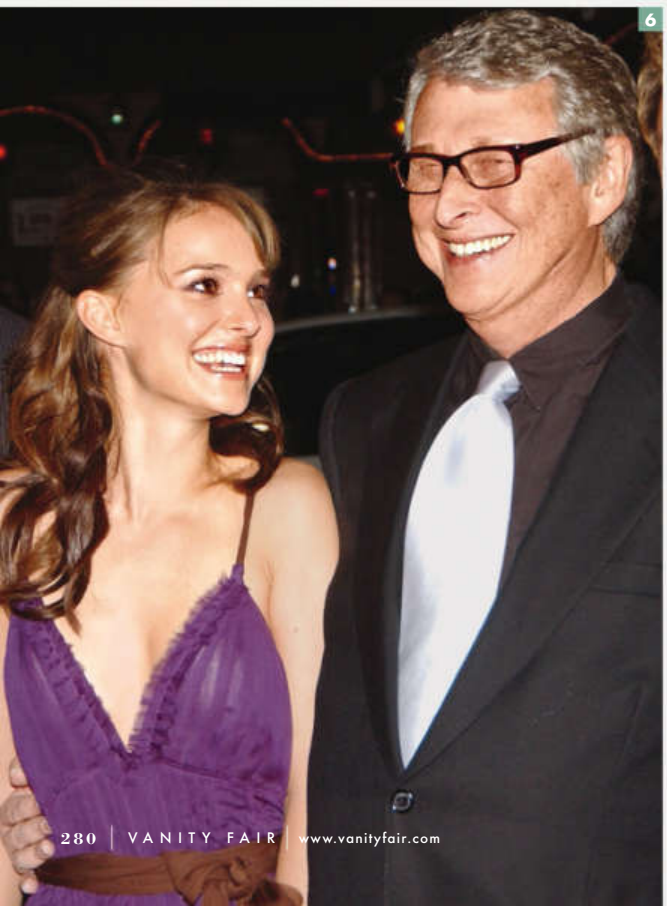
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS DUHAMEL/COURTESY OF MIKE HALEY (3); FROM HBO/THE KOBAL COLLECTION (8); BY JON KOPALOFF/FILMMAGIC (6); ELEANORA KENNEDY (1); MARY ELLEN MARK (4, 7); FROM PHOTOFEST (2); FROM RABBANI AND SOLIMENE PHOTOGRAPHY/WIREIMAGE (5)

LIKE MIKE

(1) Sawyer and Nichols at Candice Bergen's wedding, 2000. **(2)** Playwright Neil Simon and Nichols outside the Biltmore Theatre, 1960s. **(3)** Great pals: Chloe Malle and Bergen, her mother, with Nichols and Sawyer, 2004. **(4)** Meryl Streep and Nichols on a break from filming *Silkwood*, 1983. **(5)** Nichols, at far right, filming *Charlie Wilson's War*, with assistant director Michael Haley, cinematographer Stephen Goldblatt, and Tom Hanks. **(6)** Natalie Portman and Nichols at the premiere of *Closer* at the Mann Village Theatre, Westwood, California, 2004. **(7)** Buck Henry and Nichols on the set of *Catch-22*, 1969. **(8)** Nichols with Emma Thompson while filming the HBO mini-series *Angels in America*, 2003.



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AMERICAN MASTERS
(1) Nichols with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor on the set of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?,* 1965. **(2)** Bob Balaban and Nichols playing chess in Guaymas, Mexico, where they were filming *Catch-22.* **(3)** Mel Brooks, Robin Williams, Nichols, Marlo Thomas, and Whoopi Goldberg, in Los Angeles, 1988. **(4)** Nichols during rehearsal for *The Odd Couple* at the Plymouth Theatre, New York City, 1965.

He called me [years later] and he said, How would you like to do a television version of *Virginia Woolf*? I said, Why? He said, Because I know how to do it now. . . . And Mike tried for a while [to get the rights], and finally he said, I give up.

PAUL SIMON: He contacted us and asked if we were interested in writing and performing the score for this movie [*The Graduate*] that he was about to make. I don't think he had the script yet. He sent the book. I didn't like the book. I thought it was sort of a bad *Catcher in the Rye* imitation, but I wanted to work with him, and so did Artie. It was a little intimidating at first to be around Mike. He had just been nominated for an Oscar [for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*].

MARLO THOMAS: *The Graduate* was the first real Mike film. *Virginia Woolf* had a lot of Albee in it, but *The Graduate* was . . . it was Mike—every take, every look, every little mumble.

DUSTIN HOFFMAN *(actor, who starred in* The Graduate*):*

My agent, Jane Oliver, calls me and says, They want to audition you for this movie called *The Graduate,* with Mike Nichols directing. I read it, and I said, What the fuck is going on? I'm not right for this. A five-foot-eleven-inch Wasp with blond hair, blue eyes? I'm a character actor, but there's a limit. I said, Mr. Nichols, you want somebody like Robert Redford—I didn't even know Redford had tried out. He said, You don't want to do it because you're Jewish. And I said, Yes. And he said, Well, maybe [Benjamin's] Jewish inside. And I said, O.K., I'll audition.

Once he cast us we all met around the table, and Mike says, O.K., let's read it, which is what you do when you're doing a play. And I remember he said, It's a comedy, but please don't try to be funny—just read it straight. And we did, and he said later he was ready to throw up because he thought it was a flop. We took him too literally.

PAUL SIMON: Art told Mike that I was working on a song called "Mrs. Robinson," and Mike came to me and said, You're working on a song called "Mrs. Robinson" and you haven't told me? And I said, Well, I am, but I don't know if it fits the movie. Sometimes I sing "Mrs. Robinson," sometimes I say "Mrs. Roosevelt," and I haven't decided which one is more appropriate. And he said Mrs. Robinson [the name of the female lead, played by Anne Bancroft, in *The Graduate*]. So that was that.

Then we sang it live to the movie as it went along. We sang to the film.

We'd take a break every once in a while and go outside and smoke a joint, which Mike didn't do. And then he said to us one day, I'm wise to you, you know. And then we turned him on to smoking pot.

JULES FEIFFER: When I wrote [the Broadway play] *Little Murders,* I sent it to Mike to direct, and I never got an answer. I stopped speaking to him. For two years I didn't say a word.

And then I went to a screening of *The Graduate,* hoping madly it would be lousy, wanting nothing but bad things for him. There hadn't been much advance word. And from the first shot of Benjamin, I just inhaled this entire movie the way I inhaled [Nichols

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF BOB BALABAN (2), © BETTMANN/CORBIS (1), © BURT GLINN/MAGNUM PHOTOS (4), COURTESY OF MARLO THOMAS (3)

"There are guys who want to be Babe Ruth and

and May] on *Omnibus,* and by 20 minutes into the movie, I was thinking—instead of I hope it fails—I was thinking, Don't fuck it up. Don't fuck it up. Don't fuck it up.

I went home and wrote a love letter to Mike telling him that this was a revolutionary film, and it seemed within five minutes I got a hand-delivered letter back, wildly grateful, and we were on again.

TOM HANKS: Three years after [*The Graduate*] comes out, they're saying, And here's the film that defined a generation. It was already the *Citizen Kane* of disaffected youth.

LORNE MICHAELS: How do you follow it? And of course, you don't.

ART GARFUNKEL: I was talking with the nuns outside my brownstone on 68th Street on the



Upper East Side [in 1966]. And Mike pulled up in a limo. He rolled down the window. I hadn't seen him since *The Graduate.* He hands me a script and says, "Arthur, read the script. I see you as Nately in this." "Mike, I've never acted." "I know. Read it anyway."

PAUL SIMON: After we finished work on *The Graduate*—or maybe even before we finished—Mike said, My next movie is *Catch-22.* He wanted Artie and me to be in it, and we said, Yeah, of course. We were thrilled.

And then he called me up late one night and said, "We've been working on the script, and it's so long that we're going to have to write your part out . . . so I guess that means Artie will be out, too." And I said, No, no, no, don't be silly—you don't have to take Artie's part out.

ART GARFUNKEL: He came by the hotel [during the filming of *Catch-22*], and we took a walk past the pool. "So, are you comfortable, Art?" I went, "This is new for me, to act." I was two weeks into it. "Are you confident?" "Actors are really babies, aren't they, Mike?" He said, "No, no. Add crazy to that and you will really get the full picture."

PAUL SIMON: When he offered Artie a role in *Carnal Knowledge,* Artie didn't tell me. I heard about it from [actor] Chuck Grodin. I asked Artie if it was true, and he said, Yes, and I said, Why didn't you tell me that?, and he said, I was afraid that if I told you that you would stop working on [the 1970 album] *Bridge over Troubled Water.* And I thought, I don't want to deal with this. And so that was the last album we made together. I think we would've broken up anyway, but this set it into motion earlier.

CYNTHIA O'NEAL *(actress and co-founder with Nichols of the charity Friends in Deed. She appeared in Nichols's films* Carnal Knowledge, Heartburn, Wolf, *and* Primary Colors*):*

You know, Brando was obsessed with *Carnal Knowledge.* He watched it over and over. He just was mesmerized by that film.

Over the years, both in theater and film, Nichols became known as the actor's director.

MERYL STREEP *(actress, starred in Nichols's* Silkwood, Heartburn, Postcards from the Edge*—for which she was nominated for an Academy Award—and* Angels in America*):*

I think Mike was so loved by his actors because he was an actor. Yes, yes, of course he had the director jones and style and panache; he knew how to set the scene and move the camera, but what he was known for, in my community, was how great he was at allowing a performance that he knew resided within someone and giving actors the space in which to release it. . . . If he cast you, he trusted you to bring it, and the only piece of direction I ever remember him giving was: surprise me.

ANNETTE BENING *(actress, who appeared in Nichols's films* Postcards from the Edge, Regarding Henry, *and* What Planet Are You From?*):*

I remember when we first started working on [*Regarding Henry*], I was so nervous, thinking, Oh, my God, it's Mike Nichols, it's Harrison Ford—I'm the person who doesn't know anything, and they know everything. And I remember the first day we were working and Mike was saying, You know, it's amazing. No matter how many times you do this, you still have to overcome the same fears and nervousness. And I remember that really stuck in my head because I thought I was the person that was supposed to be nervous, and you were the person that was, you know, all on top of it and cool.

DUSTIN HOFFMAN: [When we were filming the hotel scene in *The Graduate*], Mike said, Have you ever been nervous, really nervous—did you ever take a girl to a hotel? I said no, I hadn't. Have you ever been nervous about anything sexual? I said, Well, I remember—and it just came to me—purchasing—we didn't call them condoms; we called them rubbers, and the fancy word was prophylactics.

He said, O.K., let's play the scene like you're getting a dozen prophylactics. And he hit it.

HANK AZARIA *(actor, who appeared in* Spamalot *and* The Birdcage*):*

He'd say, "No, no, dear boy"—by the way, he's the only person I know who could get away with calling me "dear boy"—"dear boy, here's how we're going to do it."

WHOOPI GOLDBERG *(comedian, actress; Nichols produced her two Broadway shows):*

Mike came to see a show I was doing at the Dance Theater Workshop, and one of the characters I did talks about Anne Frank. So

. . . guys who want to be Mike," says Nick Pileggi.

he connected to it, and, in tears, said to me, I'd like to present you on Broadway, and I was like, O.K. A few months later, I said, Maybe this isn't right. He said, Why not? I said, Well, what if I suck? You sucked before, right? I said, Yeah. So you'll suck on a bigger stage. He would never say sucked.

TOM HANKS: If we had a four-hour rehearsal schedule [for *Charlie Wilson's War*], we'd spend 3 hours and 45 minutes talking about everything under the sun, and for 15 minutes we'd read a little bit. And then when we would be having dinner in Morocco or a place like that, it would be the same thing: we'd have a five-and-a-half-hour conversation around the table, and without even knowing it we were somehow commenting on the film and the work that we had done that day and the work that we were going to do the next day.

JULES FEIFFER: With Mike it was always about the work and never about his ego, never about his sense of importance. It was about storytelling; it was about the relationships. It wasn't about a laugh, but if you could get a good laugh, why not.

DAVID HYDE PIERCE *(actor, who appeared in* Spamalot*):*

He said once you have figured out exactly how to get your laugh—he described it as your favorite squeak and turn—don't do that. You could always do it again the next night. It's the greatest gift you can ever give an actor because it frees you from ever saying, Oh, I didn't get my laugh there. Sometimes you discover there's a huge laugh two lines later that never would've happened.

WHOOPI GOLDBERG: I would be in the middle of rehearsing, and you'd hear this loud sigh, and he would say, Are you going to keep talking? Because this piece ended five minutes ago and you're still talking. And he was absolutely right.

ERIC IDLE: He could make grown men cry at notes, which I saw on a couple occasions.

[On *Spamalot*] he'd still be giving notes after four years on Broadway. "Get the cast in."

EMMA THOMPSON: I think that one of the most vital things he ever asked of all of us is: What's the event? What's actually happening here? And are you doing too much, something that's completely unnecessary? "That's a hat on a hat," he'd say.

HANK AZARIA: I was having trouble in one scene with Nathan [Lane, in the 1996 movie *The Birdcage*], where I'm getting him ready for the show and he's refusing to go on. I said, Mike, I don't know how to play this scene because it's very obvious that this dynamic happens every time, but they're treating it as if it's a disaster. And Mike said, Your character is partially based on Judy Garland's dresser. Judy would panic before every performance and her dresser would panic with her and he would panic more than her so that she'd have to be the one to tell him to calm down, and that was the ritual they had. And I was like, Brilliant! No other directors say things like that to you, at least in my experience.

MATTHEW BRODERICK *(actor, who appeared in Nichols's 1988 film* Biloxi Blues*):*

He was very actor-y and all that—you know, great notes. But sometimes he would just make a face and tell you to make that face.

EMMA THOMPSON: He was good at casting, which my father, who also was a director [Eric Thompson], said is 90 percent of the job. He might have been absolutely dreadful at directing some actors—he just chose the ones he could direct.

JULES FEIFFER: He said, There's a guy named Nicholson in [the 1969 movie] *Easy Rider*—have you seen it? I said no. So I went. I didn't like the movie, and I didn't like Jack Nicholson. Mike said, Trust me, he's going to be our most important actor since Brando, and I trusted him. And I worried if Candy Bergen [in *Carnal Knowledge*] was good enough, and he said, Trust me, and I trusted him.

Over and over again I would have my doubts, and over and over again he proved right.

STOCKARD CHANNING *(actress, who appeared in Nichols's 1975 film,* The Fortune, *and* Heartburn*):*

I remember Mike and Jack [Nicholson] and I had supper, after [Nichols's 2013 revival of the Harold Pinter play] *Betrayal,* and we dropped Jack off, and we shared a car to the East Side, and I remember he referred to Jack; he said, He's pure gold. It chokes me up because he meant that on every possible level. He really loved him, and it came out in that moment. I'll never forget sitting in the back of that car with Mike. He shook his head. It was as if he couldn't believe that such a person existed.

DAVID HYDE PIERCE: The underlying message of all his direction is: You are enough. I don't need more than you; I don't need less than you. You're enough.

TOM STOPPARD *(playwright, who wrote* The Real Thing, *which Nichols directed on Broadway):*

He was unlike most of us in the way he just invested completely in somebody he decided was a good thing, whether an actor or a writer or a show. His enthusiasm was total.

Maybe twice a week he would talk about some new person he'd seen performing who was life-changingly good. He didn't skimp in his praise.

BUCK HENRY *(Nichols's school classmate, actor, screenwriter for* The Graduate, Catch-22, *and* The Day of the Dolphin*):*

There were times when he would call in the middle of the night to say, Have you seen so-and-so? It's not open yet, but you'd better go right away and see it, which happened half a dozen times in our relationship.

2001: A Space Odyssey was one. He said, It's a religious experience—get to it.

BOB BALABAN: I got the feeling that when I was with him I could do anything. And I'm not an actor who particularly feels they can do anything.

MERYL STREEP: I heard from a witness on the set of *Working Girl* that he was trying to get a very reluctant Melanie Griffith to feel comfortable vacuuming semi-nude. He volunteered confidently: Meryl would do it. *Ha!*

ERIC IDLE: He could be brutally frank. We had one actor [in *Spamalot*]—we had to cut his big scene, and he went around moaning and pissing and grumbling. Mike said, I see I have to give you my asshole speech. He said, Look, you can either be an asshole and leave or you can get with the team and understand this is not about you. This is about making the show better. And the guy was lovely and adorable ever after.

MICHAEL HALEY *(assistant director on several of Nichols's films, including* Working Girl, Angels in America, *and* Closer*):*

He could do more with a sentence to make you want to find a hole to crawl into than most guys could do with a gun or a sword.

But one time I called Mike and said, Barbra Streisand has been asked to do [the 1991 movie] *The Prince of Tides.* Do you have anything coming up? No, no, go ahead. And then, at the last second, Mike calls and says, I've got something. And I said, But, Mike, I'm about to go. And he says, Who would you rather have mad at you, me or Barbra?

MATTHEW BRODERICK: One of the really mean things he would say fairly often was "Let's do it again, but let's pretend it's a real movie."

HANNAH ROTH SORKIN: He was always like, Don't hate me. Please, don't hate me. Don't

SHADES OF GENIUS Nichols and Sawyer on West 56th Street, in New York City, after their honeymoon, 1988.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER McBRIDE/INF PHOTO/CORBIS

"The Diane effect in his life was incalculable,



and he just strove to be better, to equal her."

be mad at me. That fear of someone being angry at him was really big. And to still do what you need to do to get the results you need to get is a great tension.

DAVID GEFFEN: Mike wasn't the easiest guy in the world, and he used to worry that there were times he hadn't behaved. He remembered them all. And I used to say to him, Give yourself a break, for Chrissake. You have this in common with humanity.

PAUL SIMON: Having experienced similar career arcs, I could say this: it's very hard when you're in your mid-30s, with an extraordinary amount of fame and praise, to be nice.

I wasn't very nice.

ERIC IDLE: And he always bore a grudge.

DAVID HYDE PIERCE: He was a big fan of real life. I remember him saying to us, If you're running lines, and someone comes up and interrupts you and says, Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were running lines—that's the greatest compliment you can ever get as an actor, he said. Because they thought you were just talking.

ERIC IDLE: He would say to the actors, You've got to take this seriously. If you don't believe in it, why should the audience? And I'm sitting here going, Yeah, that makes a lot of sense, except he's giving notes [for *Spamalot*] on the Knights Who Say Ni!

STEVE MARTIN: Mike told me once, You always aim high in something low.

TOM STOPPARD: I was sitting in the stalls, and a stagehand walked in with a chair in either hand, and he shouted to Mike, Which chair? And Mike instantly said, That one, indicating the one in his left hand. As the guy walked off, I was thinking, Christ, I'll never be a director. The chairs weren't that different, you know, and I said, What was it about that chair? He said, Nothing, you just have to answer instantly—you can change your mind later.

WALLACE SHAWN *(actor, playwright, who wrote* The Designated Mourner*):*

[When Mike appeared as an actor in David Hare's 1997 movie, *The Designated Mourner*], he not only never missed a rehearsal but he was never late. He never said, Today I have to leave half an hour early because I'm promoting my film, or I have an important phone call. He just was a completely cooperative actor.

Not ever did he say, Well, that's wrong, or try to direct it himself.

MERYL STREEP: There is a piece of film of him performing in *The Designated Mourner,* Wally Shawn's terrific play. Mike suppressed it for years, went to great lengths to keep it out of circulation here in the U.S. I don't know why, maybe because he just didn't like to look at himself—a lot of actors share this reluctance. It was so naked, absolutely riveting and upsetting and funny and, well, just like life. It's up there with the best things I've seen any actor do on film.

Nichols was not only the consummate professional. Among his many gifts was his gift for friendship, and he became close personally to many of the actors he worked with. At the time of his passing, there were hundreds of people in New York alone who considered themselves Mike Nichols's best friend. He was a celebrated host, and his extravagant, exquisite taste was reflected in the ways he decorated his residences, a penthouse on the Upper East Side of Manhattan and "Chip Chop," a 17.5-acre estate on Martha's Vineyard, where he and Diane Sawyer wed, in 1988, at the Federated Church. He also owned a farmhouse on 60 acres in Bridgewater, Connecticut, and a ranch in Santa Barbara, California.

NATALIE PORTMAN *(actress, who appeared in Nichols's 2004 film,* Closer*, and his 2001 Shakespeare in the Park staging of* The Seagull*):*

I feel like there's a thing about people who were young in the 60s that made them always cooler than anyone who came after. They were irreverent and would make bawdy jokes, have a laugh, have a smoke, have a drink, eat delicious food, tell the best stories. Mike was like that.

Anyone could be in the room, and everyone would want to be around Mike.

JULES FEIFFER: [Director Elia] Kazan was one of his heroes, but Kazan deliberately conspired to create fights and acrimonious relationships [among his actors] because he thought that's the way he'd get the best out of his performers. Mike did it as a love story.

JULIA ROBERTS *(actress, who appeared in* Closer *and* Charlie Wilson's War*):*

The great thing for *Closer* was that we all—except for Jude [Law] and Clive [Owen]—Mike and Natalie and I, all packed up and moved to London and left our lives behind, and Mike, there was a sense of responsibility he took for displacing us. We'd all go out to dinner or he would screen movies for us on a weekend night that nobody had anything to do. It was so special, like he just was always taking care of us.

CANDICE BERGEN: He always lived like a prince. I don't know where that came from. But he was more princely than anyone I ever knew.

ANJELICA HUSTON *(actress):*

He lived large, but there was also something modest about it, too, a sort of jewel economics, if you know what I mean: it was on a modest scale but incredibly precious. It wasn't enormous or garish or outsized—everything was just perfect, elegant.

CANDICE BERGEN: I knew [Diane] when she was with [diplomat] Richard Holbrooke, and she had an apartment on Central Park West that she never furnished. She had a dinner there soon after she moved in, and there weren't really any places to sit, other than the chairs around the table. She just didn't care. She had more important, substantive pursuits, so she just left it all to Mike. And Mike would be going over fabrics and finishes with the decorator.

MARLO THOMAS: He once said to me, Phil [talk-show host Phil Donohue, Thomas's husband] is so lucky that you do all of this. He said, Diane doesn't even know what a swatch is.

TOM HANKS: We were going on vacation with the whole family, but it got screwed up and so we weren't going anywhere. Mike said, Well, why don't you take my place on the Vineyard? I'd never even been to the Vineyard. So he let us use this ridiculously historic place—Chip Chop is the name of the house. It used to belong to [actress] Katharine Cornell.

When we were building our house, we built one room that was based on the great room of Mike and Diane's house, with fireplaces on each end. I just felt so fucking smart in that room.

JACK O'BRIEN *(director, producer):*

[If you were their guests] everything was thought of. You go down in the morning to the kitchen and there's a *New York Times* for every person in residence in case you want your crossword. You look in the bathroom and everything you could ask for except a hypodermic needle is there for you—it's unbelievable.

EMMA THOMPSON: Mike was always offering me, as a guest, just the best of everything. And sometimes I'd say to him, For God's sake, let's just have baked beans!

WARREN BEATTY *(actor, who co-starred in* The Fortune*):*

We were at his house in Connecticut [in the late 1960s]. [Writer] Lillian Hellman was there, and [actress] Julie Christie, and we played a game called Bartlett's where you look into Bartlett's dictionary of quotations and choose three quotes that are real and invent a fake one, and you have to guess which is the fake one. I never forgot Mike's, which was "I left my hat in your hall, but not forever."

NATALIE PORTMAN: He took me to Emma Thompson's house once for the Fourth of July. We played the love-hate game. Everyone had to put hates and likes—five things that you either hated or liked—and then we picked them out of a hat, and you had to guess whose it was and whether it was a love or a hate. "Ballet" was one of his. It was hard to guess that he would hate ballet.

SUSAN FORRISTAL *(Nichols's friend, who appeared in* Heartburn, Postcards from the Edge, Regarding Henry, *and* Primary Colors*):*

We were shooting a cocktail party in this very elegant town house, and my job was to be one of the elegant ladies eating caviar. So

we start to shoot and he yells, "Cut! What kind of caviar is that?" And Mike comes up and he looks at it and he says, "This isn't good enough. I want big, bubbled beluga caviar." So they send this kid out to get caviar. It took an hour and a half. It wasn't lunch break—it wasn't anything. We're just standing around waiting. The kid comes back: wrong caviar. "That's not what I want! Someone go with him!" Scott Rudin as the producer is not only paying for all this caviar, three different kinds, but the clock is ticking. But he never said a word because it was Mike.

BOB BALABAN: The location [on *Catch-22*] was so difficult to get to, there were like two planes a week, and then you had to drive for about eight hours after the plane landed.

They had food from [the Manhattan upmarket delicatessen] Zabar's flown in occasionally, special stuff for Mike.

NICK PILEGGI *(writer):*

Mike was always calling [Pileggi's wife, Nora Ephron] with recipes, and she was always calling Mike with recipes. Then Mike would send over a box of some brand-new ice cream he found in the Midwest. Then Nora would send him the first batch of Fran's Chocolates with salt on them. They were bombarding each other with food.

Then we'd go up to Martha's Vineyard, and he had his cook up there make concord-grape pie, and Nora was so jealous, she got the recipe, and we came home and made concord-grape pie. We spent an entire day just seeding the grapes.

CANDICE BERGEN: Until he had his heart surgery and it changed his appetite, he was such a gourmet and gourmand. He just loved food and would drive miles and miles for obscure fried-oyster places on the Vineyard, and then would drive from there to the best pizza place, and then would go home for lunch. Diane would just be sitting in the front seat with her head in her hands. She finally just said, O.K., I can't keep up.

DAVID GEFFEN: He told me that [photographer] Richard Avedon taught him how to be a rich person. Mike considered Richard his closest friend.

TOM STOPPARD: [Mike] had this horse-breeding farm in Santa Barbara. I remember going to a horse sale once, and it was like a theater production—absolutely breathtaking. At the back of this large arena where we were all sitting, a herd of horses galloped past our eyes in what I now remember as moonlight. It was just extraordinary. He made something utterly memorable out of the buying and selling of horseflesh.

CANDICE BERGEN: I mean, you have no idea. It was a tented auction, it was at night, and he lit it—he had the best lighting people do it. And the sawdust was colored and had sparkles mixed in so that when the horses were led out at a canter, smoke coming out of their nostrils, it was like a locomotive coming onto the stage. There was a little three-person orchestra, and when the mare was brought out they played "The Most Beautiful Girl [in the World]," and she came out kicking up sparkles. He brought all of his showmanship to it because he was the great showman.

ANJELICA HUSTON: Oh my God, there were emirs and sultans, all sorts of Arabian dignitaries. At the end of this horse sale, in which some animals were going for millions, a whole backdrop opened up and the horses galloped off over the fields.

PAUL SIMON: We were standing together after the sale, and he said, "Not bad for a little boy from Berlin, huh?"

During the 1970s, which brought the critical and box-office failures of such of his films as The Day of the Dolphin *and* The Fortune, *Nichols became disillusioned with Hollywood, and in the early 1980s, he fell into a crushing depression.*

BOB BALABAN: His first 14 years everything he touched turned to gold. Then nothing he touched turned to gold for a while.

It's like, what happened? He could do no wrong, and for a while he could do no right.

CANDICE BERGEN: He was always very embarrassed about [the 1973 movie *The Day of the Dolphin*]. I don't remember why he did it. I suppose they paid him a fortune. But he knew that he had to get out of [Hollywood] to survive. That was very clear, and he did.

MATTHEW BRODERICK: He called it "the fish movie."

DAVID GEFFEN: When John Calley was the head of production at Warner Bros., he offered Mike [the 1973 horror movie] *The Exorcist,* and Mike read it and decided it wasn't for him. John said, You really should do this, Mike, because it's going to be a giant, giant hit. And Mike said, Well, I suppose so, but I can't see how to make a movie of this that I would be interested in making. Anyway, the movie gets made with [director] Billy Friedkin, and Mike is driving in Westwood, and he sees the longest line he's ever seen in his life—literally, he said it was blocks long—and he follows the line to the theater, and it's *The Exorcist.* And he calls Elaine on the phone and he says, Elaine, I am such a schmuck. I just passed the longest line I've ever seen for *The Exorcist,* and you know I was offered it and turned it down. And she said, Don't worry, Mike, if you had made it, it wouldn't have been a hit.

DUSTIN HOFFMAN: I bumped into him once at a restaurant. I hadn't seen him in a while, and we're always very warm and very affectionate to each other. He looked up and he whispered something to me. I said, What? He said, "Why didn't you ask me to do [Hoffman's 1982 smash hit movie] *Tootsie*?"

CANDICE BERGEN: They were colleagues [Nichols and Bergen's French director husband, Louis Malle]. They didn't work together, but they had great respect for each other. Money is less important to the French. Louis always wondered about the importance of money in Mike's work, and if that didn't compromise him in some way. [Louis] had been born wealthy, so he could afford not to care about it.

SUSAN FORRISTAL: [Novelist] Annabel [Davis-Goff, Nichols's third wife] called me and said, "Would you come up for a few days? Mike is having a terrible time." So I went up and we were taking a walk, and I said to him, What are your medications?

ANJELICA HUSTON: [The short-acting sleeping pill] Halcion! He went into this sort of Halcion panic where he thought he was going to lose everything and die. But oddly enough, one would never have been able to tell that he was emotionally fraught in any way. He always seemed very calm in his panic.

PAUL SIMON: That was awful, until they figured out what it was. He just was weepy, crying, and thought everything was over.

SUSAN FORRISTAL: A month later I got a phone call. He asked me to come over. So I get there, and he asked me, very matter-of-fact, he said, How did your sister kill herself? Because I think about it a lot. And I went, Shit, this is serious now.

MATTHEW BRODERICK: He said, "It manifested itself that I thought I had no money." His accountants kept telling him, "You have plenty of money." He just thought he didn't have any money.

Nichols and Davis-Goff divorced in 1986.

SUSAN FORRISTAL: Anjelica and I went to visit him at the Carlyle [hotel], and he wasn't feeling well at all. The depression was going on, but we didn't know what it was. So we said, Come on, lie down on your bed, and we were giving him foot massages. And above his bed hung this amazing Balthus [*The Guitar Lesson*]. We went, You're never going to get laid with that above your bed, because he's now single. So we basically said, You've got to get rid of this picture—and he did. And he way undersold it.

ANJELICA HUSTON: I remember Suze and I were giving him a foot rub under the Balthus, and there was a storm imminent, one of those storms that attacks New York every couple of years. The windows had been taped up and we were waiting for the storm, for the hurricane to hit. He was sure this Balthus was bringing him bad luck. We recommended

highly that he get rid of it, which I think he did for a quarter of what it was worth. It definitely had a creepy vibe. We were his worst advisers when it came to his collection.

SUSAN FORRISTAL: The guilt! Anjelica and I still go, "Oh!"

CARLY SIMON *(musician, who wrote the music for Nichols's 1990 film,* Postcards from the Edge*):*

Annabel asked me to intervene. He was so vulnerable and trying to intellectualize all of what was going on. He dragged out every possible explanation there could possibly be.

SUSAN FORRISTAL: Carly arrived with big hair and smiles. We sat down for a few minutes and decided it was time to go to the hospital. I don't know how, but we talked him into it. We went downstairs and got a taxi. It was during the [New York City] Marathon. We were going to Columbia Presbyterian, and it was just a nightmare—it took us an hour. He admitted himself, and it got better after that, but it was terrible.

MATTHEW BRODERICK: We would walk around the woods [on Martha's Vineyard]. He still had a few horses at that time, and we'd go look at them. He had two llamas—they might have been alpacas—just wandering around. He told me, "Don't ever buy anything that eats."

Nichols's depression lifted, and he went on to direct two of his biggest movie hits, Working Girl *and* The Birdcage; *the critically acclaimed* Wit *and* Angels in America *for HBO; and, on Broadway,* Spamalot *and the 2012 revival of* Death of a Salesman, *with Philip Seymour Hoffman.*

LORNE MICHAELS: I went to a preview [of *The Birdcage*] with him and it destroyed, as we say in comedy. He was so happy because there was a time—it happens to all of us—you go in for a meeting at the studio and the implication is: Why are you here? We grew up on your stuff—you're already in the Hall of Fame. You're being treated politely, but you're no longer in the game. But after the first preview, he knew, Oh, it's going to work.

And then suddenly the entire attitude at the studio changed.

You can be an icon and treated badly. Steve Martin has this great joke about how after you have a flop you call your favorite restaurant and they go, Absolutely, Mr. Martin. How's 5:45?

Nichols was married four times: to Patricia Scott from 1957 to 1960; from 1963 to 1974 to Margot Callas, with whom he had a daughter, Daisy Nichols; from 1975 to 1986 to Annabel Davis-Goff, with whom he had two children, Max Nichols and Jenny Nichols; and finally to broadcast journalist Diane Sawyer, whom he married in 1988 and who is his widow. Throughout he maintained his close relationship with Elaine May, though the relationship was not romantic.

NATHAN LANE *(actor, appeared in* Spamalot *and* The Birdcage*):*

It was wonderful to see Mike and Elaine together [during the making of *The Birdcage,* which she wrote and he directed] not only because it was their reunion but they had this wonderful relationship, and he was so tickled by her sense of humor. It was a kind of brother-and-sister relationship, and he was very protective of her. She's so fiercely intelligent—she hardly needs protection—but she'd be eating at a catering table, and he would sometimes go over and just brush away a few crumbs. It was very sweet how he protected her and was very protective of her script.

CARLY SIMON: He talked about her a great deal. When Mike would talk about the great influences and loves of his life—in front of Diane—he would say, Elaine and Diane were the two women in his life who had made the biggest impression. I always wondered if that bothered Diane.

HANNAH ROTH SORKIN: [Throughout his life] he loved Elaine more than anything. That was his work wife, you know.

They'd just giggle, giggle, giggle.

JACK O'BRIEN: He was catnip to women, and he used it, and [early in life] very often acted upon it.

SIGOURNEY WEAVER *(actress, who appeared in* Hurlyburly *and* Working Girl*):*

I got engaged while we were doing *Hurlyburly,* and everyone came to the wedding.

I remember he came up to [my husband, director Jim Simpson] and me just at the beginning of the party—we were dancing to this great band—and he cut in, he looked at Jim, and he said, "Droit du seigneur."

ANJELICA HUSTON: He was not the least bit misogynistic, which, given how most of those guys are, is very unusual. He really loved women and listened to them. He loved the presence of women, and that was another thing that kind of made him unusual, particularly in that era where the guys just seemed to love to hang with each other all the time. Mike liked to hang with the girls, and I think for all the right reasons.

WARREN BEATTY: I called Mike to tell him I was going to have a baby and get married to [actress] Annette [Bening], and Mike—I'll never forget it—said, "You must remember . . . " Long pause. "She's perfect."

LIZ SMITH: He had this whole phalanx of women, and he referred to them as "my wives." I'd say, Are you going to see this play? He'd say, Yes, I'll take one of my wives.

NATALIE PORTMAN: At his American Film Institute tribute, it was all women who were toasting him. I think Buck [Henry] was there, and maybe one other man, but it was like Meryl and Emma and Nora and Elaine. . . . He was like a feminist without trying.

EMMA THOMPSON: I'm sure one could bang on about his feminine side and everything, but I always thought of him as really very, very masculine.

NICK PILEGGI: Men are divided into two groups. There are guys who want to be Babe Ruth and there are guys who want to be Mike Nichols. That's it.

DAVID GEFFEN: Warren Beatty told me an interesting story. He was talking to Diane—this is many years before she got together with Mike—and she said to Warren that he knew everybody and there were a couple of people that she'd love to meet: Stephen Sondheim and Mike Nichols.

MICHAEL HALEY: One day during *Biloxi Blues,* we were driving, and he says, "I met a woman." I said, Oh good. He says, "Diane Sawyer!" I said, That's great. "I'm going to marry her." And he looked out the window with this half-smile on his face. And it wasn't like, This is my next conquest. It was more like, There's something about her. It was magical.

JACK O'BRIEN: I remember going to see *Juan Darién,* the Julie Taymor piece, and sitting two seats away from me were Diane and Mike and they were all in leather. And they were making out and necking the entire show. After, I said to him, What the fuck was that? Of course, he didn't remember it.

JULIA ROBERTS: Look at Diane. Look at how long they were together and he was still smitten. She would just take his breath away—it was this mutual, active love affair.

CANDICE BERGEN: He described himself as Pinocchio who became a real boy. That's the Diane effect. The Diane effect in his life was incalculable, and he just strove to be better, to equal her, or to even get close to who she was as a person. He would say, When she goes to a ball, all she does is just run a brush through her hair. He just couldn't get over her lack of vanity and her intellect.

CHLOE MALLE *(writer):*

He would say, I go to dinners with Diane constantly. She's just been to Afghanistan; she's just interviewed Malala—no one wants to ask her anything. No one has any questions for Diane, no one cares. They just want to talk about themselves: their dental problem, their most recent movie—it's always all about them.

TOM HANKS: I can only imagine the conversations those two had over coffee and pancakes in the morning.

DAVID GEFFEN: After he married Diane, he was

the happiest that he'd ever been. He always said that and meant it. He said, I finally got it right.

TOM FONTANA: He was absolutely devoted to Diane. He was like a high-school kid in love with the prom queen.

CANDICE BERGEN: He brought lighting people in to re-light her because the lighting [on her show] was so unforgiving.

CHRISTINE BARANSKI *(actress, who appeared in Nichols's Broadway staging of* The Real Thing *and in* The Birdcage*):*

He was completely up on [*The Good Wife*] and every other show on television. It was his and Diane's favorite thing to just stay home and read or watch great television, because the last thing she wanted to do was get dressed up and have to schmooze. They loved their cozy life. And who wouldn't want to snuggle up with Diane Sawyer? I mean, my God, nice work.

HANNAH ROTH SORKIN: He'd say, "I'll have to check with the ball and chain." But he could say that because he was madly, madly in love.

Nichols was in ill health for the last years of his life.

JACK O'BRIEN: He called me to see a screening of [the 2003 HBO series] *Angels in America.* And at the end of it I turned to him and I said, Not only do I think this may be the best thing you've ever done, it may be the best thing anybody's ever done. And he burst into tears.

BUCK HENRY: Lincoln Center did a Nichols-appreciation evening. You go up on the stage and try to be funny while you're raining endless compliments on this person. And at the end of our ass-kissing, Mike takes the microphone and says a paragraph about every one of his friends, each much more interesting than what we had to say about him. He shortstopped us.

ANJELICA HUSTON: He sat beside me at a dinner [for my memoir *Watch Me*] and he just seemed in a really good place. I told him that I was seeing somebody, but I haven't been out with anyone since my husband died and I'm feeling a bit fragile. He just looked at me and said, "Go for it." That was Mike. He wanted everyone to be as happy as he was.

RAFE SPALL *(actor, who appeared in Nichols's staging of* Betrayal*):*

He really, really wanted [the 2013 Broadway revival of Harold Pinter's] *Betrayal* to be a success. It was very important to him. And we got a bad review in the *Times* [by *New York Times* theater critic Ben Brantley], and it really upset him.

It's a funny thing for me because I come from a theater landscape where you get a great review in *The Times* [of London], a bad one in *The Telegraph,* and a medium one in the *Evening Standard,* and it's even. There's not one guy with a monopoly on whether something's good or not. It became—though it's been beaten out since—the highest-grossing Broadway straight play [for a single week] in history. But everyone was really upset by the *Times* review.

CANDICE BERGEN: We saw him diminish physically. I mean, as brilliant as he was, he was not going to think his way out of it. And he was not helped by Ben Brantley either, let me just add.

I'll never forgive him for that. It took away months—you just saw [Mike] go inert. He was like, "What more can I do?"

SUSAN FORRISTAL: We went to see a Brecht play in the bowels of the East Village. He'd already been sick, and he had this cough—oh my God, that cough. It was so frightening. And he started to cough and cough and cough, and you could tell it was serious. And finally the intermission came and one of us said, I think we should leave, and Mike goes, "Oh, I can't leave. They're expecting me to come backstage and that would mean I didn't like the play." But we finally talked him into leaving. Then he wanted to go to dinner. We kept saying, Go home! You've got to go home! Let's skip dinner. And he kept saying, "No, because then Diane would know, and I won't be let out again."

DAVID GEFFEN: We would always go to lunch at either Marea or something he read about which we would only go to once. The next time we'd go back to Marea. And he always sat in the corner table when you walk in.

Anyway, he picked me up. We kissed—we always kissed—and I said, You look terrific. He said, I feel like I'm on borrowed time.

HANNAH ROTH SORKIN: I think the last time I saw him was at Phil Hoffman's funeral. He was devastated.

CHRISTINE BARANSKI: I can't tell you how many times in those last years I'd get together with him, and his eyes would fill with tears and he'd say, "I just can't believe how lucky I am."

His life really did come to this graceful dénouement.

WALLACE SHAWN: He wasn't just lucky. He was someone who had the capacity to see his own luck and enjoy it. An awful lot of people who are lucky don't recognize it and make everybody else sick by complaining about their lot when everyone else knows they've had such great luck.

Mike was very, very well aware of being a lucky person. He was passionately grateful for his having found Diane. I think he was aware every minute that Hitler might have cut off his life before he was 10 years old.

STEVE MARTIN: As we get older we either become our worst selves or our best selves, and I think Mike became his best self. He had learned so many lessons in life that he actually absorbed.

CANDICE BERGEN: I knew that when he was in the last three or four years he was feeling, you just don't want it to end.

TOM FONTANA: The last few years, he was absolutely at the top of his form. His memory was going, but you know, what's the difference? My memory sucks, too.

FRANK RICH: No one else would've found Dustin Hoffman and no one else would've felt that Phil Hoffman was ready for Willy Loman [in the 2012 Broadway revival].

CANDICE BERGEN: We all saw it coming. Diane kept him alive for longer than he should have been, and sorted out the mess of doctors. I saw him the day before he died. We had lunch together with a friend, and he gave me a lift home and he said, I'm just going to have a routine procedure. I'll be home tomorrow afternoon. And I said, O.K., I'll talk to you then. There are no routine procedures.

CHRISTINE BARANSKI: Mike talked about something in Sweden or one of those Nordic countries where people, literally, they get together with their family members, they have a wonderful meal, and they go to bed surrounded by their loved ones and say, O.K., that's a wrap. Cut. He said, That's what I want.

MICHAEL HALEY: He actually asked me once, when we were driving, he said, What do you think happens when we die? I told him I had my philosophies about what happens, and I said, What do you think? He said, "We wake up in our dreams."

WALLACE SHAWN: The reading [for a new play of mine] was maybe 10 days before he died.

Mike not only read marvelously, he was, as always, the life of the party.

It's a fortunate thing to die in a good mood.

Nichols died of a heart attack on November 19, 2014, in his New York City apartment.

SUSAN FORRISTAL: You know how it goes—it's like *Rashomon.* Everybody gets it wrong. The first thing that I heard was that he and Diane were in the car together, being driven to a dinner, or they were going to the theater, which I doubted. So then you start picturing this happening in the back of the car and her going through this by herself like some Jackie Kennedy nightmare—how do you deal with that? But apparently they were home together, thank God. The great thing is you're at home with the one you love, but you never get that picture out of your mind.

CANDICE BERGEN: Max [Nichols] called the night that he died and I just stayed in bed the next day. I'd never done that.

TOM STOPPARD: It was the most wrenching bereavement I can ever remember experiencing. I'm not reconciled to it yet.

You just want to carry on thinking he's up there high on the East Side, going into the Met, and going downtown to see a play.

ERIC IDLE: I miss him so much because—well,

Mike Nichols

just to be able to pick up the phone—sometimes I'll think of a funny line, and I'll go, Oh, I have to tell Mike! He was a great appreciator.

CANDICE BERGEN: The gathering at his house that Diane had the week after he died—the apartment was filled with people. All of them were remarkable, and all of them had this deep, rich relationship with him. And I thought, How did he do it? I mean, how did he find the time?

Nichols's legion of admiring friends and colleagues continue to revere both his intellectual prowess and original sense of humor.

CARLY SIMON: I talked to [writer] Renata Adler not too long ago, and we both said we didn't know how to think anymore—we always would see everything through Mike's eyes, and that now we didn't know exactly what to think, about ourselves or anything else.

MICHAEL HALEY: We still work on movies in my dreams. Sometimes it's fun, sometimes it's insane, but he's there and I'm always happy to see him. He's with me constantly.

ERIC IDLE: He was a comedian first and foremost. That's why I loved him.

And he was always very forthright about things he'd been through. Again, that's a comedian thing; you never try and conceal what may be used against you. It's a disarming dishonesty.

HANNAH ROTH SORKIN: His business card said, "Mike Nichols: Films, Plays, Snotty Remarks."

It didn't have an address.

ERIC IDLE: We were once in St. Paul de Vence, going to lunch, and we passed this art gallery, and it had a Salvador Dalí statue there in the window. He went in and he said, "How much is that Dalí in the window?"

And he would say the most outrageous things. He came in once a bit late for rehearsal, and he said, "I'm sorry, but the whole Upper East Side was Yidlock." He could get away with these jokes.

LORNE MICHAELS: He loved to laugh. Comedy is too important to be left to professionals because professionals tend to go, That's funny, and nod.

HANK AZARIA: You'd have to cover him with a blanket and move him farther and farther from the set because he would laugh out loud. It's like, Mike, what's the matter with you? We're never going to do it that well again!

MARTIN SHORT: I was doing a show on Broadway and it was really strenuous. I'm thinking, Oh my God, I'm so tired, I know how to do 80 percent today and get away with it. And then I say to my dresser, Who's in the audience? And he says, "Mike Nichols, Diane Sawyer, and Stephen Sondheim." I go, Oh fuck. I thought I was safe.

NATHAN LANE: Whenever you got together with him to have dinner, you felt like you had to cram for the final. You read up on everything going on in the world because he could speak about anything with a fresh insight and an intelligence that was rare, and you just wanted to keep up.

NICK PILEGGI: Mike could call Nora about a book that had been published in England but hadn't been published here, and Nora would have read it. No one else I knew had read it, but those two had.

MICHAEL HALEY: Mike wasn't one of those directors who comes in and says, "How 'bout those Yankees?" It was more like "How 'bout that concerto?"

ART GARFUNKEL: Didn't he have a great, rich, educated voice? Wasn't the sound of him making sentences the work of a consummate actor who was brilliant? Slightly nasal, resonant, very educated, witty—making you fall in love with him sentence by sentence by sentence.

TOM STOPPARD: He was a great artist, but he was also great at civilized living. He just thought we're all part of this marvelous civilization at its best, and he was sensitive to the fact that civilization at its worst was happening simultaneously just out of sight.

NATALIE PORTMAN: He always had awesome theories about certain famous movies or books. Like [*The Great*] *Gatsby*—he would say, No one does it right. Gatsby isn't Robert Redford. Gatsby is Dustin Hoffman. Gatsby's the outsider. New money. He's a Jew. Everyone gets it wrong. And *The Sound of Music,* he would say, Yeah, the blond family was the most at risk during World War II. He would always take things like that, things that I had taken for granted, the classics of my youth, and flip them on their head.

MARTIN SHORT: I remember one time Steve Martin and Mike and I had dinner at Spago in L.A., and he's going on about Chekhov's *The Seagull*—I think he'd just directed it. Then he leaves to go to the bathroom, and I turn to Steve and say, "Do you know what he's talking about?" And Steve says, "Not a clue, but we must never, ever let on that we don't." □

Mayor de Blasio



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 257 Christine Quinn, who did not support the ban. But de Blasio swiftly embraced it, vowing to make the banning of the horses happen during his first week in office if elected. And yet, on fine summer days in New York, if you head to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Central Park South, you will still see the carriages lined up, waiting to take you on a ride through the park. For, despite his vow, which, bizarrre as it might seem, is still remembered by New Yorkers, de Blasio never found the votes in the City Council to accomplish what became one of his most famous promises. It underscores his main leadership problem: that he often does not clearly think through the ramifications of an idea he espouses (horses may be euthanized, carriage drivers will be out of a job) or figure out a strategy to accomplish it. This allows him to be outmaneuvered time and time again, on such issues as banning charter schools from using city buildings or capping the number of Uber cars in the city.

"Sometimes he wades into issues that are not all that substantive, which people get agitated about," says Blackstone's James. "The Uber thing jumps to mind. He doesn't have to do that. The horse-drawn carriage is another thing. A totally unnecessary controversy. I would like him to be a little more like a C.E.O., you know, let your team take care of these things, take some time, make some recommendations, and these things would just fade away."

For all the complaints, City Hall under de Blasio has been a surprisingly tight ship. There have been few significant media leaks and little sign of the kind of turf wars and infighting that commonly infest a new administration. "He made clear from the beginning he wanted a 'coherence' in point of view; he wanted people who believed the things we believe," says First Deputy Mayor Anthony Shorris, who handles much of the actual day-to-day city management. "Some people want a 'Team of Rivals.' That's not our thing. It makes it much easier for everyone to get along, much easier for everyone to get their jobs done, and much easier to delegate."

The New New Normal

While de Blasio's agenda may have struck a chord during an election year when the world was buzzing about "the 1 percent," it was the optics of his family that made the difference, many observers believe. The de Blasios feature a German-Italian dad, a black onetime-gay mom, and two offspring, Dante and Chiara, all happily ensconced in their brick-and-clapboard row house in Brooklyn.

Black, white, Italian, L.G.B.T.—the de Blasios are like a sitcom family cast to appeal to every voting block short of Hasidic Jews. It was Dante's famous 30-second TV testimonial to his father's progressive policies, which ended with the surprise reveal that Dante was the white candidate's black son, that, many people believe, won his father the election. "That ad killed us," a competitor said afterward.

Without his family, de Blasio's life story is messier. His real name, after all, is not Bill de Blasio. He was born Warren Wilhelm Jr. in 1961, in New York City, though his parents called him "Bill" from an early age. He grew up in Boston; he remains a die-hard Red Sox fan—anathema for New York Yankee fans. De Blasio's father, Warren senior, was a onetime business reporter at *Time* magazine, who was wounded during World War II and clearly suffered post-traumatic stress of some kind. He was an alcoholic. He and his wife divorced when de Blasio was seven; 10 years later, his father committed suicide, shooting himself outside a Connecticut hotel.

De Blasio was raised in the bosom of his mother's Italian family and ended up taking their last name as his own, though he didn't change it legally until 2001. He left Boston to attend New York University in 1979 and never went back. After graduate school and several years supporting progressive Central American causes, he began climbing the political ladder, volunteering for David Dinkins's mayoral campaign in 1989, working as an aide in the Dinkins administration, then running Representative Charles Rangel's successful congressional campaign in 1994. Then came a job at the Department of Housing and Urban Development, a stint as campaign manager of Hillary Clinton's 2000 senatorial campaign, and finally the first election of his own in 2001, when de Blasio won a seat on the New York City Council. He met his wife at City Hall, working for Dinkins.

"I met him right around the corner there. Want to see the spot?" asks Chirlane McCray, who, between a peripatetic career in New York journalism and public relations, was writing speeches for Dinkins at the time. New York's first lady comes across as serene and cerebral; de Blasio rarely misses a chance to call her his most important adviser.

In 2009 de Blasio won election as the city's public advocate, a kind of consumer-affairs commissioner, a position that was well suited to his crusaderism. Four years later, in January 2013, he announced for mayor, one more ho-hum Democrat in a crowded field hoping to succeed Bloomberg. For six months no one paid much attention to him. But buoyed by his single-minded focus on income inequality and affordable housing, he started to inch up in the polls during the summer of 2013. Then "the Dante commercial" lit a fire beneath his campaign that carried him to victory over Christine Quinn. It did not hurt that the Democratic field was badly fractured, or that all one needed to win the primary was to secure 40 percent of the vote, which de Blasio accomplished by securing exactly 40 percent of the vote. Though he eventually won the mayoralty with 73 percent of the vote, it was the lowest turnout since 1917. Even today, there are many who feel he is an accidental mayor.

"The founding myth of the de Blasio administration is that people heard his transcendent vision about income inequality and there was a mandate for that," says the operative and longtime acquaintance of the mayor's, "when in fact there was a win by default. He was elected because he was running against three Democrats and a Republican who ran a shitty campaign. . . . He has taken this as a mandate for running this city on what he campaigned on. Bill thinks he was elected on income inequality, and he wasn't. I think he misunderstands the electorate."

The tone of de Blasio's tenure as mayor was set in its opening days, when a January storm inundated the city with nearly a foot of snow. The next morning residents of Park Avenue were flabbergasted to find many of the Upper East Side's streets unplowed; many plows, it turned out, had been dispatched to less affluent neighborhoods, in Brooklyn and Queens. When not one but two Upper East Side grandes dames tripped on potholes and broke their ankles it became urban legend that de Blasio had declared war on Manhattan's elite.

By far the roughest moments of de Blasio's first year involved the police. The "Black Lives Matter" movement, which caught fire in Ferguson, Missouri, in 2014, sent crowds of protesters into New York City's streets. De Blasio pointedly refused to condemn their accusations of routine police racism, infuriating the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, Patrick Lynch. When a mentally troubled man shot and killed two policemen last December, Lynch memorably told reporters de Blasio had "blood on his hands." Much of the N.Y.P.D. went on a kind of work strike and seemed to be refusing to make minor arrests or write tickets; only the hard lobbying of de Blasio's heralded police chief, William Bratton, a veteran commissioner of the Giuliani years, managed to bring matters to an uneasy truce. While Lynch and other union officials declined comment for this article, their hatred of de Blasio—there's no other word for it—has clearly not gone away. "He is not running the city of New York," Lynch told one group earlier this year, according to *Capital New York*. "He thinks he's running a fucking revolution."

Worse was yet to come: also in December, near the height of tensions, de Blasio told a press conference how, as the father of a black teenager, he had several times cautioned Dante to be careful when dealing with the police. "We've had to literally train him," he said, "as families have all over this city for decades, in how to take special care in any encounter he has with the police officers who are there to protect him." Lynch responded by saying de Blasio had thrown the N.Y.P.D. "under the bus."

At his City Hall office, I ask the mayor whether he believes young men of color still have reason to fear the police. De Blasio chooses his words carefully. "It's not about stereotyping a whole police force or the officers within it," he says. "It's about a history we've inherited that rightfully leaves a lot of parents of color—and I am not a person of color, but I have a child who is of color—it leaves you aware of the need that they understand how to make sure they understand some of the challenges. . . . I simply said something out loud that hundreds of thousands of people in this city could identify with. . . . Why can't we be honest about that and recognize it's something we need to overcome? I think we're in the process of overcoming it. I think that conversation's going to be a lot more rare over the next 10 or 20 years from now, but we're not quite there yet."

Talk to many political pundits in New York and they will say, off the record and under their breath, that de Blasio favors the needs of blacks and Latinos over whites, the have-nots over the haves. And yet, despite the fact that he carried 96 percent of the black vote, relations between de Blasio and the city's black leaders have steadily deteriorated. Part of it was de Blasio's refusal to clean house at the N.Y.P.D.; part of it was that early on he consulted with the Reverend Al Sharpton, who is openly hostile to many of the city's longtime black leaders, some of whom now feel de Blasio is taking them for granted. The city's most prominent black leader is the Reverend Calvin Butts, of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church. When I talked to him in July and mentioned the mayor, he was breathing fire.

"De Blasio, in the words of the Stevie Wonder song, 'you ain't done nothing,'" the reverend said barely 30 seconds into our conversation. "I can't even get in to see his commissioners. I've built thousands of units of affordable housing. I think I met with his office of economic development once. I've created the first high school in the black community in 50 years, in Harlem, and I can't even meet the [schools] chancellor. His administration is disorganized. You hear these complaints from other people, not just me. I think he feels comfortable in whoever is advising him that the black community is in his pocket. It's not. If he's really with us, stick with us. I need a John Brown [the white abolitionist who advocated armed insurrection] type. I feel strange saying this, but 'People in the black community, please, don't be taken for a ride by this man.'"

The reverend was just getting warmed up. He attacked the mayor for failing to put a to-

tal end to stop-and-frisk; for hiring Bratton, an architect of "broken windows" policing of minor violations like loitering; and especially for failing to fire the officer whose choke hold led to the death of a black man, Eric Garner, in Staten Island last summer. "He's using taxpayer money to support a murderer." Reverend Butts and other clergy met with de Blasio last spring to air these concerns. "We put pressure on him as the clergy," Butts told me, "and as the result of that pressure he plays to the media, then he tries the old slave-master trick of divide and conquer. . . . [With de Blasio] it's all a trick. You have no power, no say. His administration is not following through [on its promises], and I think, you know, it's because he's not a tough administrator, a tough C.E.O.

"We've seen liberal racists before," Butts concludes. "I'm not going to call him a racist just yet. I just think that his posture shows great disrespect for the black and brown communities. Great disrespect. I will not call him the r-word. But it's terrible now. It's condescending."

When I mention Reverend Butts's anger to Glen, she doesn't appear concerned. In fact, she rolls her eyes. "I've known the reverend for 30 years," she says with a sigh. "He's never been a happy camper."

Bad Blood

When you get down to it, managing the five boroughs is only half of any New York City mayor's job. The other half is dealing with the state capital, in Albany, where the fate of countless city measures rests in the hands of a hostile Republican-led State Senate and, above all, in those of Democratic governor Andrew Cuomo. The open secret of de Blasio's power is that he doesn't have that much. He manages the city and negotiates contracts with police, firemen, and teachers, but he can work only with the tools that state legislators grant him. The sole tax he controls is the property tax, which no mayor dares raise. "You sit down there as a mayor and you believe you're the captain of the ship," an unnamed state official told the New York *Daily News* this summer, "but really everything is subject to state law. You want to change the speed limit? You want to put in red light cameras? You need to flush the toilet? You need a state law. And that's jarring."

That unnamed official, almost certainly the same one who characterized de Blasio to *The Wall Street Journal* as "bumbling and incompetent," is believed by some to be none other than the governor himself. And, in fact, Cuomo hasn't denied it when asked—which only begins to get at the central challenge of de Blasio's second year in office: the Andrew Problem. Though they are both Democrats and have long taken pains to play nice in public, Cuomo has undermined the mayor at seemingly every opportunity. De Blasio's frustration finally boiled over in June, when he stunned the New York political world by openly excoriating Cuomo to reporters as a bully bent on "revenge" for de Blasio's daring to disagree with him. Many insiders felt the mayor was committing political suicide.

"What we have here is a situation where de Blasio was turning the other cheek constantly," says Alan Chartock, a longtime political pundit in the state capital. "I kept saying, What the hell is going on here? De Blasio helped him a lot in his last election, you know. He saved Andrew's ass. You would think that Andrew would say thank you. On the contrary. Every time de Blasio turns around, he's been hit on the head by Andrew. Why is de Blasio being so compliant? Everyone says the city is a creature of the state, he has to kiss Andrew's ass. And, of course, it turns out that the more he kissed the more Andrew went into his bully mode. I don't think de Blasio had any choice. He had to do it, or he looked absolutely feckless."

De Blasio won't discuss it, but it's not hard to get a sense of his thinking if you hang around City Hall long enough. The two men go back: Cuomo was the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) secretary when de Blasio was working there. Twenty years ago de Blasio viewed Cuomo as the next great hope of the Democrats. Today he sees him as a hostage to Wall Street bankers and hedge-funders.

Tensions between the governor and the mayor were rising even before de Blasio took office. His signature initiative, a pre-kindergarten program, needed a half-billion dollars in funding, and de Blasio was intent on raising income taxes on wealthy New Yorkers to get it. But Cuomo was up for re-election and made it clear he would never raise taxes in an election year. Instead, he came up with the money from state funds. De Blasio, rather than happily accepting the governor's largesse, continued to demand the tax hike for months afterward, until it became clear the Legislature would never pass it. De Blasio, it should be pointed out, made things far tougher on himself when he openly campaigned to unseat many of the very Republican legislators he needed to get this and other measures passed.

Matters came to a head in the spring of 2014 when de Blasio was to lead an Albany demonstration organized by the teachers' union against the spread of charter schools—private schools that receive government funding, which liberals feel weakens the public-school system. Instead of joining him, as de Blasio had hoped, Cuomo helped organize a pro-charter demonstration the very same day. According to insiders, de Blasio angrily confronted the governor afterward. He left feeling nothing was settled.

For months de Blasio searched for a favor he could do Cuomo that would require repayment when the Legislature reconvened last January. He found his chance last summer when the governor, whose re-election was expected to be a cakewalk, encountered not only a surprisingly strong Republican opponent, Rob Astorino, but the threat of a third-party candidate from the progressive Working Families Party, or W.F.P., a group de Blasio knew well. De Blasio, in a series of late-night meetings, prevailed on W.F.P. leaders to back Cuomo in return for several promises from the governor, including that he would campaign on behalf of liberal Democrats and raise the state minimum wage.

"Bill went way out on a limb for Andrew," says a de Blasio partisan. "It was a very personal appeal. He put a lot of his capital on the line."

When Cuomo expressed his gratitude, de Blasio felt he finally had the governor in his camp. But then came last winter's angry confrontations with the N.Y.P.D. De Blasio waited for a supportive statement from Cuomo. It never came. When the officers turned their backs on him, de Blasio again waited for Cuomo to say something in support. More silence. According to the de Blasio partisan, the mayor confronted Cuomo afterward. "The answer Bill got was unsatisfactory," says this person.

But, for de Blasio, the final straw came when Cuomo refused to follow through on any of his promises to the W.F.P. "The mayor was astounded," says one person in his camp.

Matters only got worse during the legislative session that began in January. De Blasio badly needed a complicated new tax deal to spur the building of affordable housing; Cuomo tried to block it. De Blasio also wanted an extension of mayoral control over city schools; Cuomo tried to block it. The mayor ultimately won a compromise version of both measures, but it was the Legislature's decision in June to grant him only one year of control over the schools—Bloomberg had been given seven—that drove de Blasio over the edge. "That was the moment for Bill, that was the ultimate offense," says one Democratic power broker.

As this article goes to press, relations between de Blasio and Cuomo remain frigid. What that means for New York City going forward, no one knows. But it's clear de Blasio will not deviate from his agenda, of which he remains enormously proud; at one point in our discussions he even compared it to F.D.R.'s New Deal.

It may not be the New Deal, but de Blasio has racked up more substantive successes than his critics are willing to concede. Besides the pre-K program, the new contracts negotiated with almost every municipal union, and the expanded paid sick leave, he all but stopped the N.Y.P.D.'s controversial stop-and-frisk policy (a tactic Bloomberg had already begun reining in), and unveiled a $41 billion plan to preserve or build 200,000 units

of affordable housing over the next decade.

"This is not partisan radical stuff," says Alicia Glen. "The fact that this is being sort of couched in 'We're so lefty' is so fascinating because 90 percent of what we're doing is just basic good business principles. Of course you'd have paid sick leave. Of course you'd have better wages. Of course you'd be investing in infrastructure. . . . I don't think it's that we're so radical. I think it's that the rest of the country has gone so crazy. Building rental housing? If that makes you a crazy lefty, I don't know what's going on in the world. . . . That's a sad statement about how far to the right and crazy the country has gotten."

Love him or hate him, the smart money in New York City says that de Blasio is virtually ensured a second term. "What Manhattanites in the 'Bloomberg Bubble' don't understand," says the organization head who deals regularly with the mayor's office, "is that many people in the outer boroughs love him as much as Manhattanites hate him. But even more important is that the city's builders love him, and they have always elected the mayor in New York City, by funneling more money than anyone else to their chosen candidate. Why do they love de Blasio? Because he doesn't give a damn about urban planning, density, or architecture. He only cares about more affordable housing. For the builders that means they get to build an extra 20 floors and do it with fewer restrictions."

"Being progressive in a municipal sense is investing in the people that make cities great," Glen says. "We try to use cities to raise people up, right? That's the history of cities. Why do people go to Rome instead of staying on their chicken farm in the middle of God knows where? Because cities are where opportunity and innovation happen." Thus a city, she argues, is the perfect place for a crusade like de Blasio's. "It is the petri dish," she concludes, "where people can get shit done." □

Pope Francis



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 273 (as Harvard Business School's Clayton Christensen would have it) seems grotesquely inaccurate. "It's a pretty small desk, smaller than mine," Father Spadaro says, "and, in truth, the desk is not the place of discernment for Francis. The chapel is."

Discernment is the Jesuit practice of choosing a course of action: it involves listening, waiting, seeking indications of what God might want in the particulars of a situation, and then identifying a way forward. At his desk, Francis considers the matter at hand. Then he goes to the chapel to pray on it.

One-on-One

Meanwhile, everybody wants a piece of him, and the best place to get a piece is at the Wednesday general audience. The Pope sits on a platform underneath a slanted canopy in St. Peter's Square; folding chairs are set up in a U to the sides and rear, with the basilica behind. He clambers down from the platform to greet people in wheelchairs. He is conveyed through the crowd by the Popemobile. Then, on foot again, he works his way around the U, greeting the people—about 150 in all—who have been fortunate enough to get seats in the front row. There is no single or guaranteed way to obtain such a seat—as with so much at the Vatican, the path to preferment may involve behind-the-scenes connections, a functionary's compassionate heart, or an actual ticket combined with simple good luck.

One Wednesday a year into Francis's pontificate I was at the audience with a photographer who covers the Vatican. Through a telephoto lens he sighted a V.I.P.: Harvey Weinstein, in the front row, there with a group from his company's film *Philomena* in the run-up to the Oscars. A few Wednesdays later Russell Crowe was there, prior to the release of *Noah.* Next came Angelina Jolie, who, after a screening of *Unbroken* for a small group of people at the Vatican, was granted a private audience with Francis.

This Wednesday, I have been given a front-row seat for the general audience. Early in the morning I pass through a gate near the Vatican Museums and join a group of Argentineans in the warren of buildings behind St. Peter's. Francis's Argentinean aide climbs up on a balustrade and welcomes us, working the crowd expertly, like a warm-up act. Then he leads us through the Apostolic Palace and to our seats in the square. By 10:30, Francis is moving along the U on the opposite side. Closer to us now, he goes from person to person: some military officers, who give him a ribboned medal; a row of newly married couples in nuptial finery.

And then he is coming along the front row. He's the man we all know from photographs, but a little older and a little wider. He's speaking Spanish to the woman to my left. He's right in front of me. He's taking my hand in his hand and clasping it in something between a handshake and a blessing. I put my other hand over his. I look him in the eye. We see eye to eye for a moment, Francis and I, and I see what people see in him: the people's Pope, who gives of himself by being himself, by looking the whole world in the eye. We speak a few sentences in English and Italian, about *la chiesa in uscita*—the Church venturing into the world. He grips my hand briskly, three times, as if to indicate at once that he has understood me and that the moment is over.

What is such a moment worth? For Inés San Martín, such a moment meant new life. An Argentinean, raised a devout Catholic, fluent in English as well as Spanish, she struggled to find a job after graduate school. "They told me I was too Catholic," she explains. An admirer of Pope Benedict's, she signed up to volunteer at the Church's World Youth Day in Rio de Janeiro, which Benedict planned to attend, and when Francis succeeded Benedict, she worked from seven A.M. to midnight at the military base that was the media center for the event. Francis went to Rio and wowed the crowd of three million. And then it was over, and Francis was leaving by helicopter from the base—but not yet. "One of the security guys had seen me come and go after everybody else," San Martín tells me. "We were told to stay on lockdown in our offices, and the security guy says, 'No, no. This is bullshit. You are going to meet the Pope.'

"I walk out onto the tarmac, where the helicopter is. There in a line are all the generals. There in another line are all the cardinals. And there in the middle is the Pope. The rotors are chopping. I have to shout. I shout to Francis, 'I want to hug you.'" Francis shouts back, "Come and get it." They hug. She tells him she is struggling in her personal life. He tells her to pray on it.

Now she lives in Rome and works as a correspondent for Crux, *The Boston Globe*'s Catholic-themed Web site, filing story after story about Pope Francis.

Padre Mario, Grief Counselor

"We go to the Santa Marta every few months, I'd say: sometimes for a meal, sometimes for coffee; once for half a day," an unassuming woman named Emiliana Palmer tells me. "What he has done for us: it's incredible."

The week I am in Rome, Palmer is there to meet with the man who has accompanied her in a dark time. Twenty years ago, as an Italian living in South Africa, she met Tony Palmer, a young evangelical Christian, and they got married. Raised a Catholic, she returned to her faith; he became an Anglican priest and then a bishop but made their "mixed" marriage a touchstone in his efforts to transcend the divisions between churches. On mission duty in Buenos Aires, he met Cardinal Bergoglio, and they struck up a friendship so strong that Palmer came to see himself as a "spiritual son" of "Padre Mario." When Bergoglio was elected

Pope Francis

Pope, Palmer became one of Francis's regular visitors in Rome. On one visit, he asked if Francis would offer a papal greeting to an upcoming conference of evangelical leaders. "Do you have a mobile phone?," Francis asked him. Palmer took his phone out of his pocket and held it steady as Francis began to speak: "Excuse me . . . but I will speak no Italian, no English, but heartfully. It's a language simpler and more authentic, and this language of the heart has a special grammar." Put up on YouTube, the phone video went viral, and no wonder: it is seven minutes of Francis speaking freely. He is sitting in an armchair in a big room; all in white, jowly, with bags under his eyes. He speaks of the emerging unity among believers long divided. He quotes the great Italian novelist Alessandro Manzoni to the effect that God doesn't start miracles without finishing them.

Six months later, Tony Palmer, riding a motorcycle, was in a head-on collision with a fast car. Emiliana raced to the hospital, where doctors worked for 10 hours trying to save her husband's life. A call came to her mobile from a private number at the Vatican. It was Francis. "He said, 'I am here for you and for the children. If there's anything you need, let me know,'" she recalls. "Just like a father or grandfather."

Tony Palmer died, and in the weeks afterward, overwhelmed by loss and sorrow, Emiliana and their two children met the Pope for the first time. They still meet regularly: he is their personal grief counselor. "We reminisce about Tony. He tells the jokes Tony told him. He talks about himself too," Emiliana says. Sure, it's an instance of a priest doing what a priest ought to do—but more than that, it's Francis being himself. "He's a father but also a brother and a friend all in one," Emiliana explains. "We are learning how to walk in this pain, and he is walking with us."

A First (and Last?) Visit

The logistics of the Pope's U.S. trip—three cities in six days—will put his spontaneity and affability to the test, and it's no sure thing it will all go smoothly. Francis will be bringing the message of mercy straight to America's many wealthy, well-organized, and bellicose Catholic traditionalists. Officially, everybody loves Francis, and the traditionalists love the way "the Francis effect" has restored some of the bona fides the Church lost as a result of the scandal and cover-up of the priestly sexual abuse of children. But most of the nearly 300 active U.S. bishops—empowered under John Paul and Benedict—dismiss even the suggestion that Francis could bring about a change in the Church's approach toward what commentators call the "pelvic issues." It's a strange situation: many bishops will try to use the papal visit to keep the Pope in line, rather than the other way around.

Even if the traditionalists wind up standing with Francis, his confidant Father Spadaro worries that the Pope's limited English will mean that his message won't come across as clearly as it has in Rome and Latin America. "Last year," Spadaro says, recalling a homily Francis gave in Italian to the faithful at St. Peter's, "he told them, 'You have to eat the world.' At least, that is how it was rendered in the official English translation. 'Have an appetite for life' is the sense of what he told them." Taking nothing for granted, the Vatican has invited Oprah Winfrey, Matt Damon, Ari Emanuel, and other American masters of mass communication to go to Rome later this fall and help Francis and the Church sharpen the presentation of the Catholic message in film and in television.

The frenzy of greeting and touching and photographing, and the controversies over sexual matters and wealth and poverty, may make it hard to see the full significance of Francis's visit. The significance is this: no matter what he does here, he comes not just as a pilgrim but as a native son—because, unlike any of his predecessors, he is one of us. An Argentinean son of Italian immigrants, he is the first Pope from the New World, and his first trip to the United States will also be the first visit to this country by a Pope of the Americas. It will be our chance to see how much his virtues are akin to those we associate with the New World: informality, plainspokenness, an indifference to rank and title, a confidence about the future, an emphasis on freedom as both a social value and a way of living.

What's more, this visit may be his only one. He is 78, and there will come a time when he will walk through the door Pope Benedict opened and go into retirement. The Jesuit James McCann, when he was rector of the Orientale, a pontifical institute in Rome, asked Francis if he would be willing to take part in the school's centenary celebration, in 2017. "There's going to be a different Pope by then," Francis told him. During my recent stay in Rome, he said the same thing: "I have the feeling my pontificate will be brief: four or five years; I do not know, even two or three. Two have already passed."

Nobody can know what Francis will be doing next year or the year after. Right now, though, he is the Pope, and he is who he is. See him while you can. □

Razzle Dazzle



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 265 was out, and it was excellent. They'd heard through the grapevine that Clive Barnes, in the *New York Post,* was also a rave. But it was the *Times*—it was Frank Rich—that counted. Jacksina came into the party with an early edition and handed it to Francine LeFrak.

"There are two unquestionable reasons to cheer *Nine,* the extravagantly uneven musical that opened at the 46th Street [Theatre] last night," Rich wrote. "Their names are Tommy Tune and Maury Yeston." He praised Tune as "a man who could create rainbows in a desert," and said Yeston had written some of the season's "most novel and beautiful songs." LeFrak's heart sank, however, when she read on. "For all the brilliantly styled moments in *Nine,* there are others where stylization curdles into the vulgarity of kitsch and camp." Rich complained that, at its center, the show was hollow, that its creators never made the audience care about Guido or the women "who gnaw at his soul." And then came the punch. "For all his musical inspiration, Mr. Yeston can write pedestrian lyrics."

That night it appeared that *Nine* might sag under the weight of mixed reviews. But none of that mattered by the next afternoon. As the Tony nominations were announced, *Nine* received 12—including a nod for best musical—just one shy of *Dreamgirls'* take. The battle was on.

Tug-of-War for a Tony

Jon Wilner, an ad executive who worked on *Nine,* said the war between the shows "affected everyone in and around the industry. I am not making a joke here, but if the Shuberts went to this deli, then the *Nine* people wouldn't go to that deli. That's how bad it was." Behind the scenes, the campaign was being fought by the generals—the Shuberts' Bernie Jacobs, for *Dreamgirls,* and Sam Cohn, for *Nine.* The battle turned ugly. Gossip spread that the Shuberts had offered Cohn $1 million to delay the opening of *Nine* until the fall. Another rumor had it that the Shuberts lobbied Con Edison to withhold the extra power allotment that the 46th Street Theatre needed to operate the sets for *Nine.* Jacobs was convinced Cohn was fanning the rumors to make the Shuberts look like bullies. Cohn denied the charge. Jacobs, meanwhile, bad-mouthed *Nine,* phoning many of the nearly 700 Tony voters and laying on the pressure—even though they would cast their

ballots anonymously. "He made it clear," one voter recalled years later. "If you wanted to do business with the Shuberts, you'd better vote for *Dreamgirls.*"

"The producers of *Nine* knew as much about producing a Broadway show as I know how to do plumbing," said Wilner. "They could only have advertising meetings when there was a nine—it had to be on the 9th, the 19th, or the 29th of the month. Sam Cohn's name wasn't on anything, but he was calling the shots." Cohn would read the memos—and then, as was his habit, eat them. (Cohn's paper-eating tic was legendary around Broadway. Once, after breakfast with Bernie Jacobs and Philip J. Smith—who would become the Shubert chairman—Cohn reached for the check. "Where is it?" he said. "You ate it, Sam," Smith replied.)

The producers of *Nine* were worried. How in the world, they wondered, could a musical created in slapdash fashion, saddled with mixed reviews, and caught in the crosshairs of the Shuberts ever dream of toppling *Dreamgirls*?

"And the Winner Is . . . "

The 36th Annual Tony Awards took place on June 6, 1982, at the Imperial Theatre, home to *Dreamgirls.* The atmosphere was tense. Alex Cohen, the wily producer of the telecast, ratcheted up the angst by seating the *Dreamgirls* camp on the right side of the theater and the *Nine* camp on the left. It was the Jets versus the Sharks.

The design awards came first, presented prior to the live broadcast on CBS. When Tharon Musser won for best lighting design, for *Dreamgirls,* the right side of the house screamed and applauded. Next up was best costume design, which went to *Nine*'s William Ivey Long. Then it was Yeston's turn; he won for best score, for *Nine.* Before the actual telecast began, the final honoree was Tom Eyen, for his book to *Dreamgirls.* The tally: *Dreamgirls,* two; *Nine,* two.

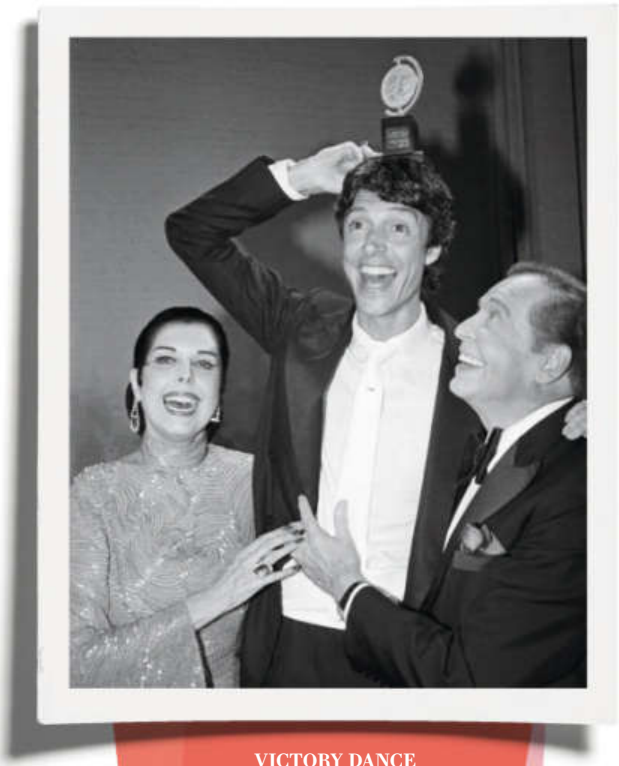
CBS opened its show with a shot of Times Square and the theme from the popular "I Love New York" campaign, then in its fifth year. Had the audience in the Imperial Theatre that night not been so focused on the battle between *Dreamgirls* and *Nine,* perhaps they would have recognized that their once dying industry and their once dying city were making a comeback. But they didn't care. "All we thought about was who's going to win," said Judy Jacksina.

Early in the evening, Milton Berle walked out onstage. "It's a pleasure . . . to find myself reading the nominees for outstanding director of a musical. And they are: Michael Bennett, for *Dreamgirls.*" There was a quick cut to Bennett, his shiny black eyes wide open, his hands clasped.

Berle continued: "Martin Charnin, for *The First,* Tony Tanner, for *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,* and Tommy Tune, for *Nine.*" The camera turned to Tune, beaming and eager. "And the winner is . . . "

Someone in the audience shouted, "*Dreamgirls*!"

Berle said, "*Dreamgirls.* Big mouth! *Dreamgirls.* And the winner is . . . " He looked up and said, "*Nine*! Tommy Tune, Tommy Tune, Tommy Tune!"



VICTORY DANCE
***Nine*'s director, Tommy Tune, flanked by dancer Ann Miller and comedian Milton Berle, triumphantly shows off his 1982 Tony.**

The left side of the house erupted in shrieks and cheers.

Tune tap-danced across the stage and said, "Well, this is just great! . . . Thank you. I have to do a gesture because words aren't enough." He put his Tony down, placed his hands on his heart, and then threw open his arms. "All right, I'm going home," he said. "Bye!" And then he twirled his way into the wings.

Soon came the honors for choreography. Ben Vereen opened the envelope and said, "Michael Bennett and Michael Peters! Yeah!" for *Dreamgirls*. The pair bolted down the aisle. Bennett, holding his Tony aloft, looked relieved and exclaimed, "We're very happy to be up here!" *Dreamgirls* picked up the next award, too, for lead actor: Ben Harney (for his role as an unscrupulous talent manager), beating out Raul Julia.

That night, the showstopping musical interlude belonged to Jennifer Holliday, who mesmerized the audience with "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going." Her performance was so electric that many viewers at home assumed that *Dreamgirls* had best musical in the bag. But the tide shifted again with the following award, for featured actress, which went to Liliane Montevecchi, from *Nine.* Next, the theater's right side went wild when Cleavant Derricks (who played a James Brown–like figure in the show) collected his statuette for featured actor for *Dreamgirls.* Left and right it went, as pianist Victor Borge took the stage to present the Tony for lead actress. The winner? *Dreamgirls'* Jennifer Holliday.

The score: *Dreamgirls,* six; *Nine,* four. The final award of the night, for best musical, would be presented by Lena Horne.

Backstage, during the commercial break, Horne said to one of the show's organizers, "I hope they wrote the winner in big letters because I'm not going to put on my glasses on national TV." The winner, she was told, was typed in small letters. "That's not going to work," she replied. One of the accountants who tallied the votes said he would open the envelope, write the winner in big letters, and put it in a fresh envelope. "Oh, never mind," Horne said. "Honey, I know how to read the word 'Dreamgirls.'"

With that, Horne strode in from the wings, resplendent in a flowing gown. "This is a pretty theater, isn't it?" she said. "And it's full of the sounds of all this gorgeous music." She then read off the nominees for best musical. They were: *Dreamgirls, Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, Nine,* and *Pump Boys and Dinettes.*

There wasn't a sound in the Imperial.

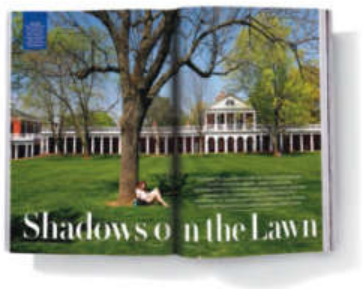
Horne opened the envelope and said, "I hope they printed this big enough for me to read without my glasses. The winner is"—she looked up, surprised—"*Nine.*"

The left side of the theater was a scene of pandemonium. Tommy Tune and *Nine* had triumphed over Michael Bennett's *Dreamgirls* and the almighty Shuberts.

The next morning, Shubert chairman Gerald Schoenfeld called Harvey Sabinson, the executive director of the League of New York Theatres and Producers, and demanded a recount. Sabinson had to stifle a laugh. The ballots, he told Schoenfeld, were destroyed by the accounting firm as soon as they were tallied, precisely to discourage such disgruntled phone calls.

"Then we'll sift through the ashes!," Schoenfeld snarled. □

PHOTOGRAPH © BETTMANN/CORBIS



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 247 story. "We just sat there, like, 'Holy shit—what is going on?,'" Pinkleton told me. "Meanwhile, Sara and I are, minds blown, but we also felt like we had betrayed her. Did we just have it wrong?"

Later that Thursday was the traditional "Lighting of the Lawn," when students string lights, sing, play music, and have a party. Pinkleton, Surface, and Renda missed the lighting and instead met with Jackie at her apartment. "We needed to tell her that the *Washington Post* article was coming out and destroying her story the very next day, because we didn't want mental-breakdown suicide going on," Pinkleton told me. The meeting included a university-affiliated counselor in the event some sort of emergency arose.

"We all got together to say, 'Jackie, this is what's coming. How are you going to prepare for this?,'" Renda told me. What was coming, they feared, was a virulent backlash against a false accusation—and an onslaught of victim blaming. The women wanted to support Jackie, because they sensed that what was about to follow would be difficult. They also, gingerly, wanted to get some explanations for the inconsistencies in her story. They told her that the *Post* story would be out soon, and she said she knew. Pinkleton lost her temper. She told Jackie she should stop thinking about herself and start thinking about the damage a discredited story would do to the movement against sexual assault. Pinkleton told me that the conversation was heated and that she doesn't remember what everyone said, but she does remember that at one point Jackie, frustrated, told them: "I don't even know why I talk to you guys anymore. Sara and Alex, you all have been such shitty friends lately." The women told Jackie that Shapiro had offered her one last chance to tell him what really happened.

Later that night they met with Shapiro in an academic building, where Jackie repeated her story again, including details such as the color of the alarm clock. To Pinkleton, the level of detail about the room seemed unusually vivid. Jackie was adamant: what she had told Erdely was what really happened. "That is my story," Jackie said.

That night, Sabrina Rubin Erdely, who had been engaged in her own effort to find Drew and who had just spoken to Jackie, called Pinkleton at one A.M. "I need to hear from you if her story was true," she said, in Pinkleton's recollection. "And I just said, 'I don't think you should have written the article.'" The following morning, December 5, Pinkleton said, she received another call from Erdely. "'I'm writing the retraction right now. I just need to hear one more time what you think,'" Pinkleton told me. "She started bawling and said, 'I am going to lose my job.'" That same day, *The Washington Post* wrote that Phi Kappa Psi said that it had not held an event the night of Jackie's alleged rape, and that the "friends" who had spoken to Jackie then had heard details of her attack that differed from what was in the *Rolling Stone* article. *Rolling Stone*'s managing editor, Will Dana, issued a statement later that day in which the magazine admitted to mistakes in the story and apologized to readers. Dana would leave the magazine in August.

In the next week, the *Post* identified further holes in the story. The friends of Jackie's provided Shapiro with text messages from Jackie that made it seem that she may have simply invented the Drew character in the *Rolling Stone* article. Some speculated about another source for certain details in Jackie's account: in 2011, a U.Va. alumna named Liz Seccuro published a book in which she described how, as a student in 1984, in the midst of a date function at Phi Kappa Psi, she had ventured upstairs, been drugged, dragged into a room, and raped repeatedly.

Eramo has sued Erdely and *Rolling Stone* for nearly $8 million for the way she is described and quoted in the story, which she has claimed is false and defamatory. Three Phi Kappa Psi brothers, one of whom lived in a second-floor bedroom of the fraternity house, have sued *Rolling Stone* and Erdely for causing them "mental anguish and severe emotional distress," even though none were named in Erdely's story. Renda and Pinkleton, not to mention Jackie, have all been personally attacked by media outlets for their role in the article.

Shortly after the publication of *Rolling Stone*'s statement, Jackie vanished. Renda, Surface, and Pinkleton have not heard from her in the nine months since her story fell apart. Approached through her attorney, Jackie has declined to answer questions. For Renda, the rest of the year has been "all hell and hopelessness." The experience has made her abandon the idea of working with sexual-assault survivors, she told me. She is headed to law school—electing to go to Berkeley, as far away from U.Va. as she can get. "I don't want to say it's been the worst year of my life, but it has been the worst year of my life."

IV. "Farm Equipment"

When the *Rolling Stone* story appeared, my U.Va. friends and I were transfixed by it—and took the account at face value. There was a reason for that. Extreme as Jackie's story was, it touched on something recognizable about U.Va. While a fraternity pledging ritual that involved gang rape was shocking, there were certain aspects of U.Va.—in its history and its rituals—that could be characterized as debauched, dehumanizing, or just plain bizarre.

When I was applying to college, my brother, who had gone to Princeton, was in his first year at U.Va. law school. My mother told me she thought I'd like the young women better at U.Va. than at Princeton, and I applied early and was accepted. I arrived with a flowered bedspread and a curling iron. I dressed up for football games and, in the spring of my first year, pledged a sorority. We attended fraternity mixers where we drank "grain punch" scooped from a garbage can. I heard stories of fraternity hazing and secret societies. On the night I was inducted into Tri Delt, we drank a lot and wore blindfolds, and I think we may have had to wear our bras outside our blouses, but only for a short time, and only in the company of our sorority sisters. Any hazing was halfhearted. There was no forced vomiting or the occasional simulated fellatio on bottles—as there was, however, for the women's society at U.Va. known as Thursdays, a "secret" society that was essentially a drinking club. There was no staged fighting or bodily penetration with fruit—as I had heard about, however, from friends in the male drinking society known as Eli Banana, which at one point in the late 19th century was disbanded for its behavior (but then allowed to re-materialize). On bid night—when secret societies tap their initiates—some of the drinking societies have been known to gather privately in a basement for a cockfight. This is the kind of atmosphere where someone could be forgiven for thinking that misogynistic or violent episodes might occur.

"Pimps and Hos" mixers between fraternities and sororities were still pretty common when I was a student, and when I started reporting this story I was certain that I didn't know anyone who had been sexually assaulted at U.Va. That changed within hours of calling friends, and I came to understand that what passed for a "bad hookup" when I was in college is today what we would rightly call rape—which was precisely Renda's point. We just weren't talking much about any of it. When we did talk about it, we tried to laugh it off. I'm sure this is true at most colleges. But U.Va. has a particularly challenging past. It was among the last of the flagship state universities in the country to become co-educational (in 1970), and did so even then under the threat of a federal lawsuit. When women were first admitted, U.Va. men referred to female classmates as "U-bags."

An act of violence was responsible for the creation of the vaunted Honor System in the first place. During a disturbance in 1840, a masked student shot and killed a professor who had tried to restore order. The Honor System at U.Va., today overseen by a 27-student Honor Committee, grew out of that incident: students

agreed to "vouch" for one another and to voluntarily report episodes of misbehavior. Since 1998, U.Va. has expelled 187 students for lying, cheating, or stealing, but not a single person has been kicked out for sexual assault. The deliberations are confidential, and there have been allegations both of vigilante justice and of a double standard at play. In 1990, *The Washington Post,* in an article exploring the Honor System, reported that in 1988 J. Brady Lum, the Honor Committee chair at the time, was accused of plagiarism in a letter he wrote to incoming students introducing them, ironically, to the Honor System. He was cleared by an investigation. Lum's successor, Lonnie Chafin, had been convicted of an assault involving the Charlottesville police. He was voted off the Honor Committee but not expelled from the university.

The Columbia report on the *Rolling Stone* article, which found failures at all levels of the magazine's editorial process, was made public in early April. By then the university was caught up in yet another controversy. The day after Saint Patrick's Day, U.Va. students started seeing a cell-phone video from the night before pop up in their social-media feeds. It showed a fellow U.Va. student, Martese Johnson, who is black, lying on the pavement outside a bar on the Corner, his face bloodied, with two white A.B.C. agents on his back. He kept yelling, "I go to U.Va.!" It was a linguistic amulet that was both heartbreaking and ineffective.

The issue of race has never been faced squarely by the university, just as Jefferson never faced it squarely. Johnson is an honor student, heavily involved in extra-curricular activities, and one of only two African-Americans on the Honor Committee. Virginia's population is 20 percent black, but the percentage of African-American students at U.Va. has dropped from 12 percent in the 1990s to around 6 percent today.

Most black U.Va. students I spoke to told me that they face a choice when they arrive in Charlottesville. They have to decide whether they want to be part of the black culture of U.Va.—which has its own sororities and fraternities, its own clubs, and, effectively, because of self-segregation, historically, even its own bus stop—or be part of the white culture, which entails joining predominantly white organizations such as the predominantly white fraternities and sororities and the predominantly white debating societies and other clubs. U.Va. throws a "spring fling" for incoming black students, hosted by the office of admissions. "A lot of African-Americans come with a bit of apprehension as to whether there is a place for them" at an institution with "a southern, white, aristocratic history," Vendarryl Jenkins, an African-American second-year student, told me. The spring fling is designed to show "there is a community here for you."

The white and black communities don't mix much. Memories of those "Pimps and Hos" mixers can't help. Jenkins told me of the night last fall when Martese Johnson, who happened to be a friend of his, was tapped to be a member of the secret society IMP. Not many African-Americans are tapped for secret societies, but Johnson brought Jenkins and a few other black friends to the party for new members. At first, everyone, black and white, was in the main room of the house hosting the party, listening to music together and dancing. "As the party continued, a slow separation began to take form," Jenkins later wrote in an unpublished account of that night, which he shared with me. "Black students remained in the main room, lights off, blasting hip-hop, and dancing jovially in celebration." The white students migrated into a separate room, brought up the lights, and turned on Bon Jovi's "Livin' on a Prayer" "with the door shut."

Last December, black students at U.Va. protested the decision not to indict a police officer involved in the death of Eric Garner, an African-American who died on Staten Island after police arrested him for selling loose cigarettes and the officer held him in a choke hold. Among other things, the black students marched through the university's libraries. Virulently racist messages soon appeared on Yik Yak. "I hope the people who protested ride back home on the back of the bus," one commenter wrote. Another, referring to the protesters as if they were field slaves on a plantation, wrote, "Did anyone just see all that farm equipment walk through Clemons?" Jenkins told me, "That is what people are saying in private. It's not what you see on a tour of grounds." All this occurred before Martese Johnson was turned away from a bar on the Corner and found himself set upon by law-enforcement officers. Johnson spent several hours in jail and was released that morning. All charges against him have since been dropped. No charges were lodged against the A.B.C. agents. A crucial six-minute segment of a police surveillance video had apparently gone missing.

There is a temptation among many in Charlottesville to blame the national media for the sheer intensity of this year's events, and it's certainly true that the continual presence of camera crews has not been a positive inducement. Others voice what I think of as the Pantene theory of U.Va.'s situation: some people dislike the school in part because it's beautiful. If nothing else, the year has been hard to explain and translate to outsiders. One student told me about a conversation she had had with a former high-school teacher. "How's U.Va.?" he asked her. The student replied, "What do you want to talk about—murder, rape, or beating?" For all that, students I spoke to said time and again that they loved U.Va. I can understand why. Though fraternities and sororities dominate the popular image of the school, only 30 percent of students participate in Greek life. Two of the most prestigious and secret of the secret societies, the Sevens and the Z's, are primarily philanthropic in nature, not sowers of drunken discord. An active minority, a layer of elites within the university's elite clubs and other institutions, sets an inescapable school-wide tone, but a great variety of experiences are available to students at U.Va., and there are many communities to join. The people I met there remain some of my dearest friends today.

But the university is also a petri dish of issues facing society at large, and a little more intensely so, given its location and its special history. The events of the past year forced a reckoning of sorts, and some students and professors I spoke to said they were optimistic that the trauma would bring positive changes: it's an example of that Cavalier instinct to look for solutions. But the feeling was by no means universal. In one dialogue group that Jenkins moderated last semester, a young woman said to him, "I just want everything to go back to normal." A return to normal is not what U.Va. needs. Normal is part of the problem. It was Jefferson himself who said that he liked the dreams of the future better than the history of the past. If there's anything U.Va. should be able to get behind, it's a directive from Mr. Jefferson. □

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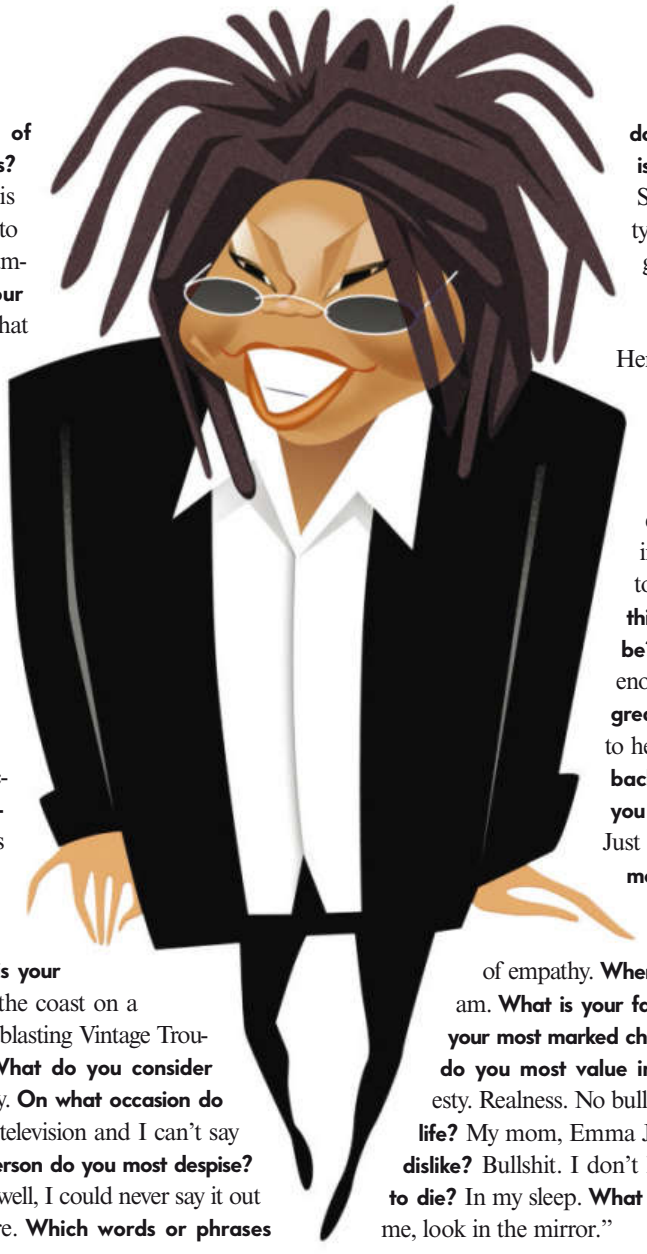
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Whoopi GOLDBERG

The Academy Award–winning actor, author, producer, and talk-show host, poised to star in the fall romantic comedy *Big Stone Gap,* wishes she could sing like Patti LaBelle, go back and attend Sammy Davis Jr.'s last birthday party, and laugh more



What is your idea of perfect happiness? A perfect day is when I can sit outside and listen to an audiobook and watch my family walking around. **What is your greatest fear?** I'm most afraid that someday I'm going to be on an airplane and it's going to be acting the way I don't want it to. **Which historical figure do you most identify with?** Benjamin Disraeli. **Which living person do you most admire?** Pope Francis. He's going with the original program. He may not be perfect, but he's trying. **What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?** I can be a huge asshole, not very nice. Doesn't happen very often, but when it happens, it's not attractive. **What is the trait you most deplore in others?** When a person is judgmental without realizing that they are the thing they detest in others. **What is your greatest extravagance?** Audiobooks. **What is your favorite journey?** Driving down the coast on a sunny day in my VW convertible blasting Vintage Trouble, Motown, and Salt-N-Pepa. **What do you consider the most overrated virtue?** Fidelity. **On what occasion do you lie?** Every day when I'm on television and I can't say what I really think. **Which living person do you most despise?** Because my mother raised me so well, I could never say it out loud, but they know who they are. **Which words or phrases do you most overuse?** "W.T.F." **What is your greatest regret?** I missed Sammy Davis Jr.'s last birthday party—I loved him and I should have gone. **What or who is the greatest love of your life?** My family. **When and where were you happiest?** Here and now. **Which talent would you most like to have?** I'd like to be able to sing like Patti LaBelle. **What is your current state of mind?** In flux. I just lost my brother, and so my triumvirate, which included my mother, is now down to me. **If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?** I would laugh more. I don't laugh enough. **What do you consider your greatest achievement?** Having gotten to here. **If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?** Another baby. Just to try it all again. **What is your most treasured possession?** My vape pen. **What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?** Lack of empathy. **Where would you like to live?** Where I am. **What is your favorite occupation?** Actor. **What is your most marked characteristic?** Outspokenness. **What do you most value in your friends?** Humor and honesty. Realness. No bullshit. **Who are your heroes in real life?** My mom, Emma Johnson. **What is it that you most dislike?** Bullshit. I don't like bullshit. **How would you like to die?** In my sleep. **What is your motto?** "Before you judge me, look in the mirror."

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